

THE
A P O L L O.
BEING
The FIRST Part of the FIRST
VOLUME
OF THE
M A S Q U E:
OR,
HOEY's Collection of Songs.

*Mine is th' invention of the charming Lyre,
Sweet Notes and Heav'nly Numbers I inspire.*

DRYDEN.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES HOEY, junior, at the MERCURY in
Parliament-Street, 1772.



TO THE
PATRONS
OF THIS
WORK.

LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN,

THE great candour with which you have received, as well as the uncommon generosity with which you have encouraged this work, calls upon the editor, in the most grateful manner, to return his thanks for the obligations he owes you.

It would be presumption in him to assert, perhaps, that the extraordinary merit of the work itself has, in some measure, occasioned your attention to it; but in justice he cannot help boasting, howe-

ver, that no collection of Songs, under any denomination whatsoever, has hitherto appeared that can lay claim to publick indulgence equal to the MASQUE ; or, SONGSTER'S GRAND MAOAZINE : which is upon a larger and more copious plan, than any collection ever published in these kingdoms.

In the execution of this task, he has had recourse, at some expence, to all the English Song Books, antient and modern, that might furnish any materials for the accomplishment of his plan. The Songs of modern date, are selected from the most approved English poets and composers : the stage has, in this respect, been his greatest source, as our operas and masques, have lately excelled any foreign productions of the kind : nor have the airs sung at the public gardens, escaped his attention : a great number are also new, having never before appeared in print, interspersed in the work without order or connection ; and others are corrected from the errors of
spurious

spurious publications, with additions not to be met with in any other book.

If he has improved upon the plans of his predecessors ; if he has been able to furnish some novelty to gratify the curiosity of the reader ; if the *bon vivant* and the Choice Spirit will testify their applause by the exertion of their risible muscles, he shall think his assiduity and attention fully recompensed, and that the public in general will not be displeased with the produce of his labours.

A TABLE of all the
SONGS
IN THE
APOLLO and WREATH.

A.

A Band of Cupids t'other day	281
Abroad after misses most husbands will roam	245
Abroad we must wander to hear the birds sing	28
A curse attends that woman's love	221
Adieu for a while to the town and its trade	52
Adieu ye groves, adieu ye plains	282
A fox may steal your hen, sir,	209
Ah! whence this impotence of mind. [Polly Roe.]	314
Ah! whence this impotence of mind. [Nancy Crowe.]	319
Ah! who in all those happy plains	280
Alas, my heart, my doating heart	170
Alas! sir, I have prov'd your clown	40
All crimes are judged like fornication	260
All friendship is a mutual debt	260
All nature blooms when you appear	263
All you who would wish to succeed with a lass	163
<i>A maid</i>	

<i>A maid is like the golden ore</i>	207
<i>AMANDA's fair, by all confess'd</i>	145
<i>Among the men, coquettes we find</i>	222
<i>An apple caus'd our present state</i>	387
<i>And he that will not merry, merry be</i>	23
<i>Angels with lovely wings descend</i>	334
<i>Appear, sweet liberty appear</i>	333
<i>Arise, sweet messenger of morn</i>	335
<i>A sailor's voice tho' coarse can raise</i>	358
<i>As CLOE sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool air</i>	407
<i>As COLIN rang'd early one morning in spring</i>	57
<i>As dew to the spring, or the flow'r to the bee</i>	340
<i>As DIAN and her hunting train</i>	354
<i>As JOE the Sandman drove his noble team</i>	353
<i>As operas now are so much in the mode</i>	125
<i>As pilgrims thro' devotion</i>	245
<i>As pleasing as shade to the wayfaring swain</i>	114
<i>As porter WILL, along St. Paul's did move</i>	351
<i>As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray</i>	258
<i>As soon hope for peace 'twixt the hawk and the dove</i>	74
<i>As thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray</i>	390
<i>As tinkering TOM the streets his trade did cry</i>	350
<i>At Acton, the George is the sign</i>	306
<i>A term full as long as the siege of old Troy</i>	107
<i>At night, by moon light, on the plain</i>	26
<i>Attend all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art</i>	43
<i>Attend all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art (another copy)</i>	44
<i>At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure</i>	214
<i>At the wake, t'other even, young COLIN I met</i>	21
<i>Attir'd in rich brocades most gay</i>	130
<i>Auspicious spirits guard my love</i>	163
<i>Awake! arise! nor longer wear</i>	51
<i>Awak'd by the horn like the spring deckt in green</i>	118
	<i>Away</i>

<i>Away with soft sighs ! for our danger alarms</i>	309
<i>Away with the fables philosophers hold</i>	343
<i>A wretch long tortur'd with disdain</i>	81
<i>A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art</i>	333

B.

B <i>Ack to your source, weak, foolish tears</i>	143
<i>Beauteous maid reward my passion</i>	99
<i>Before the barn-door crowing</i>	213
<i>Behold from many a hostile shore</i>	165
<i>Behold, my fair, where e'er we rove</i>	18
<i>Behold where Britannia points joyful her lance</i>	67
<i>BELINDA, see from yonder flow'rs</i>	181
<i>Beneath this sad and silent gloom</i>	79
<i>Better to doubt</i>	245
<i>Blythe COLIN, a pretty young swain</i>	406
<i>Break, break with speed each pointed dart</i>	354
<i>But valour the stronger grows</i>	225
<i>By bolder steps we win the race</i>	256
<i>By dimpled brook and fountain brim</i>	285
<i>By halves no friend</i>	252
<i>By the gayly circling glass</i>	285
<i>By the rusby fringed bank</i>	292
<i>By the side of a glimmering fire</i>	152
<i>By the side of a great kitchen fire</i>	154
<i>By women won</i>	247
<i>Brave boys prepare</i>	244
<i>But can I leave my pretty buffies</i>	225
<i>But now again my spirits sink</i>	225

C.

C <i>AN I or toil or hunger fear</i>	244
<i>Can love be controul'd by advice</i>	208
<i>Can</i>	

<i>Can nothing, fir, move you our sorrows to mend</i>	33
<i>Can the weak taper's feeble rays</i>	159
<i>Can words the pain express</i>	260
<i>Cease lovely shepherd, cease to mourn</i>	266
<i>Cease to persuade</i>	272
<i>Cease your funning</i>	217
<i>Charming CLOE, look with pity</i>	308
<i>Cheer up my lads, let us push on the fray</i>	248
<i>Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer</i>	83
<i>Come, come, bid adieu to fear</i>	288
<i>Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd</i>	160
<i>Come give your attention to what I unfold</i>	356
<i>Come here, fellow servant, and listen to me</i>	323
<i>Come hither pretty maid, with a black rolling eye</i>	33
<i>Come jolly BACCHUS, god of wine</i>	85
<i>Come, LAURA, and meet your fond swain</i>	399
<i>Come let us now resolve at last</i>	325
<i>Come listen a-while and I'll tickle your ears</i>	94
<i>Come ROGER and NELL, come SIMKIN and BELL</i>	167
<i>Come, sweet lass, let's banish sorrow</i>	222
<i>Consider, fair SYLVIA, e're wedlock you chuse</i>	110
<i>Contented all day, I will sit at your side</i>	104

D.

D <i>EAR CLOE come give me sweet kisses</i>	338
<i>Dear madam, old HOMER, an honest blind bard</i>	230
<i>Dear MOLLY I love you, I hope there's no harm in that</i>	113
<i>Declare my pretty maid</i>	102
<i>Decripit winter limps away</i>	283
<i>Despairing beside a clear stream</i>	148
<i>Despair leads to battle, no courage so great</i>	254
<i>Depriv'd of love and all its joys</i>	267
<i>Did all couples agree</i>	130

Discord

<i>Discord hence! the torch resign</i>	379
<i>Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow</i>	118
<i>Down by the brook which glides thro' yonder vale</i>	200
<i>Down, down let him fall</i>	136

F.

F <i>AIR</i> <i>HEBE</i> <i>I</i> left with a cautious design	66
<i>Fame's</i> an echo, prattling double	287
<i>Farewell, farewell, all hopes of bliss</i>	241
<i>Farewell, IANTHE, faithless maid</i>	175
<i>Farewell, my PASTORA, no longer your swain</i>	99
<i>Farewell, the smoaky town adieu</i>	171
<i>Far sweeter than the hawthorn bloom</i>	388
<i>Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us</i>	212
<i>Fine lasses, with an artful grace</i>	90
<i>Fine women, are devils, compleat in their way</i>	249
<i>FLAVELLA</i> bids me write her praise	267
<i>Fly</i> airy sprites, around her fly	140
<i>Fly</i> swiftly, ye minutes, till <i>COMUS</i> receive	286
<i>Fond ORPHEUS</i> went, as poets tell	63
<i>For</i> a lovely bright nymph, that's as cruel as fair	205
<i>For</i> <i>FLORIMEL</i> so fair of late	49
<i>Forgive</i> me, if I praise thy charms	353
<i>For</i> gold you sacrifice your fame	253
<i>Frail</i> is ambition, how weak the foundation	263
<i>From</i> flow'r to flow'r, his joy to change	100
<i>From</i> his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies	118
<i>From</i> nymph to nymph, my heart had rov'd	169
<i>From</i> ploughing the ocean, and thrashing mounseur	161
<i>From</i> tyrant laws and customs free	285

G.

G Allants, I am come, dispatch'd by our bard	133
Gay DAMON long study'd my heart to obtain	337
Genteel in personage	472
Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay	81
God bless my dearest little dear	382
Goddes dear we implore thy powerful hand	293
Goddes, goddess of the dimpling smile	76
Goddes, lovely and divine	183
Good mother, if you please, you may	176
Good people of England, your reason awaken	378
Grant me ye pow'rs a calm repose	175
Grant me, ye powers, but this request	87
Great DIOCLES the bear has kill'd	136
Great JUPITER took it one day in his head	303
Great Liberty attend	137

H.

H AIL, sacred muse, and vocal shell	115
Happless lovers who sue in vain	393
Happy prince, enjoy each blessing	368
Hark to yonder milk-maid singing	366
Has the arrow of CUPID ne'er lodg'd in your breast	75
Have you been at Monaghan, high, sing, ho a fir	191
Hear, ALFRED, hear	329
Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me	54
Here's a good health to the king	86
He that has the best wife	84
He that weds a beauty	239
He who his heart can roughly arm	332
Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes	222
Honour calls me from thy arms	253

b

Honour

<i>Honour plays a bubble's part</i>	254
<i>Hounds and horns o'er the plains resounding</i>	89
<i>How can you be so teasing</i>	243
<i>How can you, lovely NANCY, so cruelly slight</i>	339
<i>How cruel and hard is my case</i>	313
<i>How cruel are the traitors</i>	215
<i>How engaging, how endearing</i>	83
<i>How faultless does the nymph appear</i>	258
<i>How few, like you, would dare advise</i>	27
<i>How fierce is the sun</i>	397
<i>How gentle was my DAMON's air</i>	281
<i>How giddy is youth ! yet above all advice</i>	76
<i>How happy could I be with either</i>	217
<i>How happy's the lover whose cares are no more</i>	73
<i>How many men have found the skill</i>	249
<i>How oft have I curs'd the sad day</i>	304
<i>How sweet is the evening air</i>	26
<i>How unhappy a lover am I</i>	265
<i>How unhappy's the nymph</i>	103

I.

I <i>Burn ! I burn ! where e'er I turn</i>	138
<i>I dream, or in some rival's arms</i>	116
<i>Jealousy, like a canker worm</i>	37
<i>If any wench VENUS' girdle wear</i>	206
<i>If from the lustre of the sun</i>	237
<i>If it be true celestial powers</i>	298
<i>If love the virgin's heart invade</i>	207
<i>If husbands sit unsteady</i>	252
<i>If the heart of a man is depress'd with care</i>	212
<i>If the sweet name of love, my fair IRIS afright</i>	312
<i>If those who live in shepherd's bow'r</i>	335
<i>If thus a man can die</i>	125
<i>If</i>	

<i>If thus you weep, thus pine with care</i>	365
<i>If wine and music have the pow'r</i>	112
<i>If you at an office solicit your due</i>	216
<i>If you wed a young virgin of sixteen years</i>	127
<i>If you will you may</i>	177
<i>I have rambled, I own it, whole years up and down</i>	347
<i>I hate those coward tribes</i>	248
<i>I know that my person is charming</i>	104
<i>I like a gentleman did live</i>	35
<i>I like a ship in storms was tost</i>	209
<i>I like the fox shall grieve</i>	218
<i>I'll face ev'ry danger</i>	271
<i>I'll tell you a story will make you to laugh</i>	349
<i>I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she</i>	36
<i>I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled</i>	217
<i>I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost</i>	221
<i>I met young DAMON t'other day</i>	229
<i>In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain</i>	228
<i>In Bath a wanton wife did dwell</i>	88
<i>In days of old, as poets tell</i>	62
<i>In days of yore, when on the plain</i>	401
<i>In good king CHARLES's golden days</i>	187
<i>In love and life the present use</i>	251
<i>In love's name you're charg'd hereby</i>	108
<i>In Nottinghamshire</i>	22
<i>In pimps and politicians</i>	240
<i>In pursuit of a lass that was form'd to my taste</i>	276
<i>In silent extasy I gaze</i>	148
<i>Inspire the vocal shell</i>	52
<i>In story we're told</i>	55
<i>In the charming month of May</i>	25
<i>In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove</i>	220
<i>In thy soft bewitching glances</i>	360

<i>Intruder sleep! in vain you try</i>	140
<i>In vain I try'd each soothing art</i>	139
<i>In vain I try my ev'ry art</i>	101
<i>In vain, my love, you bid me strive</i>	314
<i>In vain would your jargon our senses bewitch</i>	345
<i>In vain you tell your parting lover</i>	277
<i>In yon grove let me divert you</i>	121
<i>JOE quickly his sand had sold, sir</i>	354
<i>I once was a poet, at London</i>	30
<i>I rambled about, a twelv'e month, I vow</i>	392
<i>Is CLEORA then my own</i>	171
<i>I search'd the fields of ev'ry kind</i>	408
<i>I seek my shepherd gone astray</i>	295
<i>I smile at love and all its arts</i>	264
<i>Is then his fate decreed, sir</i>	216
<i>Is there on earth a pleasure</i>	36
<i>Is this, ye powers, this boasted flame</i>	401
<i>It is, I believe, next Hollantide eve</i>	168
<i>I vow I'll scream, don't think I feign</i>	189
<i>I us'd, I remember it well</i>	327
<i>Justice long forbearing</i>	263
<i>I white HARRY of late was so glad</i>	383
<i>I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses</i>	276

K.

K <i>NOW then, war's my pleasure</i>	257
<i>Know, I won't envy him, whoe'er he be</i>	363

L.

L <i>ET each softer note be dumb</i>	51
<i>Let ev'ry face with smiles appear</i>	92
<i>Let fops pretend in flames to melt</i>	166
<i>Let</i>	

<i>Let matters of state</i>	89
<i>Let not punie arts amuse thee</i>	51
<i>Let others DAMON's praise rehearse</i>	122
<i>Let pleasure go round</i>	29
<i>Let us take the road</i>	212
<i>Life's a garden, rich in treasure</i>	159
<i>Like me the tender dove laments</i>	128
<i>Little monkey, now be frolic</i>	369
<i>Live, and love, enjoy the fair</i>	288
<i>Lo! I on easy chair reclin'd</i>	359
<i>Long at thy altar, god of love</i>	119
<i>Long time I despair'd a young shepherd to find</i>	396
<i>Lovely maid, all charms adorning</i>	80
<i>Love now is nought but art</i>	245
<i>Love's the tyrant of the heart</i>	58
<i>Love the greatest bliss below</i>	290
<i>Love with beauty is flying</i>	256
<i>LUCINDA once my soul possess'd</i>	177

M.

M <i>AIDS like courtiers must be woo'd</i>	244
<i>Make haste and away mine only dear</i>	275
<i>Mankind are become a degenerate crew</i>	127
<i>Man may escape from rope and gun</i>	214
<i>My bosom, like the ocean</i>	47
<i>My conscience is of courtly kind</i>	239
<i>My daddy is gone to the grave</i>	35
<i>My dearest life, were you my wife</i>	299
<i>My former time how brisk how gay</i>	157
<i>My heart is by love forsaken</i>	251
<i>My heart forbodes he's dead</i>	262
<i>My heart was so free</i>	210
b 3	My

[xviii]

<i>My little spirits now appear</i>	87
<i>My love is all madnes and folly</i>	219
<i>My pride is to hold all mankind in my chain</i>	70
<i>MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen</i>	50
<i>My slaves below, prepare, prepare</i>	139
<i>Myself between VENUS and BACCHUS I'll poise</i>	400
<i>My swelling heart now leaps with joy</i>	87

N.

N EAR Barham my beauty was born	365
<i>No greater plague in life</i>	131
<i>No more the festive train I'll join</i>	295
<i>No more the morn with tepid rays</i>	16
<i>No more, ye swains, no more upbraid</i>	327
<i>No power could divide us, no terror dismay</i>	144
<i>No power on earth can e'er divide</i>	218
<i>Nor on beds of fading flowers</i>	291
<i>No woman her envy can smother</i>	32
<i>Now lighter and gayer ye tinkling strings sound</i>	292
<i>Now PHOEBUS sinketh in the west</i>	282
<i>Now pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains</i>	169
<i>Now summer's unfolded her beauties and sweets</i>	371
<i>Now the happy knot is ty'd</i>	278
<i>Now then tell him fairly</i>	41
<i>Now the snow drops lift their heads</i>	78
<i>Now until the break of day</i>	302
<i>Nymphs and shepherds come away</i>	79

O.

O BERVE the fragrant, blushing rose	329
<i>O charming cunning man thou hast been wondrous kind</i>	90
<i>O cruel,</i>	

O cruel, cruel, case	224
O DAMON, still you strive in vain	400
O'er nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound	20
O faithful youth	144
Of all states in life so various	86
Of all the diseases in life	127
Of all the friends in time of grief	224
Of all the gifts that heaven bestows	137
Of all the girls in our town	93
Of all the plagues of human life	85
Of all the sins that are money supplying	247
Of all the trades from east to west	88
Of wars let other rhymers talk	311
Oh! for a quick electric fire	368
Oh! for a touch of nobler fire	367
O hear her sighs, believe her tears	143
Oh, hear my story, gentle lady	35
Oh, how sweet the faithful sigh	331
Oh, my dear EVELYN, why would you slight me	371
Oh ponder well, be not severe	209
Oh SYLVIA, while you drive your carts	350
Oh! the soft transporting pleasure	116
Oh! turn your eyes on me, and view my distress	35
Oh what joy does conquest yield	138
Oh what torments wound my heart	118
Old HOMER! but what have we with him to do	373
Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew	40
O leave me to complain	274
O let me unreserv'd declare	69
O may your mistress ne'er deny	32
One kind kiss before we part	361
One morning young ROGER accosted me thus	297
On every hill, in every grove	289
On	

<i>On yon black cloud behold Aquarius stand</i>	18
<i>O, Peace, thou fairest child of Heaven</i>	332
<i>O POLLY, thou might have toy'd and kist</i>	208
<i>O say must I sigh and pine my love</i>	77
<i>O the rapture of possessing</i>	47
<i>Our fears are now ended, our troubles all o'er</i>	132
<i>Our gracious monarch, sunk with grief</i>	331
<i>Our POLLY is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her</i>	208
<i>Our selves, like the great, to secure a retreat</i>	224
<i>O what pain it is to part</i>	211

P.

P ARENT divine of heav'nly love	322
<i>Parents will be ever chiding</i>	129
<i>Petit CUPIDON has caught me</i>	114
<i>PHILANDER long had loosely rev'd</i>	320
<i>PHILIRA's charms poor DAMON took</i>	124
<i>PHOEBUS meaner themes disdaining</i>	389
<i>PLUTUS, vain is all your vaunting</i>	344
<i>Preach not to me your musty rules</i>	291
<i>Pretty POLLY say</i>	210
<i>Pretty warbler, thus to charm me</i>	404
<i>Reybee DORCAS forbear</i>	167
<i>'Pshaw, tell me no more of the lilly</i>	264
<i>Pursuing beauty, men desery</i>	204
<i>Push about the briske bowl, 'twill enliven the heart</i>	98

R.

R esolv'd, as her poet, of CELIA to sing	134
<i>Restrain th' impetuous glowing heat</i>	329

S. SABRINA

S.

S ABRINA fair	292
Saucy rascal, this intrusion	165
Say, cruel AMORET, how long	203
Says THOMAS to HARRY	387
See how the lambs are sporting	25
See! the radiant queen of night	271
Shall I not be bold when honour calls	249
Shall I possess'd of all these charms	352
Shall I, wasting in despair	394
Shall I who ride above the rest	351
Shepherd, 'tis my office best	293
She who hath felt a real pain	240
She smil'd and spoke the sex's mind	81
Sigh not your hours away	140
Since ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd	270
Since I must swing	225
Since laws were made for ev'ry degree	226
Sleep, O sleep, with thy rod of incantation	246
So great HOMER's wit is	383
So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test	225
Sooner than I'll my love forego	274
Sound, sound aloud, triumphant fame	135
Successful happy charmer	183
Sure a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen	338
Sure by that smile my pains are over	31
Surely some blest event is nigh	332
Swain thy hopeless passion smother	266
Sweet echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen	286
Sweetest flow'r that e'er shall spring	367
Sweetest piss-a-bed that blows	369
Sweet thrush, that marks the vernal year	388
	Sweet

Sweet valley, say, where pensive lying 330
Swift as light'ning from above 329

T.

T*Aught by virtue you may climb* 293
Teach me not to chace in love 109
Tell me, lasses, have ye seen 227
That all men are beggars, you plainly may see 37
That May day of life is for pleasure 157
The bards of all ages have made it their theme 376
The beau with his delicate womanish face 58
The body of the brave may be taken 252
The chains of love we wear with pleasure 47
The charge is prepar'd; the lawyers are met 224
The court were all met 384
The drum is unbrac'd, and the trumpet no more 70
The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad 156
The fairest harbinger of spring 364
The first time at the looking glass 215
The flame of love sincere I felt 342
The fragrant lilly of the vale 281
The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike 214
The god VERTUMNUS lov'd POMONA fair 181
The greatest skill in life 39
The heavy hours are almost past 187
Their eyes, their lips, their buffes 226
The kind appointmen CELIA made 82
The manners of the great affect 238
The mind of woman can never be known 27
The miser thus a shilling sees 211
The modes of the court so common are grown 220
The modest lilly, like the maid 261
Then away from idle pleasures. 54
The

<i>The peasant, lab'ring in the field</i>	137
<i>The pilgrim thus benighted strays</i>	330
<i>The poets in conscience have teiz'd us too long</i>	294
<i>The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree</i>	176 178
<i>The power of gold does all others surpass</i>	129
<i>The priests, like the lawyers, are all of a gang</i>	128
<i>The primrose now uprears its head</i>	310
<i>There was a maid and she went to the mill</i>	39
<i>There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross</i>	29
<i>The sex we find</i>	261
<i>The soldiers who by trade must dare</i>	259
<i>The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry the gain</i>	255
<i>The stag, when chac'd all the long day</i>	262
<i>The statesman sitting at the helm</i>	126
<i>The sun was sunk beneath the hill</i>	235
<i>The tuneful lark, who from her nest</i>	34
<i>The turtle thus with plaintive crying</i>	210
<i>The wanton god that pierces hearts</i>	290
<i>The western sky was purpled o'er</i>	185
<i>The winter its desolate train</i>	390
<i>The world is always jarring</i>	250
<i>The world, my dear MYRA, is full of deceit</i>	279
<i>Th' inspiring hope my bosom warms</i>	51
<i>This way pretty maid would you go</i>	110
<i>Tho' all here discontented grown</i>	23
<i>Tho' Austria and Russia, France, Flanders and Prussia</i>	105
<i>Tho' CUPID is vanquish'd to-day</i>	355
<i>Tho' different passions rage by turns</i>	250
<i>Tho' ladies look gay, when of beauty thy boast</i>	37
<i>Tho' late I was a cobbler's wife</i>	89
<i>Tho' ravish'd from my husband's arms</i>	91
<i>Tho' man has long boasted an absolute sway</i>	357
<i>Tho' sages have wrangl'd with envy and strife</i>	190
<i>Those</i>	

<i>Those best sons of Britain, bold, open and brave</i>	53
<i>Tho' to a desert isle confin'd</i>	328
<i>Tho' women, 'tis true, are but tender</i>	31
<i>Three goddesses standing together</i>	103
<i>Through all the employments of life</i>	206
<i>Thus blest with the maid that I love</i>	115
<i>Thus Britain's sons in HARRY's reign</i>	119
<i>Thus fondly careffing</i>	276
<i>Thus for ever will you treat me</i>	129
<i>Thus gamesters united in friendship are found</i>	219
<i>Thus I stand like the turk with his doxies around</i>	227
<i>Thus KITTY beautiful and young</i>	346
<i>Thus we'll drown all melancholy</i>	91
<i>Thus when a housewife sees a rat</i>	214
<i>Thus when the swallow seeking prey</i>	216
<i>Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far</i>	352
<i>'Tis a twelve month ago, nay perhaps they are twain</i>	231
<i>'Tis, I vow and swear</i>	84
<i>'Tis our country that calls us : her voice we obey</i>	53
<i>'Tis woman that seduces all mankind</i>	206
<i>To all the sex deceitful</i>	82
<i>Th To crow or daw thro' all the year</i>	243
<i>To day let us never be slaves</i>	22
<i>To dear AMARYLLIS, young STREPHON had long</i>	71
<i>To knight, to squire, and to genteels here</i>	40
<i>Too long, a giddy, wand'ring youth</i>	232
<i>To please me the more, and to change the dull scene</i>	386
<i>To thee, O solitude, we owe</i>	385
<i>To you, dear father, and our home</i>	28
<i>Transform'd, in female shape, both old and lame</i>	183
<i>Turn and see what pleasures woo you</i>	143

U.

V AIN is ev'ry fond endeavour	97
Victory is ours	259
Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre	207
Virtue's treasure, is a pleasure	255
Vouchsafe, O pow'r thy healing aid	81
Unfold the gates of ever flowing time	15
Ungrateful love, thus ev'ry hour	205

W.

W AFT to her ears, kind gentle breeze	191
Wander PHAON, so will I	117
Wander LYDIA,—so will I	80
Wanton CUPID, idle toyer	115
Was ever man possess'd of	91
We beg but in a higher strain	27
We'll glad our hearts with the best of cheer	24
Well met, dearest PHEBE, ah! why in such haste	59
Well met, pretty maid	164
We maids for husbands fit, sir	131
We never blame the forward swain	251
We've fought, we have conquer'd, and England once more	334
We women would be forc'd to bliss	132
We the sword of justice drawing	257
Were I as poor as wretch can be	158
Were I laid on Greenland's coast	211
What a motley generation	364
What beauties does my nymph disclose	68
What beauteous scenes enchant my sight	182
What can wealth when we're old	239
	Whate'er

<i>Whate'er you say, whate'er you do</i>	141
<i>What gudgeons are we men</i>	220
<i>What harm in so simple a token of love</i>	361
<i>What haste you were in to be doing</i>	41
<i>What man can on virtue or courage repose</i>	255
<i>What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart</i>	101
<i>What sadness reigns over the plain</i>	341
<i>What, tho' these guineas bright, fir</i>	31
<i>What tho' his guilt my heart bath torn</i>	95
<i>When ambition's ten years toils</i>	254
<i>When an ignorant lover is slighted</i>	128
<i>When a wife's in her pout</i>	221
<i>When a woman jealous grows</i>	242
<i>When blushes dy'd the cheek of morn</i>	234
<i>When billows come breaking on the strand</i>	242
<i>When Britain first at Heaven's command</i>	336
<i>When dew-drops gild the weeping thorn</i>	345
<i>When did you see any falsehood in me</i>	273
<i>When fairies dance round on the grass</i>	72
<i>When first I saw thee graceful move</i>	279
<i>When gentle HARRIOT first I saw</i>	120
<i>When gold is in hand</i>	253
<i>When he holds up his hand arraigned for his life</i>	223
<i>When horns, with chearful sound</i>	256
<i>When I enter'd my teens and threw play things aside</i>	326
<i>When I'm great and flush of treasure</i>	248
<i>When I was a child</i>	130
<i>When I was a maiden of fourteen years old</i>	269
<i>When I was a young one, what girl was like me</i>	158
<i>When kings by their buffing</i>	242
<i>When lately I offered fair LAURA to kiss</i>	394
<i>When my hero in court appears</i>	223
<i>When ORPHEUS went down to the regions below</i>	61
<i>When</i>	

<i>When ORPHEUS went down to the regions below</i>	63
<i>When parents obstinate and cruel prove</i>	272
<i>When right or wrong's decided</i>	259
<i>When snows descend, and, robe the fields</i>	48
<i>When STREPHON to CLOE made love his pretence</i>	47
<i>When the rough North forgets to howl</i>	308
<i>When the tyger roams</i>	257
<i>When tutor'd by mother, she oftentimes said</i>	60
<i>When we, dearest NELL, shall be parted</i>	64
<i>When you censure the age</i>	215
<i>When young at the bar you first taught me to score</i>	219
<i>When youthful charms</i>	141
<i>Which way shall I turn me? How can I decide</i>	223
<i>While on my COLIN's knee I sit</i>	324
<i>While youthful bards in lyric lays</i>	147
<i>Whilst I gaze in fond desiring</i>	261
<i>Whilst on my dear pudding feasting</i>	349
<i>Whilst on thy dear bosom lying</i>	348
<i>Whilst other bards in fictitious lays</i>	179
<i>Whoe'er thro' OVID's tales has rang'd</i>	362
<i>Why beats my heart with such devotion</i>	331
<i>Why did you spare him</i>	246
<i>Why how now, madam flirt</i>	218
<i>Why, LETTY, why, these needle's arts</i>	296
<i>Why that languish</i>	262
<i>Wide o'er this bright aerial scene</i>	52
<i>With an old song made by an old antient pate</i>	172
<i>With anxious speed I left Mile-End</i>	374
<i>Without affectation, gay, youthful and pretty</i>	275
<i>With wreath of yellow crocus bound</i>	199
<i>Woe betide each tender fair</i>	31
<i>Woman's like the flatter'ing ocean</i>	247
<i>Would I might be hang'd</i>	226

<i>Would you hurt a tender creature</i>	34
<i>Would you live a stale virgin for ever</i>	273
<i>Would you taste the noon tide air</i>	287
<i>Would you taste the sweets of love</i>	142

Y.

Y E am'rous youths, whose tuneful lays	184
Ye beaux and bells, of Mallore wells	42
Ye sam'd witty nine	96
Ye fair married dames who so often deplore	184
Ye fair possess'd of ev'ry charm	45
Ye fair who shine thro' Britain's isle	44
Ye Fauns and ye Dryads, from hill, dale and grove	291
Ye gods ye gave to me a wife	86
Ye nymphs and ye shepherds that join in the throng	391
Ye nymphs of the plain, who once saw me so gay	72
Ye powers, that o'er true love preside	46
Ye shepherds, who, blest in your loves	146
Ye rustic savains, no more report	402
Yes, DAMON, yes, I can approve	232
Ye sons of simplicity	145
Ye spotted snakes with double tongue	302
Ye sweet pretty ladies, who now in your gay days	405
Ye winds to whom COLIN complains	150
Ye woods and ye mountains unknown	301
Ye Zephyrs come flutter and play	370
You'll think e're many days ensue	216
Young COLIN sought my heart to win	237
Young DAMON perceiving FLIRTILLA pass by	395
Young I am, and yet unskill'd	234
Young JENNY in her fifteenth year	180
Young JOCKEY he courted sweet MOGGY so fair	323
Young MOLLY who lives at the foot of the hill	268
Young	



PROLOGUE.

FEW of the sciences are so justly admired or so universally cultivated, as Music; and no one branch of this science, at least in these kingdoms, is in so much estimation, as that which goes under the name of Ballad Composition.

Song is at least of as great antiquity as Poetry itself, and, we have good reasons to believe, was the original of it. Among the ancient pagans it was used in celebrating the noble exploits of their Heroes and Patriots: for instance, HOMER's *Iliad*, it is said, was a number of Ballads composed by the poet, and sung by himself, to commemorate the heroic actions of his countrymen at the Siege of Troy.—We shall now make a stride from the *Iliad*, to this modern Collection of Songs, which being upon a more extensive plan than any hitherto offered to the public, we intreat indulgence for a short account

count of the design. Previous to which, we shall present the reader with a Criticism on Song-Writing, by Mr. PHILIPS, in a letter to a lady.

“ Madam,

“ To let you see how absolute your commands
 “ are over me, and to convince you of the opinion
 “ I have of your good sense, I shall, without any
 “ preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts
 “ upon Song-Writing, in the same order as they
 “ have occur’d to me. Only allow me, in my
 “ own defence, to say, that I do not remember
 “ ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon
 “ this subject; so that if I err, or seem singular in
 “ my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to
 “ differ from them, since I do not pretend to sup-
 “ port them by any authority.

“ In all ages, and in every nation, where poetry
 “ has been in fashion, the tribe of sonneteers have
 “ been very numerous. Every pert young fellow
 “ that has a roving fancy, and the least jingle of
 “ verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs,
 “ and resolves to immortalize his bottle, or his
 “ mistress. What a world of insipid productions
 “ in this kind have we been pester’d with since the
 “ *Revolution*, to go no higher: This, no doubt,
 “ proceeds in a great measure from not forming a
 “ right judgment of the nature of these little com-
 “ positions. It is true, they do not require an ele-
 “ vation of thought, nor any extraordinary capa-
 “ city,

“ city, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they
 “ demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety;
 “ an exact purity of stile, with the most easy and
 “ flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn
 “ of wit, with one uniform and simple design.
 “ Greater works cannot well be without some ine-
 “ qualities and oversights, and they are in them
 “ pardonable; but a song loses all its lustre, if it
 “ be not polished with the greatest accuracy: the
 “ smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel,
 “ takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as
 “ as it were, a little image in enamel, that re-
 “ quires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss
 “ and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing
 “ strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown
 “ away upon larger figures, where the strength and
 “ boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

“ Since you may have recourse to the *French* and
 “ English translations, you will not accuse me of
 “ pedantry, when I tell you, that SAPPHO, ANA-
 “ CREON, and HORACE in some of his shorter lyrics,
 “ are the completest models of little odes or sonnets.
 “ You will find them generally pursuing a single
 “ thought in their songs, which is driven to a point,
 “ without those interruptions and deviations so fre-
 “ quent in the modern writers of this order. To do
 “ justice to the *French*, there is no living language
 “ that abounds so much in good songs. The ge-
 “ nius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue,
 “ seem adapted to compositions of this sort. Our

“ writers generally crowd into one song materials
 “ enough for several; and so they starve every
 “ thought by endeavouring to nurse up more than
 “ one at a time. They give you a string of imper-
 “ fect sonnets, instead of one finish’d piece; which
 “ is a fault Mr. WALLER (whose beauties cannot
 “ be too much admir’d) sometimes falls into. But,
 “ none are more defective in their songs, thro’ a
 “ redundancy of wit, than Dr. DONNE and Mr.
 “ COWLEY. In them one point of wit flashes so
 “ fast upon another, that the reader’s attention is
 “ dazzled by the continual sparkling of their ima-
 “ gination; you find a new design started almost
 “ in every line, and you come to the end, with-
 “ out the satisfaction of seeing any one of them
 “ executed.

“ A Song should be conducted like an epigram;
 “ and the only difference between them is, that the
 “ one does not require the lyrick numbers, and is
 “ usually employed upon satirical occasions; where-
 “ as the business of the other, for the most part, is
 “ to express (as my Lord ROSCOMMON translates it
 “ from HORACE,)

“ *Love’s pleasing cares, and the free joys of Wine.*

“ I shall conclude what I have to say upon this
 “ subject, by observing, that the *French* do very
 “ often confound the song and the epigram, and
 “ take the one reciprocally for the other. An in-
 “ stance of which I shall give you in a remarkable
 “ epigram,

“ epigram, which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

“ *Tu parles mal par tout de moi,*

“ *Je dis du bien ar tout de toi ;*

“ *Quel malheur est le nôtre ?*

“ *L'on ne croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.*

“ For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly to the turn of thought, at the expence of losing something in the poetry and versification.

“ *Thou always speak'st ill of me ;*

“ *I always speak the best of thee :*

“ *But spight of all our noise and pother,*

“ *The world believes neither one nor t'other.*

“ Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands ; not out of any vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions,

“ *Your most obedient Servant.*”

This and the succeeding Volumes, are intended to contain every detached *English* and *Scotch* Song extant ; together with those in the several Theatrical Pieces, such as the *Beggar's Opera*, *Contrivances*, *Damon and Phillida*, *Chaplet*, *Shepherd's Lottery*, *Jesuit Crew*, *Dragon of Wantley*, *Comus*, &c. Also, those

those in *Actis and Gallatea*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Deborah*, *Sampson*, *Solomon*, *Josbua*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Esther*, and the other Oratorios: In fine, we purpose to comprize in the MASQUE; or, SONGSTER'S GRAND MAGAZINE, ALL the Songs, Odes, Duetts, Cantatas and Catches, *new and old* in the *English* Language, wherever to be found. For which end we have, with much industry, and at great expence, furnished ourselves with every collection of Songs that has been published in *England*, *Ireland*, or *Scotland*; and though each collection is, for the most part, but a repetition of the Songs contained in the others, yet the advantage we shall reap from having before us all the collections that have appeared in this language, is very considerable, as we shall be able to collate or compare every Song with the various copies of it, and by that means correct errors, restore lines omitted, and, in short, give the most accurate and perfect copy of each Song.

It will be interspersed with many Songs (never yet printed) by persons of eminence much esteemed for their Wit, Humour, and oddity: And there will be given a complete alphabetical GLOSSARY, or explanation of the *Scotch* words.

Each volume will consist of two parts, or numbers, as does this first volume; a number or part, price, 1s. 7½d. to be published every three months, so that a volume will be completed every six months, and two in a year, with copious and satisfactory indexes.

Each part will have a different title, and may be had single, or with the other part of the volume, bound or sewed.

Number II. the second Part of this first volume, just published, is intitled, *The WREATH ; or, Songster's Pocket Companion : &c.*

Number III. The first part of the second Volume is intitled, *The CHAPLET of CHEARFULNESS ; or, SING AND BE JOLLY.*

Number IV. The second part of the second Volume is intitled, *MIRTH and MUSIC ; or, The JOCLAR SONGSTER.*

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As this work greatly exceeds any think of the kind, it is hoped it will continue to meet with encouragement adequate to its merit. From the plan, the Young and Gay may expect to find in the course of the undertaking, a correct and faithful copy of every Song wherewith they have been entertained at the Gardens or Theatres ; while those of a more
advanced

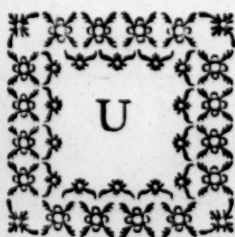
advanced age or antiquated taste, may be assured of meeting with, in this Magazine of Songs, all the old merry Ballads that beguiled their youthful hours, and charmed by a poignancy of expression, wit and humour, (unknown in modern Song) and will, in a manner, renew the delights they tasted of in the days of yore.

A COL-



A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

Ode to JANUARY.



UNFOLD the gates of ever-flowing
time—
Lo! mantled in a showery cloud,
While round him rough winds
thunder loud,
AQUARIUS sprinkles o'er
Of winter's hoary clime
The adamant floor:
He pours the *Tyber* and the *Nile*,
To recompence the last year's spoil.

'Tis

'Tis he! the two-fac'd JANUS comes in view
 Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
 And snow-drops, rivals of the morn :
 He spurns the Goat aside,
 But smiles upon the new
 Emerging year with pride :
 And now unlocks, with agat key,
 The ruby gates of Orient day.

MARS and BELLONA now suspend the war!
 Their red hoof'd steeds with battle worn,
 To their long vacant stalls return :
 In icy fetters bound,
 Beneath th' Antartic star,
 Seas burst their frozen mound,
 Far southern seas, releas'd and free,
 Escape, and rush to liberty.

Thus let my soul beleaguer'd long with care
 Find virtue's calm, sequester'd seat,
 And trace the vestige of her feet :
 May each impassion'd thought
 Meet a safe harbour there,
 Deem the low world as nought,
 And freed from folly's magic chain,
 To wisdom's lore return again.

S O N G 2. *Winter.*

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue ;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze ;
 Nor gentle eve distills the dew :

The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Usurping darkness shares the day;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And PHEBUS holds a doubtful sway:

By gloomy twilight half revealed,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain,
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now fought in vain!

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congealed, impetuous show'rs descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me STELLA and a friend.

In nature's aid, let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound, the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale:
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet times life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
 Nor music charm, tho' STELLA sings,
 Nor love nor wine the spring restore.

Catch

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer, man a flow'r,
 He dies! alas! how soon he dies!

S O N G 3. *The Winter's Walk.*

BEHOLD, my fair, where-e'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise,
 The naked hills, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern winter, is thy force confest,
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care,
 Scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine, and of gloom.

'Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

S O N G 4. *January: an Ode.*

ON yon black cloud, behold AQUARIUS stand,
 Poising an ample urn in either hand!

The load he sways, then swiftly pours
In cataracts the deluge down ;
The rough winds howls discordant with the showers,
Whilst nature knits each feature to a frown.

The dripping poultry seek the closest sheds :
The pensive warblers droop their little heads :
Nor without cause. No gilding ray
Breaks thro' the foggy veil of air ;
But all is picturesque of blank dismay,
Engendering spirits of extreme despair.

Is this the unpleasing foretaste of the year ?
And does the first month meet me with a tear ?

And shall not better days ensue,
The soul to cherish and sustain ?
Shall no bright prospects lengthen to the view,
No river smile, no landscape charm again ?

Lo ! fly the clouds ; the sun renews his ray ;
AQUARIUS adds a lustre to the day :
To globes of ice each freezing urn
Transforms : The crown, which late he wore
Surcharg'd with wet, condenses in its turn,
And looks a substance of self-polished ore.

Now round the board, my friends ! in concert join,
And drown despair in copious floods of wine,
VULCAN ! sit down and blow the fire ;
And BACCHUS, thou ! my butler be
Approach, my Genius ! fill the goblet higher,
I'll have no other Ganymede but thee.

S O N G

SONG 5. *The forward Spring.* By Mr. J.
CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak winter blooms lovely as spring;
Rich flowerets, how fragrant! rise wantonly round!
And Summer's wing'd choristers sing!

To greet the young monarch of *Britain's* blest isle!
The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd!
The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
And cowslips crowd forward in haste!

Dispatch, gentle FLORA! the nymphs of your train,
Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet:
Then rob of its roses the dew spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet!

Two chaplets of lawrel, in verdure the same,
For GEORGE, O ye virgins, entwine!
From conquest's own temples these ever-greens came,
And those from the brows of the nine:

What glories, ye *Britons*, one emblem implies,
Shall to your lov'd monarch belong!
What MILTONS, the other, what DRYDENS arise,
To make him immortal in song!

To a wreath of fresh oak, *England's* emblem of power,
Whose honours with time shall increase,
Add a fair olive-sprig, just unfolding its flower:
Rich token of concord and peace.

Next give him young myrtles, by beauties bright queen
Collected, the pride of her grove!
How fragrant their odour! their foilage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love!

Let

Let *Gaul's* captive lillies, cropt close from the ground,
 As trophies of conquest be tied :
 The virgin's all cry—" There's not one to be found,
 " Out-bloom'd by his roses they died !"

Ye foes of old *England* ! such fate shall ye share :
 With *GEORGE* as our glories advance,
 Thro' envy you'll sicken—you'll droop—you'll despair
 And die like the lillies of *France*.

S O N G 6. *The cautious Maid.*

AT the wake, t'other even, young *COLIN* I met,
 He took the occasion his vows to repeat ;
 With rapture my eyes, and my lips he ran o'er,
 I own it was pretty, but really no more :

Tho' with soft expression his looks were endear'd
 To his tender protesting I paid no regard :
 The falshood of swains I had heard of before,
 So I gave him a smile, but indeed gave no more.

The confident shepherd, encourag'd by this,
 Essay'd, I assure you, to ravish a kiss ;
 I vow in the struggle my ruffle he tore,
 So I frowning protested I'd see him no more.

Next morning I found him, reclin'd on his crook,
 All softness his voice, all repentance his look ;
 He intreated forgiveness a thousand times o'er,
 And solemnly protested he'd do so no more.

The frowns and the quarrels of lovers how weak,
 For *CUPID* himself in his favour did speak ;
 So the swain to my breast I again did restore,
 For trust me my anger could hold out no more.

Nor wonder, dear girls, that I treated him so,
 For on Sunday together to church we shall go :
 Tho' to quit and forget him, I often have sworn,
 Forgive me this once, and I'll do so no more.

All

All the Songs in the Comic Opera of the
JOVIAL CREW.

S O N G 7.

TO day let us never be slaves,
 Nor the fate of to-morrow enquire :
 Old wizards, and gypsies, are knaves,
 And the devil, we know, is a lyar.
 Then drink off a bumper whilst you may,
 We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho' our hairs are grey;
 He's a fool, and an ass,
 That will baulk a full glafs,
 For fear of another day.

S O N G 8.

IN *Nottinghamshire,*
 Let them boast of their beer,
 With a hey-down, down, and a down !
 I'll sing in the praise of good sack :
 Old sack, and old sherry,
 Will make your heart merry,
 Without e'er a rag to your back.
 Then cast away care,
 Bid adieu to despair,
 With a down, down, down, and a down !
 Like fools, our own sorrows we make :
 In spite of dull thinking,
 While sack we are drinking,
 Our hearts are too busy to-ach.

SONG 9.

AND he that will not merry, merry be,
 With a pretty lass in a bed ;
 I wish he were laid in our church-yard,
 With a tomb-stone over his head.
 He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,
 We, to be merry, merry here ;
 For who does know, where we shall go
 To be merry another year,
 Brave boys ! to be merry another year.

SONG 10.

1 *Beg. Wom.* THO' all here discontented grown,
 And fain would change conditions ;
 The courtier envies now the clown,
 The clowns turn politicians.

2 *Beg. Wom.* Ambition still is void of wit,
 And makes a woeful figure :
 For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet,
 The life of a jovial beggar.

Chorus. Ambition still, &c.

3 *Beg. Wom.* The man that hourly wracks his brain,
 To encrease his useless store,
 Still dreads a fall, and lives in pain,
 While we can fall no lower.

4 *Beg. Wom.* The dame of rich attire that brags,
 Wou'd willingly unrig her :
 Did she but know the joys of rags,
 And the life of a jovial beggar.

Chor. of all. The dame, &c.

SONG II.

1 *Beg. Man.* WE'LL glad our hearts with the best
of our cheer.

Our spirits we'll raise with his honour's
strong beer ;

All strangers to hope, and regardless of fear,
We'll make this the merriest night of the
year.

Chorus. The year, we'll make this the merriest, &c.

2 *Beg. Man.* Nor sorrow, nor pain, amongst us shall be
found,

To our master's good health shall the cup be
crown'd,

That long he may live and in bliss abound,
Shall be every man's wish, while the bowl
goes round.

Chorus. Goes round, shall be every man's wish, &c.

3 *Beg. Man.* Our wants we can't help, nor our poverty
cure ;

To morrow may'nt come, of to-night we'll
make sure,

We'll laugh, and lie down, altho' we are
poor,

And our love shall remain, tho' the wolf's
at the door.

Chorus. The door, and our love, &c.

4 *Beg. Man.* Then brisk, and smart, shall our mirth go
round,

With antick measures we'll beat the ground,
To

To pleasure our master in duty bound,
We'll dance, 'till we're lame, and drink 'till
we're sound.

Chorus. We're sound, we'll dance, &c.

S O N G 12.

IN the charming month of *May*,
When the pretty little birds begin to sing :
What a shame at home to stay,
Nor enjoy the smiling Spring,
While the beggar that looks forlorn,
Tho' she's not so nobly born,
With her rags all patch'd and torn ;
While she dances and sings with the merry men and
maids,
In her smiling eyes you may trace
And her innocent chearful face ;
Tho' she's poor, may be
More happy than she
That sighs in her rich brocades.

S O N G 13.

SEE how the lambs are sporting !
Hear how the warblers sing !
See how the doves are courting !
All nature hails the spring.
Let us embrace the blessing,
Beggars alone are free ;
Free from employment,
Their life is enjoyment
Beyond expressing ;
Happy they wander,
And happy sleep under
The Greenwood tree.

B

S O N G

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S O N G

SONG 14.

HOW sweet is the evening air,
 When the lasses all prepare,
 So trim and so clean,
 To trip it o'er the green,
 And meet their sweet-hearts there!
 While the pale town lass
 Disguises her face,
 To squeak at a masquerade;
 Where the proudest prude
 May be subdu'd,
 And when she cries, you're rude,
 You may conclude
 She will not die a maid.

SONG 15.

AT night, by moon-light, on the plain,
 With rapture, how I've seen,
 Attended by her harmless train,
 The little Fairy Queen:
 Her midnight revels sweetly keep,
 While mortals are involv'd in sleep;
 They tript it o'er the green.
 And where they danc'd their chearful round,
 The morning would disclose,
 For where their nimble feet do bound,
 Each flow'r unbidden grows:
 The daisy (fair as maids in *May*)
 The cowslip, in his gold array,
 And blushing violet 'rose.

S O N G 16.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright :
 I'll tell you the reason—She knows not her own,
 It changes so often e'er night.
 'Twould puzzle APOLLO,
 Her whimsies to follow,
 His oracle would be a jest ;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the wind,
 And often abuses
 The man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses,
 Likes best.

S O N G 17.

HOW few, like you, would dare advise,
 To trust the town's deluding arts ;
 Where love, in daily ambush lies,
 And triumphs over heedless hearts :
 How few, like us, would thus deny
 T'indulge the tempting dear delight,
 Where daily pleasures charm the eye,
 And joys superior crown the night.

S O N G 18.

Vinc. **W**E beg but in a higher strain,
 Than sordid slaves, who beg for gain.
Hill. No paltry gold, or gems, we want,
 We beg what you alone can grant.

Vinc. No lofty titles, no renown,
But something greater than a crown.

Hill. We beg not wealth, or liberty,

Both. We beg your humble slaves to be.

Vinc. We beg your snowy hands to kiss,
Or lips, if you'd vouchsafe the bliss,

Hill. And if our faithful vows, can move,
(What gods might envy us) your love.

Vinc. The boon we beg, if you deny,
Our fate's decreed, we pine and die.

Hill. For life we beg, for life implore,

Both. The poorest wretch can beg no more.

S O N G 19

Rach. **A** BROAD we must wander to hear the birds
sing,

T'enjoy the fresh air, and the charms of the spring,

Mer. We'll beg for our bread, then if the night's raw,
We'll keep ourselves warm on a bed of clean straw.

Rach. How blest is the beggar, who takes the fresh air!

Mer. Tho' hard is his lodging, and coarse is his fare.

Rach. Confinement is hateful———

Mer. —————And pleasure destroys.

Both. 'Tis freedom alone, is the parent of joys.

S O N G 20.

Mer. **T**O you, dear father, and our home,
We bid a short adieu :

The tempting frolick has o'ercome,

By force of being new.

But let not that your patience vex,

For, dear papa, you know our sex.

With a fal, la, &c.

Rach. Nor hope, good fir, to spare your cost,
 Nor think our fortune's paid;
 No woman yet was ever lost,
 Tho' sometimes she's mislaid:
 For when the pleasure turns to pain,
 Be sure we shall come home again.

With a fal, la, &c.

SONG 21.

LET pleasure go round,
 Let us laugh and sing, let us laugh and sing, boys!
 Let humour abound,
 And joy fill the day.
 If sorrow intrude,
 Drive it out again, drive it out again, boys!
 If by griefs we're pursu'd,
 Let us drink 'em away;
 The pleasure of wine,
 Make a mortal divine.
 For get but a bottle once into your noddle
 No power, or art,
 Can such virtue impart,
 For raising the spirits, and cheering the heart.

SONG 22.

THERE was an old fellow at *Waltham-Cross*,
 Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss,
 He cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to rack,
 With a hem! boys, hem! and a cup of old sack.

SONG 23.

1 *Beg. Man.* **I** Once was a poet, at *London*,
 I keep my heart still full of glee ;
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,
 For begging's no new trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

2 *Beg. Man.* I was once an attorney at law,
 And after, a knight of the post :
 Give me a brisk wench in clean straw,
 And I value not who rules the roast.

3 *Beg. Man.* Make room for a soldier in buff,
 Who valiantly strutted about ;
 'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
 And then he most wisely—fold out.

4 *Beg. Man.* Here comes a courtier polite, fir,
 Who flatter'd my lord to his face ;
 Now railing is all his delight, fir,
 Because he miss'd getting a place.

5 *Beg. Man.* I still am a merry gut-scraper,
 My heart never yet felt a qualm :
 Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
 And sing any tune, but a psalm.

6 *Beg. Man.* I was a fanatical preacher,
 I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd ;
 But my hearers had half-starv'd their teacher,
 For they believ'd not one word that I said.

1 *Beg. Man.* Who'er wou'd be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn ;
 In palaces who shall you see,
 Half so happy as we in a barn.

SONG 24.

WHAT, tho' these guineas bright, fir,
 Be heavy in my bag ;
 My heart is still the lighter,
 The more my pockets fwag :
 Let musty fools
 Find out by rules
 That money sorrow brings ;
 Yet none can think
 How I love their chink ;
 Alas, poor things !

SONG 25.

THO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
 Yet nature does strength supply :
 Their will is too strong to surrender,
 They're obstinate still 'till they die.
 In vain you attack 'em with reason,
 Your sorrows you only prolong ;
 Despairing is always high-treason,
 No woman was e'er in the wrong.
 Your only relief is to hear ;
 And when you appear content,
 Perhaps, in compassion, the fair
 May persuade herself into consent.

SONG 26.

WOE betide each tender fair,
 Who now beholds you, must adore ye.
 Such a shape and such an air,
 Must make each beauty fall before ye.

NARCISSUS' fate, and yours were one,
 Cou'd you but your own charms discover,
 You'd die, as many a fop has done,
 Only of himself a lover.

S O N G 27.

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her charms;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms,
 New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grown less:
 Her poor little heart is still aching,
 At sight of another's success.
 But nature design'd,
 In love to mankind,
 That different beauties should move,
 Still pleas'd to ordain,
 None ever should reign,
 Sole monarch in empire or love.
 Then learn to be wise,
 New triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due,
 If one can't please,
 You'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two.

S O N G 28.

Rach. **O** May your mistress ne'er deny,
 The suit, which you shall humbly move!
Mer. And may the fairest virgins vye,
 And be ambitious of your love!
Rach. If honour lead,
Mer. May you succeed, *Mer.*

Rach. By love inspir'd, with conquest crown'd

Mer. And when you wed,

Rach. Your bridal bed

Both. With wealth, and endless joys abound.

S O N G 29.

To Rach. C O M E hither pretty maid, with a black
rolling eye :

Aside. What a look was there ! does all my senses
charm.

To Mer. Come hither pretty dear, for I swear I long to
try

A little, little love, which will do thee child,
no harm.

To Rach. That air, that grace,

To Mer. That lovely milk white skin !

To both. { Oh ! which shall I embrace ?
Oh ! where shall I begin !

Aside. { For if I stay
I both of them must woo ;
I had better run away,
Than deal at once with two.

S O N G 30.

Rach. C A N nothing, fir, move you, our sorrows
to mend ?

Have you nothing to give ? have you nothing to
lend ?

Mer. You see the sad fate we poor damsels endure,
Can't charity move you to grant us a cure ?

Rach. My heart does so heave, I'm afraid it will break !
Of victuals we've scarce had a morsel this week.

Mer. How hard is your heart! how unkind is your eye!
If nothing can move you, good sir, to comply.

S O N G 31.

Rach. **W**OU'D you hurt a tender creature,
Whom your charity shou'd save?

Mer. Is it in your gentle nature
Thus to triumph o'er a slave?

Rach. Fye, for shame, sir!

Mer. You're to blame, sir;
Can your worship stoop so low?

Rach. Tho' you're above me,

Mer. 'Twill behove me,
Still to answer, no, no, no!

S O N G 32.

THE tuneful lark, who from her nest,
Ere yet well fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With care attended and caress'd,
She sometimes sings the live-long day.

Yet still her native fields she mourns,
Her goaler hates, his kindness scorns,
For freedom pants, for freedom burns.

That darling freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for prey,
She mourns the liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines her hours away.

Helpless, the little wand'rer flies.
'Then homeward turns her longing eyes,
And warbling out her grief, she dies.

SONG 33.

OH! turn your eyes on me, and view my distress!
Did you know my hard fate, you would pity my
case.

Such a kind hearted gentleman sure would grant
To a tender young virgin, whate'er she did want.

SONG 34.

OH, hear my story, gentle lady,
I am a wealthy farmer's son;
Who once was gay, and rich as may be,
But now by love I am undone.
Reduc'd to want and wretchedness,
And starv'd must be,
Unless you grant to my distress
Your charity.

SONG 35.

I Like a gentleman did live,
I ne'er did beg before;
Some small relief you sure might give,
That would not make you poor.

SONG 36.

MY daddy is gone to his grave;
My mother lies under a stone;
And never a penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.

My lodging is in the cold air,
And hunger is sharp, and bites;
A little fir, good fir, spare,
To keep me warm o' nights.

SONG

S O N G 37.

IS there on earth a pleasure,
 Dearer than virtue's fame?
 In vain's the real treasure,
 When we have lost the name.
 Then let each maid maintain it,
 'Twill ask the nicest care;
 Once lost, she'll ne'er regain it,
 All, all is then despair.

S O N G 38.

IMade love to KATE, long I sigh'd for she,
 'Till I heard of late she'd a mind to me.
 I met her on the green in her best array,
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away;
 Oh then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame?
 Had you been in my place you'd have done the same.

As I fonder grew she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry KATE;
 But then I laugh'd and swore I lov'd her more than so,
 For tied each to a rope's end 'tis tugging too and fro:
 Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd and said, she was wond'rous sick,
 DICKY KATY led, KATY she led DICK,
 Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak,
 KATY lost the game, though she play'd in joke;
 For there we did alas! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Fal, lal, &c.

S O N G

SONG 39.

JEALOUSY, like a canker-worm,
 Nips the tender flower of love ;
 Jealousy, raging like a storm,
 Prayer's can't mollify, tears can't move.
 Love is the root of pleasures and joys ;
 Jealousy all its fruit destroys :
 'Tis love, love, jealousy, love,
 Our heav'n or hell still prove.

SONG 40.

THO' ladies look gay, when of beauty they boast,
 And misers are envy'd when wealth is increas'd ;
 The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast ;
 And the miser's a wretch, when he pays for the feast.
 The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
 May pity bespeak, but envy can't move ;
 My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
 No more my fond heart is desiring,
 Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.

SONG 41.

Hill. **T**HAT all men are beggars, you plainly
 may see.

For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
 Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.

Which no body can deny.

Vinc. The tradesman, he begs that his wares you wou'd
 buy ;

Then begs you'd believe the price is not high ;
 And swears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lye.

Which no body can deny.

Hill.

Hill. The lawyer he begs you would give him a fee,
 Tho' he reads not your brief, and regards not
 your plea;
 Then advises your foe how to get a decree.
Which no body can deny.

Mer. The courtier, he begs for a pension a place,
 A ribbon, a title, a smile from his grace,
 'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.
Which no body shou'd deny.

Rach. But if by mishap, he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone.
 There's but one honest man—And himself is that
 one.
Which no body dares deny.

Am. The fair one, who labours whole mornings at
 home,
 New charms to create, and much paint to consume,
 Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.
Which no body shou'd deny.

Hill. The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,
 She begs he'd be gone; but her languishing eye
 Still begs he would stay—for a maid she can't die.
Which none but a fool would deny.

S O N G 42.

Hill. S U R E, by that smile my pains are over!

Rach. Don't be too sure.

Hill. Wou'd you then kill a faithful lover?

Rach. Wait for cure.

Hill. Women, regardless of our fate,
 Often prove kind, but kind too late.

Rach.

Rach. Women alafs ! too soon surrender !

Hill. That I deny.

Rach. Men oft betray a heart too tender,

Hill. Take me and try.

Rach. Love is a tyrant, under whose sway,

They suffer least, who best obey.

S O N G 43.

THE greatest skill in life,
For avoiding noise and strife,
Is to know when a man shou'd be dumb, dumb, dumb.
When a knave to gain his end,
Sifts you to betray your friend,
Let your answer be only, mum, mum, mum.
Wou'd you try to persuade
A preity, pretty Maid,
As ripe as a peach or a plumb, plumb, plumb ?
Youv'e nothing more to do,
But to swear you will be true,
And then you may kifs ! but mum, mum, mum.

S O N G 44.

Heart. **T**HERE was a maid, and she went to the
mill,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly lo.
The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still.
Cla. Oh ho ! did she so ? did she so ? did she so ?
Heart. The miller he kifs'd her, away she went ;
Sing trolly, &c.
The maid was well pleas'd and the miller content.
Cla. Oh ho ! was he so, &c.

Heart.

Heart. He danc'd, and he sung, while the mill went
clack;

Sing trolly, &c.

And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack;

Cl. Oh ho! did he so, &c.

S O N G 45.

TO knight, to squire, and to genteels here
We wish our play may with content appear;
We promise you no dainty wit of court,
Nor city pageantry, nor country sport;
But a plain piece of action, very short and sweet,
In story true, you'll know it when you see't.

S O N G 46.

OLD sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,
Will fright away cares, when the ground looks
blue.

S O N G 47.

ALASS! fir, I have prov'd your clown,
Ey'd him
Try'd him,

But must own,

So wretched a mortal ne'er was known;

I had been with him undone.

If I must in bondage be,

To chuse my chains at least I'm free;

Since I am willing

To be billing,

Here's the man, the man for me.

S O N G 48.

WHAT haste you were in to be doing,
 When two at a time you were wooing;
 You men are so keen,
 When once you begin,
 You fancy you ne'er shall have done.

 What haste you were in to be billing,
 With two at a time for a shilling;
 Yet quickly you'd find,
 If any prov'd kind;
 You'd work enough meet with in one.

S O N G 49.

HEARTY. *to* **N**OW then tell him fairly,
 the men. You will love 'em dearly,
 May each of them be yearly
 Mother of a boy.

To the women. Ladies fair, adieu t'ye,
 Manage well your beauty,
 Keep your spouses true t'ye:
 Be their only joy.

To OLDRENTS. Come my lads be merry,
 Bring us sack and sherry;
 Call the pipe and tabor;
 Now, fir, cut a caper:
 Here ends all your labour,
 This happy wedding day.

End of the Songs in the JOVIAL CREW.

SONG 50. *On the Spaw at Castle-Connell in the
county of Limerick.*

YE beaux and belles of *Mallow-wells*,
Who daily ill heap on ill ;
If you've a mind, true health to find,
Come quick to *Castle-Connell*.

Such beauties here, around appear,
That you can scarce go one ell ;
But you must swear, for water, air,
There's nought like *Castle-Connell*.

Here numbers come, on faddle some,
And some without one pannel ;
But all are found, soon heal and sound,
By wond'rous *Castle-Connell*.

If p—x or stone, with many a groan,
Obstruct your aching channel ;
By drinking free, you'll quickly see,
Th' effects of *Castle-Connell*.

Oft have have I seen, the sickness green,
And beau, wrapp'd up in flannel,
Without a drug, look fair and smug ;
And all by *Castle-Connell*.

Our waters can, soon make a man,
Brisk as the fam'd *MAC-DONNEL* *
And ladies may, I boldly say,
Get heirs at *Castle-Connell*.

Let

* Alluding to a song on the earl of ANTRIM, whose family name
is *MAC-DONNEL*.

Let empty blades, with addled heads,
 Swill liquors like a funnell;
 We at this spring, quaff health, and sing
 Success to *Castle-Connell*.

Our bark we steer, with mirth, good cheer,
 Whilst love sits on the gunnel;
 Thus spend the day, in sportive play,
 And health at *Castle-Connell*.

S O N G 51. *Sung in the Way to keep him.*

ATTEND all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art,
 To bind every fancy with ease in your chains,
 To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,
 And banish from HYMEN his doubts and his pains.

When JUNO accepted the cestus of love,
 At first she was handsome, she charming became;
 It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,
 To kindle at once and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this magic secret gives th' eyes all their fire,
 Lends the voice-melting accents, impassions the kiss;
 Gives the mouth the sweet smiles, that wakens desire,
 And plants round the fair, each incentive to bliss.

Thence flows the gay chat, more than reason that charms;
 The eloquent blush, that can beauty improve,
 The fond sigh, the fond vow, the soft touch that alarms,
 The tender disdain the renewal of love.

Ye fair take the cestus, and practise its art;
 The mind unaccomplish'd, meer features are vain;
 Exert your sweet power, you conquer each heart,
 And the loves, joys, and graces, shall walk in your
 train.

S O N G

SONG 52. *Another copy of the preceding song.*

ATTEND, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
 To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains,
 To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,
 And banish from HYMEN his doubts and his pains.

Good-humour will light up a magical fire ;
 It sweetens the voice and impassions the kiss :
 The mouth sweetly smiling awakens desire,
 And beauty displays each incentive to bliss.
 Ye fair, take the hint which I freely impart :
 Neglecting to please, other efforts are vain :
 Exert but good-humour, you'll conquer the heart ;
 And love, with the graces, will dance in your train.

SONG 53. *The way to keep him.*

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart ;

For once attentive be a-while,
 To what I now impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And ISABEL from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears.
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast ;
 And you by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest ;

SONG 56. *Sung in the same.*

THE chains of love we wear with pleasure,
 Whene'er the charmer meets our fire :
 But beauty grows a fading treasure,
 When jealous fears disturb desire.

SONG 57. *Sung in the same.*

MY bosom, like the ocean,
 When sway'd by gentle motion,
 No jealous tempest knew ;
 But, wak'd from this delusion,
 Revenge, to her confusion,
 Shall, like a storm, ensue.

SONG 58. *Sung in the same.*

O The rapture of possessing,
 Endless beauty, endless charms ;
 Oh the pleasure past expressing,
 Take me to thy faithful arms.
 Oh blest reward of all my pains,
 The thorn is gone, the rose remains.

SONG 59. *The Biter Bit.*

WHEN STREPHON to CLOE made love his pre-
 tence,

'Twas all but a sham, his chief aim was her pence :
 For twelve thousand pounds the sly gypsy did pass,
 And he topt as much, with an impudent face.

And thus for a while they both lay on the catch,
 'Till at length they consented, and struck up a match ;
 But soon to their cost, for all their deep wit,
 He found himself trapt, she found herself bit. Such

Such wedlock's a banter, the wife make no doubt,
 And those that get in, would be glad to get out ;
 'Twas ever confess'd, since the world first began,
 Your fortunes are bites, so bite as bite can.

Soldier and citizen, lawyer and squire,
 Both sexes for money each other admire ;
 All spread out their snares, in hopes to trapan ;
 The world's all a cheat, and so cheat as cheat can.

SONG 60. *Imitation of THEOCRITUS, by the
 late Mr. JAMES HERVEY.*

WHEN snows descend, and robe the fields,
 In winter's bright array ;

Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
 And weeps itself away.

When spring appears, when vi'lets blow,
 And shed a rich perfume ;

How soon the fragrance breathes its last,
 How short liv'd is the bloom !

Fresh in the morn, the summer-rose,
 Hangs wither'd e're 'tis noon ;

We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
 But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gilding fire, the evening star
 Streaks the autumnal skies ;

Shook from the sphere, it darts away,
 And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
 And sparkle in the eye ;

So, from the lively finish'd form
 The transient graces fly.

To this the seasons, as they roll,
 Their attestation bring ;
 They warn the fair, their ev'ry round,
 Confirms the truth I sing.

S O N G 61. *The Coquette.*

FOR FLORIMEL, so fair of late,
 To sigh was all the fashion ;
 The witty, handsome, brave and great,
 By turns declar'd their passion :
 From court, from camp, from grove, from plain,
 By crowds of swains surrounded,
 'Twas still her pride each heart to pain,
 But heal not one she wounded.

But now grown old, she'd fain repair
 Her loss of time and pleasure ;
 With willing eyes and wanton air,
 Inviting every gazer.
 With practis'd smiles she soon beguiles,
 From frost to fire relenting ;
 No billing dove more pants for love,
 Before she's ask'd consenting.

But love's a summer flower that dies,
 With the first weather changing ;
 The lover, like the swallow flies,
 From sun to sun still ranging.
 From hence, since youth will soon away,
 Ye fair, this lesson borrow,
 The haughty maid that's ask'd to-day,
 Consents too late to-morrow.

S O N G 62.

MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen,
 To tell what of her were the thoughts of the men,
 Insisted for once I would alter my tune,
 And write panegyric, as well as lampoon;
 With candor describing the woman I see,
 When I steal from my glass to MYRTILLA and tea.

If the eye's sweet employ to the soul gives delight,
 And beauty's an object engaging to fight;
 How kind is my fair one, whose studies confess,
 Her aim is but nature's amendment of dress:
 Tho' oft in the structure mistaking the plan,
 She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,
 Her good-humour'd prattle is music to me;
 Her kifs would soon make the dull hermit forego
 His cell, and high views, for that heaven below.
 But when out of temper, and boist'rous and bold,
 Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flowers, is love to mankind,
 Each sense's enjoyment in woman we find;
 Unless affectation, that bane to the fair,
 Unfetter the heart they attempt to ensnare:
 Let nature the science of pleasing direct,
 A charm ill display'd, soon becomes a defect.

All the Songs in the Masque of BRITANIA. *By* Mr. MALLET.

S O N G 63.

A WAKE! arise! nor longer wear
This downcast look, this doubtful air,
That cloud thy native charms.
Resume the trident of the main;
Or, gaily-dreadful on the plain,
Shine out again in arms!

S O N G 64.

L E T not punic arts amuse thee;
Let not punic oaths abuse thee:
Grasp thy shield, and shake thy spear!
Should a faithless friend invade thee,
All—yes, all thy sons shall aid thee:
What has *Britain* then to fear?

S O N G 65.

T H' inspiring hope my bosom warms:
What can a world, a world in arms,
At sea, on land, to me oppose,
When *British* bosoms, *British* hearts inclose?

S O N G 66.

L E T each softer note be dumb—
Let deep silence reign around—

[*A full pause of all the instruments.*

Then loudly wake the thundering drum!
Then swell the trumpet's noblest sound!

Prolong, prolong
The magic song !
Raise high to heav'n it's potent strain !
Till martial heat
Consenting beat
In every *Briton's* every vein !

S O N G 67.

A DIEU for a while to the town and its trade ;
Adieu to the meadow and rake :
Our country, my boys, calls aloud for our aid ;
And shall we that country forsake ?

It never was known, that true hearts like our own
From hardships or hazards would flinch :
Let our foes then unite ; we will shew them in fight,
What *Britons* can do at a pinch.

A slave may he be, who will not agree
To join with his neighbours and sing,
“ That the brave and the free,—such, *Britons*, are we—
“ Live but for their country and king !”

S O N G 68.

W I D E o'er this bright æreal scene,
Let only zephir wave the wing :
And let all ocean be serene,
To honour her ascending king.

S O N G 69.

I N S P I R E the vocal shell !
Let harmony explore
Her sacred store,
Through all its moving, mazy swell :

For sounds that warm
Exalt and charm

The soul untouch'd before !

Then roll their rising flow from ecchoing shore to shore !

S O N G 70.

THOSE best sons of *Britain*, bold, open, and brave,
Who dare the loud tempest, and stem the rough
wave.

Theirs is the sound bottom, on which to rely ;
And theirs the firm heart that will conquer or die !

S O N G 71.

1. *Sail.* **T**IS our country that calls us : her voice
we obey.

When she wants our aid ; shall a sailor say nay ?
With the foes of old *England* our rulers may cope,
While a sword we can brandish, or handle a
rope :

For *Britain* shall find us, both body and soul,
As true to her cause, as our steel to it's pole.

2. *Sail.* Dares the coxcomb in heart, dares the capering
slave

Despise us plain fellows, whom freedom makes
brave ?

Huzza ! gallant hearts : let the triflers behold
Such *Englishmen* now, as they fled from of old.

3. *Sail.* From the mistress we love, from the monarch
we serve,

No distance, no danger shall e'er make us swerve,
Let landmen delight in deceit and grimace,
Attempt at your throat, while they laugh in
your face ;

Too honest for art, and too gallant for guile,
We frown where we hate, as we love where we smile.

Cho. Then—ours is the bottom, on which to rely;
And ours the sound heart, that will conquer or die.

SONG 72.

NANCY. **H**EAR me, gallant sailor, hear me!
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too—never fear me;
I may weep: but you shall go.

SUKEY. Tho' this flowery season wooes ye
To the gentler sports of *May*,
And love sighs, so long to lose ye—
Honour calls: let love obey.

1. *Sail.* Can the sons of *Britain* fail her,
While her daughters are so true?
Your soft courage must avail her:
We love glory—loving you.

2. *Sail.* War and danger now invite us:
Blow, ye winds; for *Britain* blow!
Every gale will most delight us,
That wafts us soonest to the foe!

SONG 73.

THEN, away from idle pleasures:
You are bent on nobler measures,
And must now your worth approve.

Teach these peaceful shores to wonder,
At the cannon's mortal thunder:
'Tis the music *Britons* love.

End of the Songs in BRITANNIA.

SONG

SONG 74, *Sung in the pantomime of the Fair, in the character of a recruiting serjeant. Wrote during the late war.* By PAUL WHITEHEAD, esq;
Tune: *the Twitcher.*

IN story we're told,
How our monarchs of old,
O'er *France* spread her royal domain,
But no annals can shew,
Their pride laid so low,
As when brave GEORGE the second did reign, brave
boys!
As when brave GEORGE the second did reign.

Of *Roman* and *Greek*,
Let fame no more speak,
How their arms the old world did subdue;
Thro' the nations around,
Let our trumpets now sound,
How *Britons* have conquer'd the new, brave boys!
Now *Britons* have conquer'd the new.

East, west, north, and south,
Our cannon's loud mouth,
Shall the rights of our monarch maintain:
On *America's* strand,
AMHERST limits the land,
BOSCAWEN gives law on the main, brave boys!
BOSCAWEN gives law on the main.

Each port and each town
We still make our own;
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
Guardalupe, Senegal,
Quebeck's mighty fall,

Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys !
 Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though CONFLANS did boast,
 He'd conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;
 Brave HAWKE wing'd his way,
 Then bounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an *English* salute, brave boys !
 And gave him an *English* salute.

At *Minden* ye know
 How we conquer'd the foe,
 While homeward their army now steals :
 Tho' they cry'd *British* bands,
 Are too hard for our hands,
 Begar we can beat them in heels, morblieu !
 Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home,
 For laurels now roam,
 Should the flat-bottom boats but appear ;
 Our militia shall shew
 No wooden-shoe foe,
 Can with freedom in battle compare, brave boys !
 Can with freedom in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,
 Our children and wives,
 To defend is the time now or never ;
 Then let each volunteer
 To the drum-head repair ;
 King GEORGE and old *England* for ever, brave boys !
 King GEORGE and old *England* for ever.

SONG 75.

AS COLIN rang'd early one morning in spring,
To hear the woods choristers warble and sing;
Young PHÆBE he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winter's I fairly can count;
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years, and yet still be a maid?

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn votaries to love, yet unmindful of me;
Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like dastards and see me a maid?

Ye counsellors sage, who with eloquent tongue,
Can do what you please, both with right and with wrong?
Can it be by law or equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill,
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.

Ye fops I invoke not to list to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;
Ye echoes of echo, and shadows of shade,
For if I had you, I might still be a maid.

Young COLIN was melted to hear her complain,
'Then whisper'd relief like a kind-hearted swain;
And PHEBE well-pleas'd is no longer afraid,
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

SONG 76. CLOE's noble choice.

THE beau, with his delicate womanish face,
 Whose merit all lies in a feather and lace;
 The proud, the immoral, the coward, the vain,
 May sue for my love, but will meet my disdain.

The dunce I detest, and whose wit is severe,
 I sicken whenever a sycophant's near.
 The brute that's ill-manner'd, disorders me much,
 And I'd die an old maid e'er I'd couple with such.

But he in whom sense and politeness are join'd,
 Whose study has been to embellish his mind;
 Whose pleasures ne'er injure his health nor his purse,
 Is fit to be taken for better for worse.

Whose wit has no gall, and whose tongue no deceit,
 Whose nature is noble, his conduct discreet;
 Ne'er knew any fear, but to hurt or offend:
 If he questions my heart, he will find it his friend.

SONG 77. *Sung in the character of PATIENCE*
in HENRY the VIIIth.

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of mischief, full of woe;
 All his joys are mix'd with smart;
 Thorns beneath his roses blow:
 Serpent-like he stings the breast
 Where he's harbour'd and caress'd.

SONG 78. CORYDON and PHEBE.

CORYDON. **W**ELL met dearest PHEBE, ah! why
in such haste?

The woods and the meadows all day have
I trac'd,

In search of my fair one; then nothing re-
mains,

But she to reward me for all my past pains.

PHEBE. Why! how now, bold CORYDON, what do
you mean?

Should a damsel, like me, just turn'd of
nineteen,

Be seen all alone with a man, I'm afraid,
The world wou'd soon think me no longer
a maid.

CORYDON. Let 'em think as they please, 'twill prove
all a lye,

You are not alone, for chaste CYNTHIA is
by;

She'll judge of our actions; then drive a-
way fear;

No harm is intended to PHEBE I swear.

PHEBE. No, no, subtle swain, you may say what
you will,

Kneel, lye, swear and flatter, and try all
your skill,

Before I'll be cozen'd, I'd have you to
know,

I'd die first a virgin;—so pray let me go..

CORYDON..

CORYDON. Why PHEBE, such thoughts I ne'er had in
 my head,
 I meant but to know if to-morrow you'd
 wed;
 But, since you won't hear me, I'll bid you
 adieu,
 And find out some other that's kinder than
 you.

PHEBE. Return gentle shepherd, a few moments stay,
 I'll venture to yield, if you mean as you say;
 Let to-morrow then come, at church you
 shall find,
 That she you think cruel yet still may be
 kind.

Duetto. O PHEBUS! vouchsafe to accept of our
 boon!
 Make haste to expel the pale glimmering
 moon!
 And when thy bright face shall appear in
 the sky,
 With rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial tie.

S O N G 79. *Stick a pin there.*

☞ The 4th verse of this song, marked with inverted comas, is an
 additional one, never printed before.

W H E N tutor'd by mother, she oftentimes said,
 There's money bid for thee, girl, hold up thy
 head;

She laid out my work with a housewifely care,
 And making a mark, bid me stick a pin there.

The humour so pleas'd me, however absurd,
 That, in spite of my teeth, it became a cant word;
 And once, when the parson had ended his pray'r,
 I could not help calling out, stick a pin there. He

He came to my mother, and loudly complain'd;
His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign'd;
And before he could clap his fat bum in a chair,
I sily stoop'd down, and did stick a pin there.

“ 'Twas better by half than a play or a farce,
“ To see him jump up with the pin in his —,
“ And hear him demand, with a most furious air,
“ What b—ch, d—mn her body, had stuck a pin there.”

I met my dear JACK in a field of new hay,
He kiss'd me and teas'd me with amorous play;
A green gown he gave me, and swore it was fair:
Hold, firrah, said I, would you stick a pin there?

He often attempted to ruffle my charms,
As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms;
But sooner or later he'll baffle my care,
For JACK is the lad—but stick a pin there.

S O N G 80. ORPHEUS *and* URYDICE.

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see;
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his URYDICE free.
All hell stood amaz'd, that a person so wise
Should so rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far, but how vast their surprize!
When they heard that he came for his wife.
To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old PLUTO long puzzl'd his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again, in reward for his art :
 Such power had music in hell.

S O N G 81. *On the same story.*

IN days of old, as poets tell,
 That ORPHEUS went down to hell
 To seek his wife, nor could he guess,
 To find her in a likelier place.
 Down he went singing, as they say,
 And trolling ballads all the way.
 No wonder that—the reason's clear,
 For then he was a widower.

Timber and stones with speed did fly,
 After his noble harmony :
 The self-same thing I've seen besal
 The woful'st scraper of them all.
 To hell he came, and told his case,
 Torment and pain strait quit the place ;
 Each fiend was happy, when compar'd
 With such a wretched, wedded bard.

PLUTO with his request comply'd,
 But him to these conditions ty'd,
 That he should take, but not look on her ;
 Both hard commands to man of honour.
 So on the loving couple went,
 He led her up the steep ascent :
 For when the man does downward stray,
 The woman always leads the way.

The fond wretch turn'd his head too soon :
 If 'twas on purpose, 'twas well done ;

But

But if by chance, a hit indeed,
That did beyond his hopes succeed.
Happy the married wight that e'er
Once comes to be a widower;
But twice of one wife to get free,
Is luck in its extremity.

S O N G 82. *On the same story.*

FOND ORPHEUS went, as poets tell,
To bring EURYDICE from hell;
There he might hope to find a wife
The pest and bane of human life.

The damn'd from all their pains were eas'd,
Not that his musick so much pleas'd,
But that the oddness of the matter
Had justly made the wonder greater.

PLUTO enrag'd, that any he
Should enter his dominions free,
And to inflict the sharpest pain,
Made him a husband once again.

But yet, in justice to his voice,
He left it still within his choice;
If, as a curse, he'd not refuse her,
And taught him by a look to lose her.

S O N G 83. *On the same story.*

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below,
To bring back the wife that he lov'd;
Old PLUTO confounded, as histories shew,
To find that his music so mov'd:

That

That a woman so good, so virtuous and fair,
 Shou'd be by a man thus trapann'd,
 To give up her freedom for sorrow and care ;
 He own'd she deserv'd to be damn'd.

For punishment he never study'd a whit,
 The torments of hell had not pain
 Sufficient to curse her ; so PLUTO thought fit
 Her husband should have her again.
 But soon he compassion'd the woman's hard fate,
 And knowing of mankind so well,
 He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,
 And said, she'd be happier in hell.

S O N G 84. *On the same story.*

YOUNG ORPHEUS tickl'd his harp so well,
 He gain'd fair URYDICE out of hell,
 With a twinkum, twankum, twang :
 Had she been honest, as she was fair,
 'Twould have been a great wonder she e'er came there,
 With a twinkum, &c.

But 'tis to be fear'd she prov'd a scold,
 And therefore the devil had got her in hold :
 But for fear she should poison all hell with her tongue,
 The devil releas'd her for an old song.

Which was twinkum, twinkum, twinkum, twinkum,
 twinkum, twinkum, twankum, twang.

S O N G 85. *The Shadwell-Tar's farewell.*

WHEN we, dearest NELL, shall be parted,
 Oh think not that ill can betide ;

'Tis death thus to see thee sad-hearted,
 Tho' I fear not a *French* broadside.

We're

We're going to plow the rough ocean,
 In search of a treacherous foe ;
 Resolv'd when his fleet is in motion,
 To give it a terrible blow.

C H O R U S .

*With cannon by fate well directed,
 We'll curb the proud navy of France ;
 Defeat the invasion projected,
 And teach the monsieurs a new dance.*

Near Mile-End Green, when robbers surrounded,
 This stick, cut from tough *British* oak,
 Their clubs and their pistols confounded,
 And fell'd two huge thieves at a stroke.
 This brave oaken towel so lusty,
 Which cou'd such mean villians withstand,
 Will surely deal blows stout and lusty,
 On those who would ravage our land.

How blithe lives the bold *British* sailor,
 Good flip and good punch his delight :
 He dreads not on board a stern goaler,
 But sings on from morning till night.
 Whilst *Frenchmen* in galleys are fighting,
 Condemn'd to the oar and the chain,
 Their officers heed not their crying,
 But lash them the more they complain.

But hark ! *Stepney* bells are a ringing ;
 The gale wafts the sweet musick nigher :
 Methinks I to battle am springing,
 Oh the sound sets my soul all on fire.

Ring

Ring louder, ye bells, O ring louder,
 And victory must be our own :
 Whilst *Frenchmen* exhausting their powder,
 Their signal defeat shall bemoan.

One kiss, dearest NELL, and I leave you ;
 Take care of our DICKY and NAN,
 By NEPTUNE, I'll never deceive you,
 But toast you in every cann.
 When I in my hammock am rolling,
 I'll dream of NELLY my dove ;
 Abroad never once go a strolling,
 But come back quite brimful of love.

S O N G 86. *Fair* HEBE.

FAIR HEBE I left with cautious design,
 To escape from her charms and to drown 'em in
 wine,

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head and still love in my heart,
 I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case and each circumstance weigh'd ;
 Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
 That HEBE was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for a counsel to find out a fault
 If that's all quoth reason, return as you came,
 To find fault with HEBE, would forfeit my name.
 What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
 While like light'ning she darts thro' each throbbing vein,
 My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
 And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

SONG 87. *Admiral HAWKE's welcome home, in*
1759. By Mr. LOCKMAN.

BEHOLD where *Britannia* points joyful her lance,
In maritime pomp, behold NEPTUNE advance,
To land his lov'd hero from the coast of *France*.

CHORUS. *Welcome, brave HAWKE to Old England,*
To Old England,
O welcome, brave HAWKE.

His hero, who more than two-thirds of the year,
Despising CONFLANS, before *Brest* did appear,
There brav'd foes and storms, ever stranger to fear.

November the 20th, while clouds rattling flew, *
The *French*, who had meanly stole out, came in view,
When, fierce as a lion, to charge them he flew.

Mid the thunder of winds, and the rage of the sea,
Mid rocks, darkness, all that can horrible be,
Yet a battle to risk, how intrepid was he!

But the juncture he knew would admit no delay,
His virtue, his honour cried, "Shew no dismay,
"Since the weal of three realms may depend on this day.

Loud bellow'd our cannon, as loud th' ocean roar'd,
A panic seiz'd ev'ry poor monsieur on board,
When the few that engag'd soon for quarter implor'd.

Five ships did reluctant the combat sustain,
While eight trembling sneak'd up the river *Vilaine*,
And the rest flew like feathers all over the main.

The mighty blow struck, all invasion was o'er;
The *French*, sure, will think of *Armada's* no more,
But, bankrupts compleat, their own folly deplore.

No

No more, hapless LEWIS, thy squadrons prepare,
To face valiant HAWKE, not a *Frenchman* cou'd dare,
Since himself took three king's off *Cape Finisterre*.

ORFORD, TORRINGTON, ANSON, for victories won,
Found noble reward, and with high honours shone;
How gracious a course has our admiral run?

With the thanks of the king, this great action was
crown'd,
With the thanks of the commons, their house did re-
found,
And the voice that pronounc'd them will fly the world
round.

All hail, our bright æra, the fam'd fifty-nine!
All hail, HAWKE's companions, how greatly ye shine!
All hail, GEORGE the second, what glory is thine!

All the Songs in the SHEPHERD'S
LOTTERY.

S O N G 88.

WHAT beauties does my nymph disclose?
Lefs fair the silver lilly blows;
Such blushes glow not on the rose,
As on the cheeks of PHILLIS.
The other day, upon the green,
I saw a nymph of heav'nly mien;
I ran to greet the *Cyprian* queen,
But found it was my PHILLIS.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curl around,
And daisies dapple o'er the ground,

I sit and murmur PHILLIS.

And when the lark with dewy wings,
To hail the morn exulting springs,
I rise, and tune the trembling strings,
To praise my dearest PHILLIS.

When first I saw the blooming maid,
I gaz'd, enraptur'd and dismay'd;
My falt'ring tongue was quite afraid
To tell my pangs to PHILLIS.

Then CUPID aim'd his sharpest dart;
At once I felt the pleasing smart,
That very hour I lost my heart;
And now it dwells with PHILLIS.

SONG 89.

O Let me unreserv'd declare,
The dictates of my breast;
My THYRSIS reigns unrival'd there
An ever-welcome guest.
No more the sprightly nymphs I meet,
But seek the lonely grove,
There, sighing to myself, repeat,
Some tender tale of love.

When absent from my longing sight,
He is my constant theme,
His shad'wy form appears by night,
And shapes the morning dream;
Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
Deem not my words too free,
For e'er my passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me.

SONG

S O N G 90.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain ;
 The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain ;
 I'll tease them and vex them,
 I'll plague and perplex them :

Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young DAMON ador'd me, and LYCON the vain,
 By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain ;

Thy knelt and thy trembled,
 I smil'd and dissembled.

Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,
 Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive :

Their canting and whining,

Their fighting and pining,

Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray ;

Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

S O N G 91.

THE drum is unbrac'd, and the trumpet no more
 Shall rouse the fierce soldier to fight ;

Our meads shall no longer be floated with gore,

Nor terror disturb the calm night ;

Once more o'er our fields, gold harvest shall shine,

The olive, her flow'rets encrease ;

Again purple clusters shall blush on the vine—

These, these are the blessings of peace.

The shepherd securely now roams through the glade,
 Or merrily pipes thro' the dale;
 The youth, in soft numbers, attempts the coy maid,
 The virgins dance blithe in the vale;
 The flow'rs with gay colours embroider the ground,
 Unprest by an enemy's feet;
 The bleating of sheep from the hillocks resound,
 And the birds their trim sonnets repeat.

S O N G 92.

TO dear AMARYLLIS, young STREPHON had long
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song;
 He went one *May* morning to meet in the grove,
 By her own dear appointment this goddess of love;
 Mean while in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each; *can a lover do more?*

He waited, and waited, then changing his strain,
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain:
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright.
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change; *can a lover do more?*

CLEORA, it hap'd, was by accident there;
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair;
 He press'd her white hand, next her lips he essay'd,
 Nor would she deny him—so civil the maid!
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
 And dear AMARYLLIS *was thought of no more.*

'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray ;

The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this cheek;

My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce speak;

My heart too so flutters, I fear it will break;

Then crown your poor PHILLIS with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,
And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe,

Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor reſiſt the fond tear ;

Then strew all the place round with willow.

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,

"Here lies a poor maiden whose love was deny'd!

"She strove to endure it, but could not and dy'd"—

Then shade it with cypress and willow.

S O 94.

THYRSIS. **W**HEN fairies dance round on the
grafs,

And revel to night's awful noon ;

O fay, will you meet me, fweet lafs,

All by the clear light of the moon.

PHILLIS. My passion I seek not to screen,

Then can I refuse you your boon ;

I'll meet you at twelve on the green,

All by the clear light of the moon.

The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,
Then charms all the plains with her tune,
And glad of the absence of morn
Salutes the pale light of the moon.

THYRSIS. How sweet is the jessamin grove,
And sweet are the roses of *June*;
But sweeter the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon;
Away, envious sunshine, away,
Give place to the light of the moon.

PHILLIS. But say, will you never deceive,
The lass whom you conquer'd too soon,
And leave a soft maiden to grieve,
Alone by the light of the moon.

THYRSIS. The planets shall start from their spheres,
E're I prove so fickle a loon;
Believe me I'll banish thy fears,
Dear maid, by the light of the moon.

Duet. { Our loves when the shepherds shall view,
To us they their pipes shall attune;
While we our soft pleasures renew,
Each night by the light of the moon.

S O N G 95.

HOW happy's the lover whose cares are no more,
Who bids an adieu to all sorrow;
My griefs are all hush'd, and my torments are o'er,
For I shall be happy to-morrow.

D

Each

Each flow'ret of spring that enamels the ground,
 From you ev'ry charm seems to borrow ;
 Then who will so blest or so happy be found,
 As I with my DAPHNE to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your sight,
 Your smiles are the cure of all sorrow :
 Remember, dear DAPHNE, your promise to-night;
 And I shall be happy to-morrow.

S O N G 96.

AS soon hope for peace 'twixt the hawk and the
 dove,

As to find it with woman and man ;
 Or prompted by hate, or incited by love,
 They both will deceive, if they can.
 The shepherd forgetful of oaths and of vows,
 Will run to a face that's more new ;
 And often the woman, or maiden, or spouse,
 The very same methods pursue.

The youth, to obtain the dear nymph he admires,
 By falsehood expresses his flame ;
 To gain the lov'd boy, who her bosom inspires,
 Does not CLOE exactly the same ?
 How just the division ! man's born to persuade ;
 We listen, and think him sincere ;
 But then has not nature been kind to the maid ?
 She gave her the smile and the tear.

Intrepid as heroes, men snatch at their joy,
 And force us by storm to comply :
 We helpless poor creatures, by fashion made coy,
 Consent when we feebly deny.

Like

Like armies drawn out, into martial array,
 The sexes call forth all their pow'rs ;
 And if for the man goes the battle to-day,
 To-morrow the triumph is ours.

S O N G 97.

DAPH. **H**AS the arrow of CUPID ne'er lodg'd in
 your breast ;
 Have you wept for whole months, nor been
 able to rest,
 'Till the fair one took pity, and bid you be
 blest ?

Speak boldly the truth, my good shepherd.

COLIN. No, that I can't brag of but all the day long
 Some mistress or other has place in my song ;
 My passion's not lasting, but 'tis very strong,
 I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

DAPH. I doubt you're a rover—if so, a young maid
 May fear to be with you, within this thick shade.

COLIN. Such beauties as yours need be never afraid ;
 I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

DAPH. Suppose a young shepherdess, just of my size,
 With an air too like mine, and a pair of such
 eyes,
 Should like you—say, would you the conquest
 despise ?

Speak boldly the truth, my good shepherd.

COLIN. Plain dealing's a jewel, you very well know,
 And therefore permit me to own e're I go,
 Such a mistress as you is, at best, but so, so,
 I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

Farewel, gentle maiden.

DAPH.

Farewel, thou dull swain,

Go seek thy companions that brouze on the
plain.

COLIN. And I care not if e'er I behold thee again.

I speak the plain truth, my good lady.

DAPH. And I care not if e'er I behold thee again.

I speak the plain truth, thou dull shepherd.

S O N G 98.

GODDESS, goddess of the dimpling smile,
Quit, ah ! quit thy fav'rite Isle ;

Crown'd with myrtle-wreath, advance ;

From the hand of giddy chance

Snatch the pow'r to make me blest ;

Be it thine to ease my breast.

In her iv'ry car the fair queen I behold,
Her cygnets in trappings of purple and gold ;
Displaying their pinions I see the young loves,
All brighter than sun-shine, all soft as her doves.
With rapture, O VENUS, I bow at thy shrine ;
She whispers me softly, young THYRSIS is thine.

S O N G 99.

HOW giddy is youth ! yet, above all advice,
You counsel, and counsel in vain :

I've try'd what is wedlock, and like it so well

That I'll never be marry'd again.

The spouse that I pitch'd on was comely and young,
And sweet as the flow'rs of the plain ;

She was wise, as they tell me—perhaps it might be ;

But I'll never be marry'd again.

I saw

I saw the poor creature laid deep in her grave ;
 My tears they came pouring like rain ;
 But as sun-shine, you know, will foul weather succeed,
 I quickly recover'd again.

Like the castles of fairies it seems to the fight,
 And fancy indulges the rein ;
 But, alas ! when you try it, 'tis all a mere cheat,
 And the same dull tale over again.

S O N G 100.

DAPH. **O** Say ! must I sigh and pine my love ?
 O say, must I sigh and pine ?
 You're cruel, I swear,
 As a tyger or bear,
 If you don't to my wish incline, my love ;
 If you don't to my wish incline.

COLIN. So much I delight in thee, my dear,
 So much I delight in thee,
 Thou may'st sigh, pine or moan,
 Or may'st let it alone,
 'Tis all the same to me, my dear,
 'Tis all the same to me.

DAPH. But say should I break my heart, my love ?
 But say should I break my heart ?
 Would you not be dismay'd
 To have murder'd a maid,
 With CUPID's keenest dart, my love ?
 With CUPID's keenest dart.

COLIN. I should not be much dismay'd, my dear,
 I should not be much dismay'd ;
 If you think that I lye,

You had better go try ;
 I am not much afraid, my dear,
 I am not much afraid.

DAPH. Since nothing, I find, will do, my love,
 Since nothing, I find, will do,
 My heart I'll break——
 No, I'll live for your sake ;
 And I'll live, to laugh at you, my love,
 I'll live to laugh at you.

S O N G 101.

THYRSIS. **N**OW the snow drops lift their heads ;
 Cowslips rise from golden beds ;
 Silver lillies paint the grove :
 Welcome *May* and welcome love.

PHILLIS. Hark ! the merry finches sing,
 Heralds of the blooming spring ;
 And the artless turtle dove,
 Cooes at once to *May* and love.

THYRSIS. Long the clay-cold maid denies,
 Nor regards her shepherd's sighs :
 Now your fond petitions move,
May's the season form'd for love.

PHILLIS. While a-down the slopy hill,
 Tinkles soft the gushing rill ;
 Balmy scents perfume the grove,
May unbends the soul to love.

DAPHNE. Now the bee on silv'ry wings,
 Flowered spoils unwear'd brings ;
 Spoils that nymphs, and swains approve,
 Soft as *May*, and sweet as love. COLIN.

COLIN. And the swallows chirping brood,
Skim around the crystal flood,
Then in wanting circlets rove,
Playful as the god of love.

Address to the On the fair that deck this Isle,
audience. May each grace and virtue smile,
And their happy shepherds prove,
Days of ease, and nights of love.

End of the Songs in the SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

SONG 102. *The words and music by Dr. Arne.*

NYMPHS and shepherds come away,
Wanton in the sweets of *May*;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns:
Frolick, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

SONG 103. *A cantata.* LYDIA from SAPHO.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

BENEATH this sad and silent gloom
I waste in sighs my youthful bloom;
But not the shades, that banish day,
Drive LYDIA's brighter form away.
Her easy shape, her lovely mien,
Th' attractive smile of beauty's queen,
Her sparkling eyes and flowing hair,
A wit so smart, so soft an air,
'The spiteful gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd her thus for my undoing.

A I R.

Lovely maid, all charms adorning,
 Born to give supreme delight,
 Fairer than the rosy morning,
 Or the silver queen of night,
 Why ungrateful dost thou leave me?
 Stay, thou cruel fair one! stay:
 Death attends, if thou deceive me—
 LYDIA, why so far away?

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

I dream, or her unequall'd charms
 Are folded in my rival's arms:
 See! she clasps the happy boy.
 Anguish waste,
 Lightning blast,
 Tortures rend him,
 Death attend him,
 Ere he taste the rising joy!

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
 The faithless wretch whom I despise.

A I R.

Wander LYDIA—so will I,
 And to nobler conquests fly:
 Roving, ranging,
 Ever changing,
 Gay and airy,
 Born to vary,
 Soon the treach'rous fair shall see
 I can be false as well as she.

SONG

SONG 104. *A cantata, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.*

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address'd,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid ;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To BACCHUS thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd :

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away :
With dauntless mien approach the fair ;
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursu'd the god's advice ;
The nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

A I R.

Lovely maid, all charms adorning,
 Born to give supreme delight,
 Fairer than the rosy morning,
 Or the silver queen of night,
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When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

SONG 105. *The Lover's Recantation: a cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment CÆLIA made,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
 There, fretting, long poor DAMON stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd hour:
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious expectation,
 With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
 And vented thus his passion.

AIR.

To all the sex deceitful
 A long and last adieu,
 Since women prove ungrateful
 As long as men prove true.
 The pains they give are many
 And, Oh! too hard to bear;
 The joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and unsincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now CÆLIA, from mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat;
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain,
 But, as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care !
 And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair !
 Women wise increase desiring
 By contriving kind delays ;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

SONG 106. *Sung in Harlequin's Invasion.*

COME, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year :
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
 For who are so free, as we sons of the waves.

C H O R U S.

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady ;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.*

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;
 They never see us, but they wish us away ;
 If they run, why we follow, and push them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They'll frighten our women, and children and beaus ;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still *Britons* they'll find, to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them,
 sweat,
 In spite of the devil, and *Brussels* gazette ; Then

'Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our foldiers, our failors, our statesmen, and king.

All the Songs in the DEVIL TO PAY.

SONG 107. Tune: *The Twitcher.*

HE that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel.

SONG 108. Tune: *Fie, nay, pr'ythee* JOHN.

NELL. 'T IS, I vow and swear,
Very cruel, dear,
That I must not be allow'd to talk;

JOB. Hence, I say, get in
To thy wheel, and spin,
Lest upon your back my strap shou'd walk.

NELL. Well, since I must, I will be gone;
Go, go, you are a naughty man;
Be sure get drunk then, if you can,
Reel home to NELL.

JOB. You surly jade, by yea, and nay,
If here you any longer stay,
Or dare dispute my sovereign sway,
I'll strap you well.

SONG

SONG 109. Tune: *Under the Greenwood tree.*

OF all the plagues of human life,
A shrew is sure the worst;
Scarce one in ten that takes a wife,
But with a shrew is curst.

Since then the plague in marriage lies,
Who'd rush upon his fate?
When he for freedom, bondage buys,
And still repents too late.

SONG 110. Tune: *CHARLES of Sweden.*

COME jolly BACCHUS, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:

Cho. Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus mighty BACCHUS shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure,
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure;
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing their praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

SONG

S O N G I I I.

HERE's a good health to the king,
 And send him a prosperous reign,
 O'er hills and high mountains,
 We'll drink dry the fountains,
 Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
 Until the sun rises again.

Then here's to thee, my boy boom,
 Then here's to thee, my boy boon;
 As we have tarry'd all day, to drink down the sun,
 So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave boys,
 So we'll tarry and drink down the moon.

S O N G I I 2.

YE gods ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her.
 But if your providence divine,
 For greater bliss design her;
 To obey your will at any time,
 I am ready to resign her.

S O N G I I 3. *Tune: Of all comforts I miscarried.*

OF all states in life so various,
 Marriage sure, is most precarious;
 'Tis a maze so strangely winding,
 Still we are new mazes finding;
 'Tis an action so severe,
 That naught but death can set us clear;
 Happy's the man, from wedlock free,
 Who knows to prize his liberty:

Were men wary

How they marry,

We should not be by half so full of misery.

S O N G

S O N G 114.

GRANT me, ye powers, but this request,
 And let who will the world contest;
 Convey her too some distant shore,
 Where I may ne'er behold her more:
 Or let me to some cottage fly,
 In freedom's arms to live and die.

SONG 115. Tune: *Send home my long stray'd eyes.*

MY swelling heart now leaps with joy,
 And riches all my thoughts employ:
 No more shall people call me NELL,
 Her ladyship will do as well:
 Deck'd in my golden, rich array,
 I'll in my chariot roll away,
 And shine at ring, at ball, and play.

}

SONG 116. Tune: *The Spirit's Song in MACBETH.*

MY little spirits now appear,
 NADIR and ABISHOG draw near:
 The time is short, make no delay,
 Then quickly haste and come away:
 Nor moon, nor stars, afford their light,
 But all is wrapt in gloomy night;
 Both men and beasts to rest incline,
 And all things favour my design.

My strict commands be sure attend,
 For ere this night shall have an end,
 You must this cobbler's wife transform,
 And to the knight's the like perform:
 With all your most specifick charms,
 Convey each wife to different arms;

Let

Let the delusion be so strong,
 That none may know the right from wrong.
 All this we will with care perform,
 In thunder, lightning and a storm.

S O N G 117. Tune: *Charming SALLY.*

OF all the trades from east to west,
 The cobbler's past contending.
 Is like in time to prove the best,
 Which ev'ry day is mending.
 How great his praise who can amend
 The soles of all his neighbours,
 Nor is unmindful of his end,
 But to his last still labours.

S O N G 118. Tune: *Now ponder well, you
 parents dear.*

IN *Bath* a wanton wife did dwell,
 As CHAUCER he did write,
 Who wantonly did spend her time,
 In many a fond delight.

All on a time sore sick she was,
 And she at length did die,
 And then her soul at Heaven's gate
 Did knock most mightily.

I will come in, in spite she said,
 Of all such churls as thee;
 Thou art the cause of all our pain,
 Our grief and misery.

Thou first broke the commandment,
 In honour of thy wife,
 When he heard her say these few words,
 He ran away for life.

S O N G

SONG 119. *Tune: Come let us prepare.*

LET matters of state
 Disquiet the great,
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him;
 Has nought but his wife
 To ruffle his life,
 And her he can strap if she vex him.

 He's out of the pow'r
 Of fortune that whore,
 Since low as can be, she has thrust him,
 From duns he's secure,
 For being so poor
 There's none to be found that will trust him.

SONG 120. *Tune: What tho' I am a country lass.*

THO' late I was a cobbler's wife,
 In cottage most obscure a,
 In plain stuff gown, and short ear'd coif.
 Hard labour did endure a:
 The scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
 And from poor humble NELL a,
 I'll learn to dance, to read and write,
 And from all bear the bell a.

SONG 121. *Tune: Whilst the town's brim-full
 of folly.*

HOUNDS and horns o'er plains resounding,
 Ecchoes from the hills rebounding,
 Fill the sportsman's heart with joy;
 Let, while to the chase inviting
 Health and pleasure are uniting,
 Fops o'er tea their time destroy.

SONG

SONG 122. Tune: *When I was a dame of
honour.*

FINE ladies, with an artful grace
Disguise each native feature;
Whilst flattering glasses shew the face,
As made by art, not nature:
But we poor folks in home spun grey,
By patch nor washes tainted,
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
That still are finely painted.

SONG 123. Tune: *'Twas within a furlong, &c.*

O Charming cunning man thou hast been wondrous
kind,
And all thy golden words do now prove true, I find;
Ten thousand transports wait,
To crown my happy state,
Thus kiss'd and press'd,
And doubly bless'd
In all this pomp and state.
New scenes of joy arise,
Which fill me with surprize;
My rock, and reel,
And spinning wheel,
And husband I despise;
Then JOBSON, now adieu,
Thy cobling still pursue;
For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle
too.

SONG

SONG 124. Tune: *The beudgeon is a fine trade.*

TH O' ravish'd from my husband's arms,
 To dwell in stench and pain,
 I'll break thro' all their magic charms,
 And liberty regain.
 Then sweet revenge shall calm my woes,
 And every grief assuage;
 Whilst all who did my bliss oppose,
 Shall feel my pow'rful rage.

SONG 125. Tune: *BACCHUS one day gayly
 striding.*

TH U S we'll drown all melancholy,
 In a glass of gen'rous wine;
 Let dull fools indulge their folly,
 And at cares of life repine:
 But the brave and noble spirit
 Scorns such mean ignoble views;
 Whilst the world proclaims his merit,
 He sublimer joys pursues.

SONG 126.

Sir JOHN. **W** A S ever man possess of
 So sweet so kind a wife!

NELL. Dear sir, you make me proud:
 Be you but kind,
 And you shall find
 All the good I can boast of
 Shall end but with my life.

Sir JOHN. Give me thy lips;

NELL. First let me, dear sir, wipe 'em;

Sir

Sir JOHN. Was ever so sweet a wife !

NELL. Thank you, dear sir !

I vow and protest,

I ne'er was so kist ;

Again, sir !

Sir JOHN. Again and again my dearest :

O may it last for life !

What joy thus to enfold thee !

NELL. What pleasure to behold thee !

Inclin'd again to kifs !

Sir JOHN. How ravishing the blifs !

NELL. I little thought this morning,

'Twould ever come to this.

Da Capo.

S O N G 127. Tune : *Hey boys, up go we.*

Lady.

LET ev'ry face with smiles appear,

Be joy in ev'ry breast,

Since from a life of pain and care,

We now are truly blest.

Sir JOHN. May no remembrance of past time,

Our present pleasures foil.

Be nought but mirth and joy a crime,

And sporting all our toil.

JOBSON. I hope you'll give me leave to speak,

If I may be so bold ;

There's nought but the devil and this good

strap,

Could ever tame a scold.

End of the Songs in the DEVIL TO PAY.

S O N G

SONG 128. NANCY DAWSON.

O F all the girls in our town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance, and prance it up and down,

There's none like NANCY DAWSON.

Her easy mien, her shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
Her every motion is compleat ;

I die for NANCY DAWSON.

See how she comes to give surprize,
With joy and pleasure in her eyes ;
To give delight she always tries,

So means my NANCY DAWSON.

Was there no task t' obstruct the way,
No SHUTTER bold, nor house so gay,
A bet of fifty pounds I'll lay,

That I gain'd NANCY DAWSON.

See how the opera takes a run,
Exceeding HAMLET, LEAR, and LUN,
Though in it there would be no fun,

Was't not for NANCY DAWSON.

Tho' BEARD and BRENT charm ev'ry night,
And female PEACHUM's justly right,
And FILCH and LOCKIT please the sight,

'Tis crown'd by NANCY DAWSON.

See little DAVY strut and puff,
Pox on the opera and such stuff,
My house is never full enough,
A curse on NANCY DAWSON.

Tho'

Tho' GARRICK he has had his day,
 And forc'd the town his laws t' obey,
 Now JOHNNY RICH is come in play,
 With help of NANCY DAWSON.

S O N G 129. *Britain's Remembrancer for the
 years 1758 and 1759.*

C O M E listen a-while and I'll tickle your ears,
 With a few little vict'ries, by which it appears,
 We have gain'd from the *French* in two little years,
Which nobody can deny deny, which nobody, &c.

We have beat them, my boys; and I'll hold you a
 pound,
 We shall beat them, my boys, upon sea or dry ground,
 We shall beat them as long as the world goes round.

With *Gaudaloupe* first I embellish my strain;
 Then a cluster of forts croud into my brain,
Crown Point, Frontenac, Niagara, Duquesne.

Quebec we have taken, and taken *Breton*;
 Tho' the coast was so steep, that a man might as soon,
 As the *Frenchmen* imagin'd, have taken the moon.

Senegal we have taken, and taken *Goree*,
 And thither we trade, for our blacks—do you see;
 For who should buy slaves, but they that are free.

Then at *Minden*, you know, we defeated our foes,
 Tho' our horse stood aloof without coming to blows,
 And why nobody's hang'd for it, nobody knows.

BOSCAWEN at *Lagos*, and HAWKE in the bay,
 Your victories had I but room to display,
 I'm sure I should not have done singing to-day.

Oh!

Oh! what is become of the fleet out of *Brest*.
Some are burnt, some are taken, and where are the rest?
Why some are fled east, and some are fled west.

Some ten fathom deep in the sea may be found,
And some in the river *Villaine* are a-ground,
Where they lie very safe, but not very found.

Let *France* then all title to glory resign,
For these years shall unmatch'd in our histories shine,
The renown'd FIFTY-EIGHT, and the great FIFTY-
NINE.

SONG 130. *Sung in the Desert Island: wrote*
by ARTHUR MURPHY, esq.

WHAT tho' his guilt my heart hath torn,
Yet lovely is his mien;
His eyes, mild op'ning as the morn-
Around each grace is seen.
But, oh! ye nymphs, your loves ne'er let him win,
For, oh! deceit and falshood dwell within.
From his red lip his accents stole,
More soft than vernal snows;
They melting came, and in the soul
Desire and joy arose:
But, oh! ye nymphs, ne'er listen to his art,
For, oh! base falshood rankles in his heart.
He left me in this lonely state,
He fled and left me here,
Another ARIADNE's fate,
To mourn the live-long year.
He fled; but, oh! what pains the heart must prove,
Revealing thus the crimes of him we love!

SONG

SONG 131. *On the Half-Moon Society.* Tune:
Ye commons and peers.

YE fam'd witty nine,
 Assist my design,
 And put your sweet voices in tune :
 While *Parnassus* I mount,
 And in carrols recount,
 The joys of the social *Half-Moon*.

The yellow hair'd *Scot*,
 His *PATTIE* has got,
 The *Hibernian* his *ELLEN A ROON* ;
 But *Britons* fond lays,
 To night are in praise
 Of their mistress chaste *CYNTHIA* the moon.

Some bards may declare,
 That *KITTY* is fair,
 And more sweet than the roses in *June* ;
 But what reigning toast,
 At *St. JAMES's* can boast,
 Such a number of stars as the moon.

Then *BACCHUS* do thou,
 Be kind to us now,
 And luxuriously favour our boon ;
 Fill the bowl to the brink,
 That your vot'ries may drink,
 'Till their faces look like the full moon.

Let dull sober fools,
 Whom temperance rules,
 Sneak away to their pillows by noon ;
 Such choice souls as we,
 Gay jovial and free,
 Stagger home by the light of the moon. We

We laugh and we sing,
 Our glasses we ring,
 To depart always think it too soon;
 Then while there's good wine,
 Let's chearfully join,
 In a health to the man in the moon.

All the Songs in the CHAPLET.

S O N G 132.

YOU say at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove;
 I have lik'd you a twelve-month, a calendar year,
 And not yet contented—have conscience, my dear.

S O N G 133.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour,
 To resist the tender dart;
 For examples move us never,
 We must feel to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view;
 Vanity her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes,
 Is the mild deceitful strain,
 Frowning truth our sex displeases,
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain.
 Soon, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive ;
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish women to believe.

S O N G 134.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
 heart ;

While thus we sit round on the grafs,
 The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mas ;
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The beau who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
 An angel beholds in his glafs,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 May justly be reckon'd an afs.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of CRESUS the wealth to surpass ;
 And oft' while he's wand'ring, his deary at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on an afs.

The lawyer so grave when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well cover'd with bras ;
 Tho' he talk to no purpose he pockets your fee ;
 There you, my good friend, are the afs.

The formal phyſician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall laſt be produc'd in this claſs ;
 The ſick man awhile may conſide in his ſkill,
 But death proves the doctor an aſs.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take the bottle and laſs ;
 For he who his pleaſure puts off for a day,
 Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.

S O N G 135.

FAREWEL, my PASTORA, no longer your ſwain,
 Quite ſick of his bondage, can ſuffer his chain :
 Nay arm not your brow with ſuch haughty diſdain,
 My heart leaps for joy to be free once again.

Sing tol derol.

I'll live like thoſe birds, the ſweet tenants of *May*,
 Who always are ſportful, who always are gay :
 How ſweetly their ſonnets they carrol all day ;
 Their love is but frolick, their courtſhip but play.

If ſtruck by a beauty they ne'er ſaw before,
 In chirping ſoft notes they her pity implore ;
 She yields to intreaty ; but when the fits o'er,
 'Tis an hundred to ten that they never meet more.

S O N G 136.

He. **B**Eauteous maid reward my paſſion,
 Crown with hopes my fond deſire ;
She. Soon to yield is not the faſhion,
 Maids ſome courtſhip ſhould require.

He. Tedious courtship damps all pleasure,
By this melting kiss, I swear ;

She. Now you're rude beyond all measure,
Kiss again, fir—*If you dare.*

He. Where yon bank the willows cover,
We will shun the heat of day ;

She. You're in too much haste, young lover,
For the priest must lead the way.

He. We can do without him better,
None but fools would marry now ;
Priests the free-born mind would fetter,
We will meet without a vow.

S O N G 137.

He. FROM flow'r to flow'r, his joy to change,
Flits yonder wanton bee ;
From fair to fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.

She. Yon little birds attentive view,
That hop from tree to tree ;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.



He. While tempests shake the nodding grove,
And plough the foaming sea ;
While hawks pursue the flying dove,
So long will I be free.

She. Till on the bush the lilly grows,
Till flocks forsake the *Lea*,
Till from the rocks bursts forth the rose,
You'll find me blithe and free.

Both. Then let's divide to east and west,
 Since we shall ne'er agree ;
 And try who keeps their promise best,
 And who's the longest free.

S O N G 138.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
 smart ?

What **LETHE** can banish the pain ?
 What cure can be met with to sooth the fond heart,
 That's broke by a faithless young swain ?

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try
 The sports of the wake and the green ?
 When **COLIN** is dancing, I say with a sigh,
 'Twas here first my **DAMON** was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingale's moan,
 In accents so piercing and clear :
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
 As when my dear **DAMON** was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove ;
 For there, to her cost, was poor **LAURA** betray'd,
 And **DAMON** pretended to love.

S O N G 139.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
 Nor can I fix a single heart,
 Yet I'm not old or ugly ;
 Let me consult my faithful glass,
 A face much worse than this might pass,
 Methinks I look full smuggly.

Yet, bless'd with all these pow'rful charms,
 The young PALÆMON fled these arms,
 That wild unthinking rover ;
 Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
 The rolling stream, the flying wind,
 As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
 In vain they struggle to get loose,
 And make a mighty riot ;
 Like madmen how they rave and stare,
 Awhile they shake their chains and swear,
 And then lie down in quiet.

S O N G 140.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
 Must my fond suit miscarry ?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry ;
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
 The stroke I well can parry ;
 I love to kiss, and toy and play,
 But do not chuse to marry.

Young MOLLY of the dale
 Makes a mere slave of HARRY ;
 Because when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
 The foolish swain would marry.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry;
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

SONG 141.

HOW unhappy's the nymph,
 Who weeps to the wind,
 And dotes with despair
 On a swain that's unkind.

SONG 142.

DAMON. THREE goddesses standing together,
 Thus puzzled young PARIS one day:
 Can I judge the value of either,
 Where both bear so equal a sway?

PASTORA. Consider my wit and condition,
 Consider my person likewise;
 I never was us'd to petition,
 But pry'thee make use of your eyes.

LAURA. No merit I plead but my passion,
 'Twere needless to mention your vow;
 Reflect with a little compassion,
 On what this poor bosom feels now.

DAMON. Some genius direct me, or demon,
 Or else I may chance to chuse wrong—
[After some pause.]
 You're part of the goods of PALÆMON,
 I give you to whom you belong.

SONG 143.

I KNOW that my person is charming,
 Beyond what a clown can discover :
 That dowdy your senses alarming,
 Proves what a blind thing is a lover.

I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
 Where beauty is follow'd by merit ;
 Your taste, simple DAMON, I pity ;
 Your wit, who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
 And that I my anger wou'd smother ;
 The loss of one lover can't vex me,
 My charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
 How odious they look, I can't bear 'em :
 I wish you much joy of your fury,
 My rage into pieces could tear them.

SONG 144.

DAMON. **C**ONTENTED all day, I will sit at your
 side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
 cool tide ;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAUBA. While you are but by me, no danger I fear,
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my DAMON is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols
 may please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at
 ease.

DAMON.

DAMON. Ye virgins of *Britain*, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of
 each lay;
 Ne'er yield to the swain, till he make you a
 wife,
 For he who loves truly, will take you for life.

LAURA. Ye youths, who fear naught but the frowns
 of the fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to
 defend.

Both. For their honour and faith be our virgins re-
 nown'd;
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be
 found;
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and
 truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in
 their youth.

End of the Songs in the CHAPLET.

SONG 145. *The Marquis of GRANBY.* Tune:
Shaun-bouy.

THO' *Austria* and *Russia*, *France*, *Flanders* and
Prussia,
 Have heroes who claim truth's attention,
 In the roll of fair fame, as he took down each name,
 Some *Britons* I said he should mention:

And since we have men, who are worthy his pen,
 Who for *England* act nobly as can be,
 When he saw me persist, then he open'd his list,
 And in front stood the marquiss of GRANBY.

Old time shook his scythe as he tott'ring stood by,
 His iron teeth dreadfully grated ;
 But the sad-looking crone clear'd his brow from a frown,
 When fame had my errand related :
 The cheeks of the churl with a smile seem'd to curl,
 And he answer'd me pleasant as can be,
 Saith the single-lock'd seer, friend, this point's pretty
 clear,
 We all love the marquiss of GRANBY.

Like curs in the manger let malecontents rave,
 And talk how enfeebled our race is,
 That our fathers were manly, were vigorous and brave,
 And their hearts we might read in their faces ;
 What our ancestors were, at present we are,
 I can prove it as plainly as can be :
 Let them that would see what a *Briton* should be,
 Behold but the marquiss of GRANBY.

Had the cynic *DIOGENES* liv'd to this day,
 He'd thrown down his lanthorn to view him ;
 He's esteem'd by the good, and ador'd by the gay,
 And fox-hunters hark away to him :
 By his monarch sent over to break the *French* cover,
 With bold pack as stanch as stanch can be,
 Of *British* true blues, to hunt the *French* Jews,
 When led by the marquiss of GRANBY.

Bigot *Spain* hath vast wealth, fickle *France* has rich
wines,

The *Italians* shew marvellous banners ;
The *Indians* may boast of emerald fill'd mines,
But *Lincolnshire* boasts of its MANNERS :
The diamonds when worn, the wearer adorn,
And sparkle as brilliant as can be ;
But a flash from such toys is momentary joys,
For the jewel of——is GRANBY.

Now the hazards of war, for a season subside,
His country commands not his duty :
Blow, winds, to his wishes ; be Safety his guide,
To *England*, love, friendship, and beauty.
From-what-d'ye call—*Paderborn*, may he happy return,
Aye, quickly too, quickly as can be,
What shall we say then ? why there's GRANBY again,
And again to the marquiss of GRANBY.

S O N G 146. 'Tis time enough yet.

A Term full as long as the siege of old *Troy*,
To win a sweet girl I my time did employ,
Oft urg'd her the day for our marriage to set ;
As often she answer'd, 'tis time enough yet.

I told her, at last, that her passions were wrong,
And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long :
She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
And humming a tune, cry'd, 'tis time enough yet.

Determined by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her presence and bounc'd out of door,
Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,
Or on her my eyes again never to set.

To me the next morning her maid came in haste,
And begg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past,
Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret,
I told her I'd think on't, 'twas time enough yet.

She next in a letter, as long as my arm,
Declar'd, from her soul, she intended no harm,
And begg'd I the day for our marriage would set :
I wrote her an answer, 'twas time enough yet.

But that was scarce gone when a message I sent,
To shew in my heart I began to relent :
I begg'd I might see her ; together we met :
We kiss'd and were friends again, so we are yet.

S O N G 147. *The Hue and Cry.*

IN love's name you're charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and cry,
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wand'ring heart away :
To direct you, these, in brief,
Are ready marks to know the thief.

A I R.

Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove ;
And her lovely tow'ring brow
Is a field of purest snow ;
Her eyes so rich, so bright are they,
Ev'ry beam's a break of day :
But if she sleeps, ah ! then 'tis night,
Tho' the sun shines purest light.

In her cheeks are to be seen
Of flowers both the king and queen.

Hither

SONG 153. Tune: *Oh, JOHNNY, I'm jealous.*

DEAR MOLLY, I love you; I hope there's no
harm in that;

For you are so sprightly, and witty, and charming, that
Whenever I see you my heart it goes pit-a-pat,
And I'm grown lean and dry, who was once sleek and
fat.

Save me, save me, dear MOLLY save me,
Or I will hang myself, if you'll not have me.

I'm grown a meer sloven, who once was a flirting fop;
My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty mop;
My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done mutton
chop,

That can of gravy not yield you a single drop.

Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,
E'en just as brown and dry looks your poor DAVY.

When first I went to drink tea with my MOLLY dear,
I put on my *Kerry-stone* buckles and solitaire,
I sent for the barber, and cry'd "Shave me, do you
hear,"

And I'll give you six-pence to drink out in ale and beer.
Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me;
Make me look spruce and fine, then MOLLY'll have
me.

Then straight to the place of appointment I hurried
me,
Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they so worried
me,

That from that moment I thought of no other she,
And now most humbly I crave you my bride to be.

Crave

Crave you, crave you,—Oh how I crave you,
For my bride, from this hour, dear MOLLY I crave
you.

Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave you,
I will your husband be, and never leave you ;
My surname is DROPE, and my christian name's DAVY,
And when we are married we'll go to *Glenavy*,

'Navy, 'Navy, go to *Glenavy*.

Then who'll be so happy as MOLLY and DAVY.

S O N G 154. Tune: *Mirleton*.

PETIT CUPIDON has caught me,
And I feel the cruel smart ;
In chains to you, the rogue has brought me,
Take, madam, my wounded heart.

Avez de moi, some compassion,
Nor let me too long complain,
When a *Frenchman* tells his passion,
Can he ever plead in vain ?

S O N G 155.

AS pleasing as shade to the wayfaring swain,
When the ardour of PHÆBUS has cleav'd the
scorcht plain.

As grove to the linnet, or thyme to the bee,
So welcome my LOVELESS, so welcome to me.

Whom love has united no tyrant can part ;
Nor shall time e'er efface what is grav'd in the heart.
Remembrance survives when all rapture is past,
True love is a flame that burns bright to the last.

It ehears our sad hours, it heightens our joy ;
This, nor whim can abate, nor can fashion destroy.
While beauty alone on too fickle a wing,
Like the fairest of blossoms oft dies in the spring.

SONG 156. Tune: *Behold the sweet flowers*
around.

THUS blest with the maid that I love,
Contentment shall gild the young day,
While HYMEN the flame shall improve,
And scatter with myrtle the way.

With a garland of ne'er dying flowers,
Oh peace ! from thy dwelling repair ;
Soft joy shall direct the wing'd hours,
And smile on so happy a pair.

End of the Songs in the DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

SONG 157. *Song of SAPHO.*

☞ See this cantata in another manner, before, page 79, song 103.

HAIL, sacred muse, and vocal shell,
That wont the joys of love to tell ;
Now turn your song to mournful strains ;
My joys are fled, my love remains !

*Wanton CUPID, idle toyer,
Pleasing tyrant, soft destroyer,*

Do not thus my heart controul.

PHAON flies me far away,
Reason does renounce thy sway,
Yet, contented, I obey.

}

Ever

*Ever raging,
Past asswaging,
Love possesses all my soul.*

Beneath this sad and silent gloom,
I waste my beauty, youth, and bloom:
But not the shades that banish day,
Drive PHAON's brighter form away;
A youth so shap'd, with such a mien,
A front, like that of love, serene,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing hair,
And wit that ever charms the fair,
'The spiteful gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd him thus for my undoing,

*Oh! the soft transporting pleasure!
When we yield our virgin treasure!
When we meet the joyous lover,
And an equal flame discover;
Nothing now to love denying.
Both with guiltless rapture dying:
Oh! the soft transporting bliss!
What is life, or fame, to this!*

I rave, I rave, unhappy maid!
That name my folly does upbraid,
To shame, remorse, and death betray'd!
What pow'r, what god can send relief!
Sicilian virgins shun the arts
Whence my misfortunes rise,
With ease my PHAON conquers hearts,
With ease neglects the prize.

*I dream, or in some rival's arms,
Forgetful of my risted charms,*

I behold

*I behold the perjur'd boy !
 Anguish waste,
 Light'ning blast,
 Heav'n forsake her,
 Hell o'ertake her,
 Ere she tastes the rising joy !*

No—let her triumph, let her prize
 The faithless wretch, whom I despise :
 By his ingratitude set free,
 I'll reap the sweet of liberty.
 Mighty hero, cou'd you leave me ?
 Did my charmer hope to grieve me ?
 Thus be all thy wishes blasted,
 For no longer I adore thee ;
 Had thy love one moment lasted,
 Haply I had chang'd before thee.

*Wander, PHAON, so will I,
 Roving, ranging,
 Ever changing,
 Gay and airy,
 Form'd to vary ;
 I to pain you
 Will disdain you,
 And to nobler conquests fly.*

Repentment, pride, and glowing shame,
 Once guardians of my spotless fame,
 By conqu'ring love tho' banish'd hence,
 Again vouchsafe me your defence ;
 Assert an empire late your own,
 And shake the tyrant on his throne :
 Support me ! aid me ! for I feel
 My fainting resolution reel :

Doubt

*Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow,
We lose to-day to wait to-morrow.
He may return, my PHAON may——
I cheat myself, why does he stay?*

Shall SAPHO, like a helpless maid,
Pine to death, of death afraid?
I've try'd all female arts in vain,
Dissembled scorn, and false disdain;
For, oh! with real grief oppress'd,
I burn, and tempests shake my breast.

*Oh! what torments wound my heart!
Gentle death, in pity take me,
And perform thy grateful duty;
Since my PHAON does forsake me,
To thy arms yield my beauty.
Kinder thine than CUPID's dart.*

SONG 158. *A Hunting Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

AWAK'D by the horn like the spring deckt in
green,
Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen;
With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
And impatiently wait to join in the chase.

AIR.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that is shot from the bow;
O'er rivers and mountains, all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man his worst foe.

RECITATIVE.

Now, now they trace him thro' the copse,
Panting, struggling, &c! he drops!

Hark!

Hark ! hark ! rude clamours rend the skies
While the dappled victim dies.

A I R.

Thus *Britain's* sons in *HARRY's* reign,
Pursu'd the trembling *Gaul*,
Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
And triumph'd in his fall.
Now hostile foes alarm,
Arm, arm, *Britannia* arm ;
Then away to the field, 'tis great *GEORGE* gives the
word ;
Quit the horn for the trumpet, the whip for the sword ;
Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,
Be as glorious in war as we are in the chace.

S O N G 159. *Affectation.*

LONG at thy altar, god of love,
I paid a double duty ;
Slave to *CELIA's* voice and wit,
To *CLOE's* taste and beauty.

Fain would I fix my restless heart,
While they, with aukward feature,
Disguise, in affectation's masque,
The beauteous gifts of nature.

CELIA, affecting beauty's grace,
Destroys her sense and spirit ;
And *CLOE's* charms, thro' fancy'd wit,
Lose all their wonted merit.

While in their native beauties deckt,
I cou'd love both, or either ;
But thus in borrow'd airs disguis'd,
Can be a slave to neither.

- S O N G

SONG 160. *The Fruitless Endeavour.*

WHEN gentle HARRIOT first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential awe,
 I felt my bosom mov'd ;
 Her easy shape, her charming face,
 She smil'd and talk'd with so much grace,
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
 And wander'd all it's pleasure thro',
 In hopes to ease my care ;
 The busy town but mocks my pain,
 Its gayest pleasures all are vain ;
 For HARRIOT haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
 The comic humour of the stage,
 By turns my time employ ;
 I relish not the sage's lore,
 The stage's humour please no more,
 For HARRIOT's all my joy.

Sometimes I try the jovial throng,
 Sometimes the female train among,
 To chace her form away ;
 The jovial throng is noisy, rude,
 Nor other female dares intrude,
 Where HARRIOT bears a sway.

Since then nor art nor learning can,
 Nor company of maid or man,
 For want of thee atone ;
 O come, with all thy conqu'ring charms,
 O come ! and take me to thy charms,
 For thou art all in one.

SONG

SONG 161. *The Prudent Nymph and Treacherous Swain.*

Swain. **I**N yon grove let me divert you,
 Prithee SYLVIA never fear,
 Do you think I mean to hurt you?
 No indeed, not I, my dear.
 There among the vi'lets straying,
 Whilst I tune my oaten reed,
 You may mark the lambkins playing,
 And observe the heifers feed.

Nymph. Shepherd, shepherd leave decoying,
 Pipes are sweet a summer's day;
 But a little after toying,
 Women have the shot to pay.
 I have heard of simple DOLLY,
 And the trick to her you play'd
 Now she's left to mourn her folly,
 And to curse the conscious shade.

Swain. She alas! an awkward creature!
 Well I might inconstant prove,
 Such a wretch, in make and feature,
 Quite an antidote to love.
 But a maid possess'd of beauty,
 Like to yours, in ev'ry part;
 Inclination links with duty,
 And restrains the wildest heart.

Nymph. If you speak your mind sincerely,
 I'll forsake the virgin band;
 But let's strike the bargain fairly,
 With my heart, I'd give my hand.

F

Here's

Here's a contract fit for signing,
 You I know have learn'd to write;
 Set your name without repining,
 I'll go with you day and night.

Swain. Wou'd you my true faith disparage,
 By this pitiful distrust;
 Fie, my fairest, name not marriage,
 Chains and fetters leave to rust.
 How can women be so stupid,
 Thus our passions to allay,
 HYMEN is at odds with CUPID,
 And they ne'er together stay.

Nymph. Have I found you out, deceiver.
 When the short liv'd pleasure's o'er
 You but woo a nymph to leave her,—
 Hence and trouble me no more.
 Thank my stars I'm somewhat wiser,
 Than poor DOLLY, sham'd by you;
 Hear ye maids, a kind adviser,
 And bid faithless swains adieu.

S O N G 162. STREPHON of the Hill.

LET others DAMON's praise rehearse,
 Or COLIN's, at their will;
 I mean to sing in rustic verse,
 Young STREPHON of the hill.

As o'er the lawn the other day,
 I went to yonder mill,
 I met so bonny and so gay,
 My STREPHON of the hill.

No powder'd smart that tends the fair,
 The tedious day to kill,
 For spruceness ever can compare
 With STREPHON of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill;
 Who should my solitude invade,
 But STREPHON of the hill.

He tap'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
 I could not take it ill;
 For nothing sure is done amiss
 By STREPHON of the hill.

The shepherd vow'd his love sincere,
 And urg'd his passion still;
 He pray'd I wou'd to church repair,
 With STREPHON of the hill.

Consent, O! lovely maid, he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill;
 Consent this day to be the bride
 Of STREPHON of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they fit and bill;
 So sweet your time shall pass away,
 With STREPHON of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love propitious still;
 May every nymph be blest'd like me,
 With STREPHONS of the hill.

For now in HYMEN's bands we're join'd,
 I govern at my will ;
 Indeed no swain was e'er so kind
 As STREPHON of the hill.

S O N G 163. *The Caution.*

PHILIRA's charms poor DAMON took,
 How eager he for billing,
 When, lo ! the nymph the swain forsook,
 To shew her power of killing :
 In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
 He felt it, never doubt him ;
 Odzooks a man were thro' the heart,
 E'er he could look about him.

But mark the end,—with scythe so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
 And all her charms began to warp,
 She then was in a pucker :
 She now began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better ;
 Yet still had hopes, e're bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

PHILIRA, every lad she meets,
 Now makes an amorous trial ;
 But each with scorn her warmness treats ;
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquets take warning, chuse your tune ;
 This woeful case remember ;
 The bedfellow you slight in *June*,
 You'll wish for in *December*.

All the Songs in the LOVER HIS OWN
RIVAL.

SONG 164. *The Prologue.*

AS operas now are so much in the mode,
And a song, as well liked as a laureat's ode,
Give ear to my ditty, I pray!
By our author I'm sent, in behalf of his cause,
To court your indulgence, and beg your applause,
Oh send me not back with a nay!

I'd fain have prevail'd with the scribbling young elf,
To have paid his respects, and have spoke for himself,
As fitter for him than I;
But such a condition, poor devil! he's in,
Half dead he's already, before we begin;
Oh! what will he be by and by!

He begg'd I'd assure you in this essay,
Which he dedicates both to the grave and the gay,
To neither offence he intends,
That at poetry, tho' he's but little expert,
If the time he has taken, your time will divert,
In that his ambition all ends.

The scenes he exhibits to-night on the stage,
Are to shame the extravagant follies of age,

That dotards intrigues may decline;
 The enjoyments of suitable love to promote,
 Make rigid old parents on money less doat,
 And sixty to twenty ne'er join.

On you for protection he wholly depends,
 Success he's assured of, if you are his friends;
 Have pity, then, on a young chap!
 In support of his cause, as he begg'd I wou'd sue,
 I beg, for his sake, you would let us go thro',
 And begin and go off with a clap.

S O N G 165. Tune: *Dame of honour.*

THE statesman sitting at the helm,
 Still greater power pursuing;
 Usurps dominion o'er the realm,
 And humbles all in ruin.
 The politician in disgrace.
 Is furious as a dragon;
 And so is the courtier out of place.
 Because he has none to brag on.

The priest, pimp, lawyer, and the quack,
 Each preys upon his neighbour;
 The peasant too would learn the knack
 To live by others labour.
 In court, in country, and in town,
 Of every rank and station,
 Down from the noble to the clown,
 Is strife and emulation.

S O N G

SONG 166. Tune: *Winchester wedding.*

OF all the diseases in life,
That trouble the the rest of mankind,
None equal can be to a wife,
By woful experience we find.

Free only from care is his breast,
Who is with a wife not accurst;
For on all sides, a woman's confest
The greatest of plagues, and the worst.

SONG 167. Tune: *Would you have a young virgin.*

IF you wed a young virgin of sixteen years,
Bid adieu to your peace, and prepare for cares;
She'll vex you, perplex you, decoying, toying,
Night and day teasing, encrease your fears.
Dressing and conquest so charm her brain,
For fine powder'd sparks she neglects her swain;
If her want's not supply'd, you will be hornified,
Fly then the marriage state as your bane!—

SONG 168. Tune: *Lillibullero.*

MANKIND are become a degenerate crew,
And honour and honesty quite out of date;
Each makes it his business, his friend to undo,
And at last the worst villain enjoys the best state;
'Tis gold's the thing!
Poor rogues must swing,
While rich ones securely jog on in the road;
Since the world first began, fir,
'Twas gold made the man, fir;
No matter how gain'd—to be rich is the mode.

SONG 169. Tune: *Man in imagination.*

WHEN an ignorant lover is slighted,
 With nothing can he be delighted;
 He groans and he sighs,
 And to CUPID applies,
 To sweeten his angry lufs :
 But the lover who has bravery,
 Will submit to no fuch flavery,
 Briskly he drinks,
 Of his miftrefs ne'er thinks
 While the bottle round does pafs.

SONG 170.

LIKE me the tender dove laments,
 Like me, in sighs her sorrows vents ;
 When cruel fowlers force her love,
 For fafety, far from her to rove ;
 Till ſhe again her charmer fees,
 Her breaſt, like mine, refuſes eaſe :
 He, too, till then, denies relief,
 And lives, poor bird, like her in grief.

SONG 171.

THE prieſt, like the lawyers, are all of a gang,
 And the doctors like bees together do hang ;
 The former wont pray, nor the latter preſcribe,
 Without you induce them thereto by a bribe.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The religion of both is in intereſt comprised,
 The poor man is ſeldom by either advis'd ;

But

But if they're both fee'd——they'll be sure to attend
And pray and proscribe——till your stock's at an end.

SONG 172. Tune: *Miller's dance in Cephalus.*

PARENTS will be ever chiding ;
Never what we like approve ;
Maids soon won, are soon confiding,
Seldom doubting him they love.
Half denying,
Half complying,
Meaning yes, but answering no ;
Faintly struggling,
Closely smugling
Down we go, down we go.

SONG 173. Tune: *Of all comforts I miscarried.*

CLER. **T**HUS for ever will you treat me,
And as swiftly fly to meet me.

HAR. Ever will you be this lover ?
Shall I ne'er a change discover ?

CLER. Here I swear to love but thee,

HAR. And here I vow but thine to be.

CLER. Thus with my hand my heart receive,

HAR. And thus with mine my heart I give.

CLER. Never ranging

HAR. Never changing.

Both. Happy thus for ever may we live.

S O N G 174.

THE power of gold does all others surpass,
It gives us wit, beauty, decorum ;
Tho' old and deform'd, for an angel you'll pass,
If you have plenty of ready rhinorum.

The lover who would with his mistress succeed,
Must always take care that the maid is well fee'd,
No lawyer whate'er will your cause better plead ;
Give her but your ready rhinorum.

SONG 175. Tune: *Buff coat.*

WHEN I was a child,
Was I never so wild,
My mother, good woman, ne'er chid me ;
The chief of my joys, was to romp with the boys,
And my mother she never forbid me.
At twelve I began
To have thoughts of a man,
As well as my mother who bore me ;
And now I'm sixteen,
To be married I mean,
For my mother did so before me.

SONG 176. Tune: *With a stand by clear the way.*

ATTIR'D in rich brocades most gay,
Give me the park, the ball, the play ;
Oh then how I'll frolick time away,
With beaux and ladies fair.
With thee, my dearest, by my side,
In triumph, round the ring I'll ride,
And may be do something else beside,
Which none of us can forbear.

SONG 177. Tune: *Come let us prepare.*

FRED. DID all couples agree,
Like thy mistress and thee,
How blest would each husband and wife be ;

CLER.

CLER. Of both sexes then,
 Nine would wed out of ten,
 So lov'd would a conjugal life be.

FRED. To a partner like her,
 Who would wantons prefer?
 Or who would a batchelor tarry?

CLER. When at home he could find
 A wife to his mind,
 How much for his good 'tis to marry.

SONG 178. Tune: *A tenant of my own.*

WE maids for husbands fit, fir,
 To tempt do all we can, *With a fal. &c.*
 In gallery, box, and pit, fir,
 There's none but loves a man. *With a fal, &c.*

When we frown, and bid you go,
 Be bolder than before;
 For tho' we vow we hate it so,
 There's nothing we love more!

SONG 179. Tune: *There was a bonny blade.*

NO greater plague in life,
 Need he who has a wife,
 Who roars in his ears like a drum, drum, drum;
 Who ne'er by her good will,
 Would let her tongue lie still,
 Yet he must submit, and be mum, mum, mum.
 If such a wife had I,
 Soon still I'd make it lie,

Or

Or her side I would handsomely thrum, thrum;
 For the way her noise to quell,
 Is to thrum her jacket well
 And a wife is a blessing when dumb, &c.

SONG 180. Tune: *She got money by the bargain.*

WE women would be forc'd to blifs,
 Compliance damps the blessing:
 The young gallant who knows not this,
 Has learnt but half his lesson.
 Tho' shy we seem,
 And vow we'll scream,
 It signifies not a farthing;
 We'll be as still
 As thief in mill,
 And thank you too in the bargain.

SONG 181. Tune: *Lumps of pudding.*

CLER. OUR fears are now ended, our troubles all
 o'er.

HAR. Rewarded with thee, I desire no more.

CLER. Thus who can more happy or blest'd be than we.

HAR. Thus blest'd, and thus happy, for e'er may we be.

LUCY. Since love and not money, most females entice,
 Take with you, good parents, this piece of ad-
 vice,

To the man they detest, for his money ne'er wed
 'em,

For 'tis not the money, but man that must bed
 'em.

SONG

SONG 182. *The Epilogue.* Tune: *Sir Thomas*
I cannot.

GALLANTS, I am come, dispatch'd by our bard,
 To pay a poetical visit ;

To thank you, for shewing him so much regard,
 And more, by the by, to solicit.

As to night you are join'd in his interest so strong,
 To morrow, hold on, I entreat you ;
 And if, in return, you'll accept of a song,
 With one I am ready to greet you.

The world is of late become so polite,
 That virtue is reckon'd a bubble ;
 The lady at court, her lord to requite,
 Won't scruple to carry double.

While some are laid sprawling by powder and ball,
 And others keep snug in their trenches ;
 Thank heav'n for peace, our soldiers ne'er fall,
 Unless in the arms of young wenches.

Tho' so much we boast of our taste in attire,
 Our fashions are none of our own, sirs ;
French airs and *French* habits so much we admire,
 No *English* ones now will go down, sirs.

Even songs in old *English* are so much disdain'd.
 That *Italians* come flocking from *Rome*, sirs ;
 Until by their squeeking your pockets are drain'd,
 They'll ne'er think it time to go home, sirs.

Too long have we suffered them here to dwell ;
 Our sex are much better without them ;
 All my grief will be, that they have paid them too well.
 For the——little they carry about 'em.

If

If you were like them, oh what should we do—
 But thanks to our stars, you are not, firs;
 The task nature set you, you briskly pursue,
 And prudently keep what you have got, firs.

In behalf of ourselves, give me leave to appear,
 And put up our prayers for your favour:
 Good ladies and gentlemen, do but come here;
 To please you we will always endeavour.
 Tho' a song in *Italian* such pleasure now yields,
 We'll strive to make *English* as pleasant;
 Oh, do but come often unto *Goodman's-fields*,
 And a song shall be always your present.

End of the Songs in the LOVER HIS OWN RIVAL.

S O N G 183.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of CELIA to sing,
 For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the spring;
 To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
 But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade:
 Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
 Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright,
 But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
 For sun sets at night, and the breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening arrayed in pale blue,
 While the sun-beams behind them peeped glittering
 thro'
 Tho' to rival her charms they never can arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like CELIA's
 sweet eyes.

The

These beauties are transient ; but CELIA's will last,
 When spring, and when summer, and autumn, are past ;
 For sense, and good humour, no season disarms,
 And the soul of my CELIA enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree, a blossom I found,
 Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around,
 I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray'r :
 This blossom I cry'd, will resemble my fair ;
 These colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate texture, and ravishing smell ;
 Be her person's dear emblem : but where shall I find,
 In nature a beauty that equals her mind ?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call,
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall ;
 But behind it the fruit, its successor shall rise
 By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise :
 So CELIA, when youth, that gay blossom is o'er,
 By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more,
 Shall recal ev'ry beauty, that brighten'd her prime,
 When her merit is ripen'd by love, and by time.

S O N G 184. *In* DIOCLESIAN.

SOUND, found aloud, triumphant fame,
 Great DIOCLESIAN's name proclaim,
 In ever glorious lays ;
 Stand in the centre of the earth ;
 Call all the world to join our mirth,
 And celebrate his praise.

Chorus. Let all rehearse,
 In lofty verse,

Great

Great DIOCLESIAN's story :
 Sound his renown,
 Advance his crown,
 Immortalize his glory.

S O N G 185. *In the same.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

GREAT DIOCLES the boar has kill'd,
 Whose fury did infest the land :
 What heart is not with rapture fill'd ?
 What *Roman* can his joys command ?

A I R.

*Down, down let him fall
 To the deepest shades below ;
 Contemn'd by all.
 And now let us bless the hand,
 That kindly has sav'd the land,
 By giving the fatal blow.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

The sound of war we fear no more,
 We dread no fright of raging boar,
 And now, the shepherds, with their flocks,
 Returning safe from barren rocks,
 Will soon increase their store.
 Then let our softer notes increase,
 To sound the praise of calmer peace ;
 Tho' laurels have been stain'd with blood,
 Now peace bestows her greater good.

AIR.

*The peasant, lab'ring in the field,
Fair industry shall now requite :
The sword must to the sickle yield;
And friend and foe in peace unite.*

RECITATIVE.

With both our mighty monarchs crown'd;
Gentle in peace, in war renown'd.

AIR.

*Of all the gifts that heaven bestows,
The best, that from his bounty flows
Is balmy peace :
Whose soft increase restores
Whatever war destroys.
Her happy reign
Revives the swain,
And opens a new scene of joys.*

RECITATIVE.

Now, to our mighty emperor begin
Th' enlivening strain :
High, higher let it rise !
Great as his worth, and lasting as his fame.

AIR.

*Great liberty attend,
The Roman cause defend ;
Guard us from open force,*

And

*And home design :
By DIOCLES, and thee,
Made happy and free,
And still continue in his glorious line.
Where'er the Roman eagles fly,
Let them lead on to victory.*

Cho. *Where'er the Roman eagles fly,
Let them lead on to victory.*

S O N G 186.

OH what joy does conquest yield,
When returning from the field,
In triumphant state we see,
The godlike hero crown'd with victory.
Laurel wreaths his head surrounding,
Banners waving in the wind ;
Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
Ev'ry voice in chorus join'd.
All uniting to proclaim
Th' immortal honours of his name.

All the Songs in the ENCHANTER.

*** All the passages marked with inverted commas, are omitted in the representation.

S O N G 187.

I Burn ! I burn !——
Where e'er I turn,
Each object feeds my flame ;
The winds that whistle care away,
The birds that sing, the beasts that play,
Shew what a wretch I am !

“ A wretch

“ A wretch of reason and of power,
 “ Who in this trying hour
 “ Cannot conquer or retreat ;
 “ Passion all my pow’r disarms,
 “ MOROC yields to woman’s charms,
 “ And trembles at her feet.”

S O N G 188.

IN vain I try’d
 Each soothing art,
 To swell her pride
 Or melt her heart.

In vain your love,
 Your pow’r display’d,
 Nor pow’r could move,
 Nor love persuade.

With lifted eyes,
 She ZOREB calls,
 Then strikes her breast !
 The sighs that rise,
 The tear that falls,
 Declare the rest.

S O N G 189.

MY slaves below
 Prepare, prepare !
 Enchant the foe,
 Deceive the fair :

Magic now with magic vics,
 MOROC’s art, with ZAIDA’s eyes.

S O N G 190.

FLY airy sprites,
 Around her fly :
 Sooth her with delights,
 Charm her ear, and eye.

Fly swifter than the wind,
 Let your spells her fancy bind,
 Thro' her senses reach her mind.

S O N G 191.

INTRUDER sleep ! in vain you try
 To hush my breast, and close my eye ;
 The morning dews refresh the flow'r,
 That unmolested blows ;
 But ineffectual falls the show'r
 Upon the canker'd rose.

S O N G 192.

SIGH not your hours away,
 Youth should be ever gay ;
 Ever should dance around
 Pleasure's enchanted ground :
 Reason invites you,
 Passion excites you,
 Raptures abound !

Spring shall her sweets display,
 Nature shall vie with art ;
 No clouds shall shade the day,
 No grief the heart.

Love shall his treasures bring,
Beauty shall sport and sing,
Free as the zephyrs wing.

}

Soft as his kifs,
" Changing
" and
" Ranging
" From blifs to blifs."

Come then sweet liberty !
Let us be ever free,
What's life without love, what love without thee ?

}

S O N G 193.

WHATE'ER you fay, whate'er you do,
My heart shall ftill be fix'd and true ;
The vicious bosom love deforms,
And rages there in gufts and ftorms ;
But love with us a constant gale
Juft swells the fea, and fills the fail ;
Neither of winds or waves the fport,
We rule the helm, and gain the port.

S O N G 194.

WHEN youthful charms
Fly pleasure's arms,
Kind nature's gifts are vain ;
We fhould not fave,
What nature gave,
But kindly gave again.

Tho' fcorn and pride
Our wifhes hide,

And

And tho' the tongue says, nay ;
 The honest heart,
 Takes pleasure's part,
 Denying all we say.

The birds in spring,
 Will sport and sing,
 And revel through the grove ;
 And shall not we,
 As blithe and free,
 With them rejoice and love ?

Let love and joy,
 Our spring employ,
 Kind nature's law fulfil ;
 Then sport and play
 Now whilst we may,
 We cannot when we will.

SONG 195.

LYSSA. **W**OULD you taste the sweets of love,
 Ever change, and ever rove,
 Fly at pleasure, and away.
 Love's the cup of bliss and woe,
 Nectar if you taste and go,
 Poison if you stay.

ZAIDA. Would you taste the sweets of love,
 Never change and never rove,
 Fly from pleasures that betray.
 Love's the cup of bliss, and woe,
 Poison if you taste and go,
 Nectar if you stay.

S O N G 196.

TURN and see what pleasures woo you,
 Let not love in vain pursue you,
 Seize his blessings while you may,
 Love has wings and will not stay.

S O N G 197.

LYSSA. **O** Hear her sighs, believe her tears,
 The heart may change that pants with
 fears.

ZAIDA. Hear not my sighs, nor trust my tears,
 My heart may pant, but not with fears:
 His treasure lost, the miser mourns.

LYSSA. More treasure found, his joy returns.

MOROC. Hence jealousy and love-sick cares!
 Vengeance now my bosom tears!

LYSSA. "The joys of power will here attend thee!

ZAIDA. "The joys of love with ZOREB send me!

LYSSA. "With him your heart new woes would prove.

ZAIDA. "I fear no woes with him I love.

MOROC. "Away with love and fond desires—

"Vengeance rage with all thy fires."

S O N G 198.

BACK to your source, weak, foolish tears,
 Away fond love and woman's fears;
 A nobler passion warms:

The dove shall soar with eagle's wing,

From earth I spring,

and fly to Heav'n, and ZOREB's arms.

SONG 201.

YE fons of simplicity,
 Love and felicity,
 Ye shepherds who pipe on the plain ;
 Leave your lambs and your sheep,
 Our revels to keep,
 Which ZOREB and ZAIDA ordain.
 Your smiles of tranquillity,
 Hearts of humility,
 Each fiend of the bosom destroy :
 For virtue and mirth
 To blessings give birth,
 Which ZOREB and ZAIDA enjoy.

Chorus.

How happy the hour,
 When passion and pow'r
 No longer united, no longer oppress :
 When beauty and youth
 With love and with truth !
 For ever united, for ever shall bless.

End of the Songs in the ENCHANTER.

SONG 202. *The Phœnix.*

AMANDA's fair, by all confess'd,
 Her skin soft, snowy white,
 As down, that cloaths the turtle's breast ;
 Her eyes like di'monds bright ;
 Yet farther still the nymph excels
 In each celestial grace,
 That 'midst the heart's soft lab'rinth dwells,
 Or in the soul takes place.

G

How

How much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find ;
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and virtue join'd.
 The casket, where to outward show,
 The artist's hand is seen,
 Is doubly valued when we know
 It holds a gem within.

SONG 203. PEGGY; *or, the Fickle Fair.*

YE shepherds, who, blest'd in your loves,
 Live strangers to sorrow and care,
 O! pity a brother that proves
 The heart breaking pangs of despair.
 What boots it my heifers and ewes
 All thriving and pregnant I find,
 Poor blessings, poor comforts, are those,
 Since PEGGY is false and unkind !

Bear witness, each fountain and vale,
 Bear witness, each garden and grove,
 How oft she has heard my fond tale,
 And smil'd on the suit of my love.
 But, oh ! cruel change that I find,
 The gentle is now grown severe,
 More cold than the north's chilling wind,
 That blasts the young buds of the year.

Range wildly, my flocks and my herds ;
 Be gone from your master, poor TRAY ;
 My pipe shall no more 'wake the birds,
 I'll break it and fling it away.

Some

Some desert, all barren and bleak,
 Shall shield me from every eye ;
 There, PEGGY, I'll weep for thy sake,
 I'll weep, cruel maid, and I'll die.

S O N G 204. BETSY STONE.

W H I L E youthful bards in lyric lays,
 A brilliant train of beauties praise,
 And each prefers his own ;
 Be mine the task to sing the fair,
 Whose charms engage beyond compare,
 The lovely BETSY STONE.

For beauty VENUS was renown'd,
 And dignity SATURNIA crown'd,
 In sense MINERVA shone ;
 But would you in one object find,
 Those great perfections all combin'd,
 Observe my BETSY STONE.

Not rich, *Arabia's* fragrant dews,
 Nor sweets that primrose beds diffuse,
 By vernal zephirs blown ;
 Not all the flowrets of the field,
 Can such reviving odours yield,
 As charming BETSY STONE.

While some in quest of sordid gain,
 In vessels cross the briny main,
 To distant climes unknown ;
 I'd give up *India's* precious store,
 With fertile *Peru's* golden ore,
 To purchase BETSY STONE.

Though other charmers may impart,
 True bliss to man, my constant heart
 Is fix'd on her alone ;
 To her I'll ev'ry thought apply ;
 Oh may I live, ye gods ! and die,
 With lovely BETSY STONE.

S O N G 205. *The Modest Lover.*

IN silent extasy I gaze
 On FLAVIA's face and air,
 Whilst to my heart, each look conveys
 Both pleasure and despair ;
 For where so many charms unite,
 The object sure must fill,
 A tender breast, with keen delight,
 Yet that delight may kill.

Too true, alas ! such beauty's pow'r,
 Well pleas'd we wear the chain ;
 But if the fair's unkind, we're sure
 To die with grief and pain.
 This, FLAVIA, is my hapless case,
 Thy charms attract my eyes ;
 Yet if thy rigour does not cease,
 Alas ! poor STREPHON dies.

S O N G 206. *COLIN's Complaint.* By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And, whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head :

The

The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown!
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
To go clad like our maidens in grey,
And live in a cottage on love?

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah! COLIN! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:

Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change;
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found;
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day:
 While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG 207. *Answer to COLIN's COMPLAINT.*

YE winds, to whom COLIN complains
 In ditties so sad, and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He's wretched, to shew he has wit:
 No charmer like COLIN can move,
 And this is some pretty new art:
 Ah! COLIN's a jugler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,

Seem doleful, and alter his face,

Can tremble, and breathe out his tale,

Ah! COLIN has every peace.

The willow my rover prefers

To the breasts where he once begg'd to lie;

And the streams that he swells with his tears,

Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,

And my heart would soon bear him to rest;

Let the swain that is slighted despair,

But COLIN is only in jest.

No death the deceiver designs,

Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;

For COLIN but dies in his lines,

And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,

So wittily talk of their flame?

But COLIN makes passion his sport,

Beware of so fatal a game.

My voice of no musick can boast,

Nor my person of aught that is fine;

But COLIN may find to his cost,

A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,

To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep;

And die in the much-favour'd brook,

Where thou but pretendest to weep.

Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,

In sonnets so smooth and divine;

Perhaps I may rise from my grave,

To hear such soft musick as thine.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The heart's-ease, the lily, and pink,
 Let thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink :
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
 How much my fond soul did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire ?

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd ;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 That thy arms were a palace to me ;
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee ?

Oh ! what are the sparks of the town,
 Tho' never so fine, and so gay ?
 I freely would leave beds of down,
 For thy breast, and a bed of new hay.
 Then, COLIN, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love ;
 Let me find thee a faithful, true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

SONG 208. COLIN'S COMPLAINT, *burlesqued*.

BY the side of a glimm'ring fire,
 Melinda sat pensively down,
 Impatient of rural esquire ;
 And vex'd to be absent from town :

The

The cricket from under the grate,
 With a chirp to her sighs did reply :
 And the kitten, as grave as a cat,
 Sat mournfully purring hard by.

Alas ! silly maid that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining, she cry'd ;
 When first I forsook that dear place,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 How gayly I pass'd the long day,
 In a round of continu'd delight ?
 Park, visits, assemblies, and play,
 And quadrille to enliven the night.

How simple was I to believe
 Delusive poetical dreams,
 The flatt'ring landships they give,
 Of groves, meads, and murm'ring streams ?
 Bleak mountains, and wild staring rocks,
 Are the wretch'd result of my pains ;
 The swains greater brutes than their flocks,
 And the nymphs as polite as the swains.

What though I have skill to ensnare,
 Where smarts in bright circles abound ?
 What though at St. James's at prayers,
 Beaus ogle devoutly around ?
 Fond virgin, thy power is lost
 On a race of rude *Hottentot* brutes ;
 What glory in being the toast
 Of noisy dull squires in boots.

And thou, my companion, so dear,
 My all that is left of relief,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to dissuade me from grief :

'Tis in vain then, you'll say, to repine
 At ills which can't be redress'd;
 But in sorrows so pungent as mine,
 To be patient, alas! is a jest.

If farther, to sooth my distress,
 Thy tender compassion is led,
 Call JENNY to help to undress,
 And decently put me to bed.
 The last humble solace I wait,
 Would heaven indulge me the boon,
 Some dream less unkind than my fate,
 In a vision transport me to town.

CLARISSA mean time weds a beau,
 Who decks her in golden array,
 The finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And flaunts it at park and at play;
 Whilst here we are left in the lurch,
 Forgot and secluded from view,
 Unless when some bumpkin at church,
 Stares wistfully o'er the pew.

SONG 209. *Another burlesque of the same.*

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,
 A scullion so hungry was laid,
 A pudding was all his desire,
 A kettle supported his head:
 The hogs, that were fed by the house,
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply;
 And a gutter, that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

But

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My mouth it does water and wish;
 I think it had better been fry'd.
 The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
 Oh! could I but eat it, he said,
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe
 It was made for so homely a clown:
 Or that it would have a reprieve,
 From the dainty fine folks of the town!
 Could I think that a pudding so fine
 Could ever uneaten remove?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen of love.

What though at the fire I've wrought,
 Where puddings do broil and do fry?
 Though part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by?
 Ah! COLIN! thou must not be first!
 Thy knife and thy platter resign;
 There's MARG'RET will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail;
 Though through all the rooms I shall rove,
 'Tis vain from my fortune to go,
 'Tis its fate to be often above,
 'Tis mine for to want it below.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breast any pity be found,
 Ye servants that early do dine,
 Come see how I lie on the ground :
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell ;
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor COLIN lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,
 And flowers are strew'd on the brim ;
 Whilst COLIN, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.

All the Songs in THOMAS and SALLY.
 By Mr. I. BICKERSTAFFE.

S O N G 210.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away :
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds,
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.
 Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And loose the fatigues of the day.

With

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours:
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G 211.

MY former time how brisk, how gay!
 Oh! blith I was, as blith could be;
 But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Though all their arts are lost on me;
 For I to death can love but one,
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light's return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 'Till my true love returns from sea.

S O N G 212.

THAT *May* day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,
 In singing, and crying—heigho?

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
 Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
 And never sit crying—heigho.

Though when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know;
 That e'er all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—heigho.

In

In age, ev'ry one a new part takes,
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so;
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 But no one will mind you—heigho.

S O N G 213.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch, he;
 E'er on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, I ask not wealth,
 Grant me but innocence and health;
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

S O N G 214.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
 me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee;
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
 A fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
 'Twas this fir—and that fir—but scarce ever nay;
 And *Sundays* dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
 Well rest him; we all are as good as we can;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone ;
 Egad I've a tongue, and I paid him his own.
 Ye wives take the hint, and when spouse is untowr'd,
 Stand firm to our charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
 This time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance.
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others, I once did myself.

S O N G 215.

L I F E's a garden, rich in treasure,
 Bury'd like the seeds in earth ;
 There lie joy, contentment, pleasure,
 But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
 We no happiness can taste ;
 But in cold obstruction lying,
 Life is all one barren waste.

S O N G 216.

C A N the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze ?
 Oh ! no——then say how shall I,
 In words be able to express
 My love ?——it burns to such excess,
 I almost die for SALLY.

When

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph, to nymph, I strove in vain,
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam :
 They centre all in SALLY.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries I court but to destroy :
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather then injure SALLY.

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far !
 Then jessamine and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley ;
 O follow, love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in SALLY.

S O N G 217. *Duet.*

Squire. C O M E, come, my dear girl, I must not
 be deny'd ;
 Fine cloathes you shall flash in, and rant it
 away :
 I'll give you this purse too, and hark you be-
 side,
 We'll kifs and we'll toy all the long sum-
 mer's day.

SALLY.

SALLY. Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd,
 Oh should hapless SALLY consent to be
 naught !
 Besides, sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd ;
 The heart's not worth gaining which is to
 be bought.

Squire. Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue,
 But know, above scandal you then shall be
 put ;
 And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
 At draggle-tail chastity walking a-foot.

SALLY. If only thro' fear of the world I was shy,
 My coyness, and modesty were but ill shown ;
 Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy,
 But how, tell me how, I shou'd purchase my
 own.

Squire. Leave morals to grey-beards, those lips were
 design'd
 For better employment.

SALLY. I'll not be a whore.

Squire. Oh fye, child ! love bids you be rich, and be
 kind ;

SALLY. But virtue commands me, be honest and poor.

S O N G 218.

FROM ploughing the ocean, and thrashing Moun-
 tain,

In old *Englana* we're landed once more ;
 Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo boys, what
 cheer !

For a sailer that's just come a-shore ?

Those

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
 And to cut us and slash us——Morblicu !
 But hold there, avast, they were plaguily out,
 We have flic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,
 Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;
 The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
 But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
 Your damn'd party and idle contest.
 And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can effect,
 Bid the simpering gypsies look to't ;
 Sound bottoms they'll find us, in every respect,
 And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
 Have more art, to persuade and the like ;
 But 'ware those false colours, for better for worse
 Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,
 Of no power, no faction afraid ;
 May *Britain's* proud flag still exult o'er the main,
 At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
 Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

S O N G 219.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done ;
For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows and all that,
As far as you please, you may run ;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine !
But mark you the consequence, mun ;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun ;
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out ;
But mum——she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G 220.

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him bide ;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave,
Like airs, that o'er the garden sweep ;
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave,
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till

Till *Halcyon* peace return'd, once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms;
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S O N G 221. *Duet.*

Squire. WELL met, pretty maid,
 Nay, don't be afraid;
 I mean you no mischief, I vow;
 Psha! what is't you ail?
 Come, give me your pail,
 And I'll carry it up to your cow.

SALLY. Pray let it alone,
 I've hands of my own,
 Nor need yours to help me—forbear!
 How can you persist?
 I won't, sir, be kist,
 Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

Squire. In yon lonely grove,
 I saw an alcove,
 All round the sweet violet springs;
 And there was a thrush,
 Hard by in a bush,
 'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

SALLY. But hark! pry'thee hark!
 Look yonder's a lark,
 It warbles and pleases me so;
 To hear the soft tale,
 O' th' sweet nightingale,
 I would not be tempted to go.

Squire. Then here we'll sit down:
 Come, come, never frown!

No longer my blifs I'll retard ;
Kind VENUS shall spread
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue CUPID keep guard.

SONG 222. *Trio.*

Squire. SAUCY rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost ;
Bully'd, scandaliz'd, confusion !
All my schemes and wishes crost.

THOM. Hark you, master, keep your distance,
'Sblood, take notice what I say ;
There's the channel, no resistance,
Tack about, and bear away.

SALLY. Would you wrest our freedom from us ?
Now my heart has lost its fear ;
Oh my best, my dearest THOMAS,
Sure some angel brought you here.

Squire. Since her paltry inclination
Stoops to such a thing as you ;
Thus I make a recantation,
Wretched, foolish girl adieu !

SONG 223.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows burst, and tempests roar,
Your faithful TOM returns again ;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
Which ne'er from SALLY shall depart.

After

After long toil, and perils past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil;
 With conquests to return at last,
 And deck our sweet-hearts with the spoil!
 No one to beauty shou'd pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

S O N G 224. *Duet.*

THOM. **L**ET fops pretend in flames to melt,
 And talk of pangs they never felt;
 I speak without disguise, or art,
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

SALLY. Let ladies prudishly deny,
 Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye;
 I own the passion in my breast,
 And long to make my lover blest.

THOM. For this the sailor on the mast,
 Endures the cold and cutting blast;
 All dripping wet, wears out the night,
 And braves the fury of the fight.

SALLY. For this the virgin pines, and sighs,
 With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes;
 Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
 And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Both. Ye *British* youths, be brave, you'll find,
 The *British* virgins will be kind;
 Protect their beauty from alarms,
 And they'll repay you with its charms.

SONG 225. *Duet.*

Squire. **P**RYTHEE, DORCAS, forbear.
DORCAS. Prythee squire, but hear,
 Nor make for a girl such a pother,
Squire. But just in the nick,
 To be play'd such a trick,
 Say, what shall I do?
DORCAS. ———Get another.
Squire. Get another! but where
 Shall I find one so fair?
DORCAS. In the next—though with this you miscarred;
 Leave your rival to grieve,
 Whom no change can relieve.
Squire. What change can he wish for?
DORCAS. ———He's marry'd.

End of the Songs in THOMAS AND SALLY.

SONG 226.

COME ROGER and NELL, come SIMKIN and
 BELL,
 Each lad with his lafs hither come,
 With finging and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home:
 'Tis CERES bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.
 Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His cann and his lafs in his hand:
 For CERES, &c.

No

No courtier can be, so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth;
 While thus we carouse, with our sweet-heart, or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth:
 When CERES bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, &c.

SONG 227. *The Virgin unmasked.*

IT is, I believe,
 Next *Hollantide* eve,
 A twelve month since first I began;
 To hold up my head,
 In love to be read,
 And to construe the looks of a man.

Young DAMON I saw,
 He kiss'd me, oh la!
 I vow thro' my bosom it ran;
 My lips he so prest,
 'Tis true I protest,
 I thought him the duce of a man.

PHILANDER the gay,
 I met at the play,
 My heart beat a furious ratan;
 Because you must know,
 I some time ago,
 Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk STREPHON came next,
 But then I was vexed,
 He play'd with miss PHILLIS's fan;
 I own, to be sure,
 I could not endure,
 To see myself robb'd of a man,

My

My mother and aunts
Still watching my haunts,
Obstruct me as much as they can ;
But what do I care,
I vow and declare,
I'll fit myself soon with a man.

S O N G 228. *The joys of Harvest.*

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains,
And brightens the smiles of the damsels and
 swains,

As they follow the last team of harvest along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a song ;
Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
And when tempests rattle, and hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear CLOE, from them, let us learn to be wise,
And used ev'ry moment of life as it flies :
Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must improve,
For summer to ripen an harvest of love ;
Our heart's then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store, for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm e'en CLOE's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

S O N G 229. *Inconstancy requited.*

FROM nymph to nymph, my heart had rov'd,
The brown, the fair, my flames approv'd,
The pert, the proud, by turns have lov'd,

H

And

And kindly filled my arms ;
 I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
 While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
 And e'er the kind, with kindness cloy'd,
 The coy resigned her charms.

But now alas ! those days are done,
 The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
 Who like a frighted bird is flown,
 Yet leaves her image here ;
 Oh ! could I yet her heart recal,
 Before her feet my pride should fall,
 And for her sake, forsaking all,
 I'd fix for ever there.

S O N G 230. *A Love Rhapsody.*

ALAS, my heart, my doating heart,
 By foolish, fond desire betrayed ;
 Thou tak'st my fair tormentor's part,
 And giv'st my foe a rebel's aid.

In doubt I live ; distracting pain,
 And fear, and hope, divide my breast ;
 I wish, unwish, and wish again,
 Nor with her, nor without her blest.

Oh ! tell me, CUPID, wanton boy,
 Thou source of ev'ry soft desire ;
 Why dost thou mix with pain, thy joy,
 And various passions thus inspire ?

Say, when the soul in rapture strays ;
 Deluded, with its easy thrall,
 Oh love ! does this, thy triumph raise,
 To dash the pleasing cup with gall.

SONG 231. *The Enamored.*

IS CLEORA then my own?
 Oh! the joy beyond expressing!
 Fickle fortune, smile or frown,
 Still I'm happy, her possessing.

Deckt with each bewitching charm,
 Ev'ry look and motion's taking;
 She has eyes the dead might warm,
 When she talks, an angel's speaking.

Hither, from Idalian groves,
 Hither come, ye smiles and graces;
 With a thousand little loves,
 To assist our fond embraces.

Haste, the downy couch prepare,
 All unwelcome guests retreating;
 Banish noise, and pain, and care,
 Pleasure only, leave in waiting.

SONG 232. *Retirement.*

FAREWEL, the smoaky town adieu!
 Farewel, each rude and sensual joy;
 Gay fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
 That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
 Where folly keeps her court;
 To wholesome sound philosophy,
 And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
 How blest the deep retreat ;
 Where sorrows billows never swell,
 Nor passions tempests beat.

But safely thro' the sea of life,
 Calm reason wafts us o'er ;
 Free from ambition, noise and strife,
 To death's eternal shore.

SONG 233. *Introduced in the Squire of Alsatia,
 when performed at Crow-street theatre.*

WITH an old song made by an old ancient pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman that had a great
 estate,

Which kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;

Moderation, moderation.

With an old lady whose anger a good word asswages,
 Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages,
 Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen
 nor pages ;

But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;

Moderation, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
 With an old reverend parson, whom you may judge by
 his looks,

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
 And an old kitchen that maintains half a dozen of
 cooks ;

Moderation, &c.

With

With an old hall hung about with guns, pikes and
bows,
With old swords and bucklers that have born many
shrewd blows,
And an old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk-hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose,
Moderation, &c.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and a wise
man dumb; *Moderation, &c.*

With an old huntsman, a falconer and a kennel of
hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own grounds;
Who like an old wife man kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he dy'd, gave every child a thousand old
pounds; *Moderation, &c.*

But to his eldest son, his house and land too he as-
sign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind;
To love his good old servants, and to his neighbours be
kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-
clin'd; *Alteration, alteration,*
'Tis a wonderful Alteration.

Like a young gallant newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of whores at his command,

And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own land,
And lies drunk in a new tavern, 'till he can neither go
nor stand ; *Alteration, &c.*

With a neat lady that is brisk and fair,
That never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping
or care ;
But buys several fans to play with the wanton air ;
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other men's hair ;
Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burnt neither coal nor wood ;
And a shovel-board table smooth and red as blood,
Hung round with pictures that do the poor no good ;
Alteration, &c.

With a new study stuff with pamphlets and plays ;
With a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays ;
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or
five days
With a new *French* cook to make kickshaws and toys ;
Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come,
With a new journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter JOHN,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone ; *Alteration, &c.*

With a gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete ;
With a footman, coachman, and page to carry meat ;
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
neat,
Who, when the master has din'd, let's the servants not
eat ; *Alteration, &c.*

With

With a new honour bought with the old gold ;
 That many of his father's old manors had sold ;
 And this is the occasion that most men do hold
 That good housekeeping is now grown so cold ;

Alteration, &c.

S O N G 234. *The Wish.*

GRANT me ye pow'rs a calm repose,
 Exempt from noise, and strife, and pride ;
 Where I may pity human woes,
 And taste the pleasures you provide.

Unenvy'd by the proud and great,
 My hours shall sweetly glide away ;
 While conscious of my still retreat,
 Cheerful I hail the opening day.

And if I may select the maid,
 From all the softer sex below ;
 May STELLA be alone convey'd,
 Whose beauties bid my bosom glow.

At length when life is in decline,
 Celestial mansions let me view ;
 Without a groan my breath resign,
 And peaceful bid the world adieu.

S O N G 235. *Love's Elegy.*

FAREWELL, IANTHE, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain ;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fann'd love's kindling flame.

H 4

Yet

Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To CORYDON's rich heir,
 Who with gay vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu! my native soil! ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills,
 Adieu! ye groves, and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams, and chrystal rills;
 Adieu! ye bring into my mind,
 Those past, those happy days,
 When IPHIS found IANTHE kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his way.

E'er dawn, my homely steps I'll bend
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that reason there may send,
 That aid, she here denies;
 That time and absence may efface,
 Her image from my breast,
 Which while she there maintains a place,
 Can never taste of rest.

S O N G 236. *The Lock and Key.*

GOOD mother, if you please, you may
 Place others to observe my way;
 Or be yourself the watchful spy,
 And keep me ever in your eye;
 Unless the will itself restrain,
 The care of others is in vain;
 And if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching—you may sleep.

When.

When you forbid what love inspires,
 Forbidding, you but fan its fires :
 Restraint does appetite enrage,
 And youth may prove too strong for age :
 Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
 With prudence for my lock and key ;
 For if myself I do not keep,
 ' Instead of watching,—all may sleep.

SONG 237. On the same subject with the
 last, intitled, *Freedom the Safe-guard of the Lover.*

 You will you may
 spies and guards to watch my way,
 k my looks with jealous eye,
 y well-drest swain is nigh ;
 oman's wit a way will find,
 oite of caution, to be kind.
 myself I do not keep,
 d of watching you may sleep.
 uld you secure the fair at home;
 o bid her wander, bid her roam ;
 r'd out with fops and fools all day,
 o more she'll ask abroad to stray :
 'Tis freedom's self must make her true,
 And fix her choice on none but you.
 For if ourselves we do not keep,
 Instead of watching we may sleep.

SONG 238. *The prudent Lover.*

LUCINDA once my soul possess'd,
 And triumph'd o'er my heart;
 Each hour was tranquil, calm and blest,
 'Twas more than death to part.

No jealous fears intruding came,
 No anxious doubts annoy ;
 Our thoughts our hopes, were all the same,
 All transport, love and joy.

But soon the blissful scene was o'er,
 Full soon she fickle prov'd,
 And left her shepherd to deplore,
 The loss of her he lov'd.
 Yet think not, that for thee I grieve,
 Or pine at thy disdain ;
 There needs no comfort to relieve,
 No balm to heal my pain.

For when I think how false thou art,
 I thank the gods above,
 Who gave me pow'r to wean my heart,
 From thy inconstant love.

But this, LUCINDA, this expect,
 Rewarded thou shalt be ;
 Thou too, false maid, shall meet neglect,
 While I am blest and free.

SONG 239. *The Willow, as sung in OTHELLO*

THE poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree ;
 Sing all a green willow :

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee :

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh stream ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

Sing all a green willow must be my garland!

Let

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.
 I call'd my love false love, but what said he then?
 Sing willow, &c.
 If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

S O N G 240. KATTIE.

WHILST other bards in fictitious lays,
 Sing CLOE's or fair DAPHNE's praise,
 And all their charms relate;
 Let me employ my real verse,
 In flowing numbers, and rehearse
 Those of my lovely KATE.

My KATIE is as sweet a lass
 As e'er trod the verdant grass,
 Upon a summer's day;
 She's chearful as the birds in spring,
 And more melodiously doth sing
 Than they in blooming May.

Her lips the coral's red outvy,
 Her teeth's more white than ivory,
 Her smiles create delight;
 Her skin excels the new-fall'n snows,
 Her sparkling eyes as black as sloes,
 Unto the world give light.

Her slender waist doth taper fall,
 Arms round and smooth, her fingers small
 So skilful strike the lyre,
 That ORPHEUS' self ne'er play'd so fine
 When trees did dance, as KATIE mine,
 Whom all the world admire.

Not HELL'N, whose fame caus'd PRIAM's boy
 To work the ruin of old Troy,
 And suffer ten years war;
 Nor VENUS, in her best array,
 For shape nor air, nor beauty, may
 With lovely KATE compare.

But 'tis not shape, nor face, nor mien,
 That doth complete my beauteous queen,
 Surpassing great's her mind:
 The gods took a peculiar care,
 And when they form'd my KATIE fair,
 Most lovingly combin'd.

How happy shall young COLIN be,
 How great, how strong his extacy,
 When folded in her arms!
 His place he would not then resign
 To be a deity divine,
 So pow'rful are her charms.

S O N G 241. *The Parsley-Bed.*

YOUNG JENNY, in her fifteenth year,
 Of lovely size and frolic air,
 Oft thought on what her mammy said
 Concerning of the Parsley-bed.

To dandle dollies on my knee,
 I now am grown too big, cry'd she;
 I'll have a live one in their stead,
 Or else I'll spoil the Parsley-bed.

Away the little trisler ran
 To find out HODGE, her father's man:

I priihee

I prithee lend me, lad, thy spade,
And I'll turn up your Parsley-bed.

She dug away like any *Turk*,
But all in vain—the simple work
At length fatigu'd the feeble maid,
With tears bedew'd the Parsley-bed.

Nay, mistress, nay, said HODGE, don't cry,
We have yet another patch to try;
And there, indeed, thy better sped,
But it was not the Parsley-bed.

S O N G 242. *Cruel BELINDA.*

BELINDA, see from yonder flow'rs
The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are thy impair'd in show or smell?

So, though I rob you of a kiss
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew;
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?
'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd hope alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

S O N G 243. *VERTUMNUS and POMONA: a
Cantata.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

TH E God VERTUMNUS lov'd POMONA fair,
A nymph that made the orchards's growth her
care;
Nor

Nor thought of love, a thousand shapes he tries,
 But all in vain, to please the virgin's eyes :
 At length a matron's sober form he wears,
 Harrow'd with age, and crown'd with silver hairs ;
 Enters with tott'ring steps, the silent grove,
 And thus attempts to warm the nymph with love.

A I R.

*What beauteous scenes enchant my sight,
 How closely yonder vine !
 Around that elm's supporting height,
 Its wanton ringlets twine ;
 That elm no more's a barren shade,
 Is with its clusters crown'd ;
 And that fair vine without its aid,
 Had crept along the ground.*

*Let this, my fair one, move thy heart,
 Connubial joys to prove ;
 Yet hark ! what age, and care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on love ;
 Know thy own bliss, and joy to bear,
 VERTUMNUS loves thy charms ;
 The youthful god that rules the year,
 And keeps thy grove from harms.*

*While some with short-li'v'd passions glow,
 His love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy heart bestow,
 And crown his constant flame :
 So shall no frost's untimely power,
 Deform thy blooming spring ;
 So shall thy trees from blasts secure,
 Their wonted tributes bring.*

SONG

A moment cease, while I rehearse
 In artless strains, but faintly write
 My hapless love, in plaintive verse—
 I mean to sing the Hypocrite.

Could words express each blooming charm,
 Or pencil from the favourite,
 Each heart I would with love alarm,
 For this bewitching Hypocrite.

Were I to paint an angel fair,
 And could complete perfection hit,
 I'd give the world a picture rare,
 The copy of this Hypocrite.

In tender sighs I breath'd my flame,
 My vows to heav'n I did submit,
 That I no more might hear her name,
 If e'er I play'd the Hypocrite.

But now no more her eyes I see
 With looks of love expressive writ,
 She vows she will be very free,
 Nor longer play the Hypocrite.

S O N G 247. NANCY.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day;
 When from an hazel's artless bow'r,
 Soft warbled STREPHON'S tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While NANCY'S praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falshood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove ;
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair ESHAM's dale,
 And ev'ry blessing find its way
 To NANCY of the vale.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait and fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were ;
 Far in the winding vale retir'd
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round,

That nature, in so lone a dell,
 Should form a nymph so sweet ;
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet :
 Gay lordling's sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline,
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 As I will prove to mine.

'Tis STREPHON, on the mountain's brow,
 Has won my right good will ;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.—
 Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.

SONG 248. *By Lord LYTTLETON.*

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

But how my DELIA, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat
 And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame:
 Thus DELIA, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love;
 All I of VENUS ask is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
 To die and think thee mine.

SONG 249. *The Vicar of Bray.*

IN good king CHARLES's golden days,
 When loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous high church man I was,
 And so I got preferment:

To

To teach my flock I never mist,
 Kings are by God appointed;
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 And touch the lord's anointed.

*And this is law, I will maintain
 Untill my dying day, fir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, fir.*

When royal JAMES obtain'd the throne,
 And pop'ry came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration :
 The church of *Rome* I found would fit
 Full well my constitution,
 And had become a *Jesuit*,
 But for the revolution.

When WILLIAM was our king declar'd,
 To ease this nation's grievance ;
 With this new wind-about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance :
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance,
 Passive-obedience was a joke,
 And pish, was non-resistance.

When gracious ANNE ascends the throne,
 The church of *England's* glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a tory :
 Occasional conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was,
 By such prevarication.

When

Poc
 And

When GEORGE in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, fir,
 I turned a cat in pan once more,
 And then became a whig, fir;
 And so preferment I procur'd
 By our new faith's defender;
 And always every day abjur'd
 The pope and the pretender.

Th' illustrious house of *Hanover*,
 And protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession;
 For by my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And GEORGE my lawful king shall be,
 Until the times shall alter.

S O N G 250. CLOE's *Lap-Dog*.

" I VOW I'll scream, don't think I feign,
 " Said CLOE to her fav'rite swain,
 " As somewhat rude he grew,
 " Nay, fie! dear me, why there, then there;
 " Now you are pleas'd—your'e mad I swear;
 " Sit down you devil, do.
 " Are these your tricks! that hand, fir, pray,
 " I beg you'll take that hand away,
 " Or I'll pinch you black and blue.
 " Before mamma you look so grave,
 " But now I find how you'd behave:
 " Sit down, you devil do."

Poor VENY saw th' unequal fight,
 And bark'd for help with all his might—

When

To

To his fair mistress true;
Till CLOE, quite o'erpower'd and weak,
Cry'd, with scarce strength enough to speak,
" Lie down, you devil, do."

SONG 251. *Wrote for a club in Dublin. See the
music fronting the title.*

THO' sages have wrangl'd with envy and strife,
Concerning the true *summum bonum* of life;
Their phlegmatick precepts we justly despise,
For 'tis wine makes us happy, rich, virtuous and wise.

With morals severe, let the musty divine
Charge riots and rapes to excesses in wine:
His arguments false, tho' with rhetorick grac'd,
For after six bottles, we're quiet and chaste.

From the roaring of cannon and bursting of bombs,
And from beating the *French*, the bold mirmidon comes;
With bumpers thus charg'd, this stout hector may see
We could tumble the monsieurs much faster than he.

The grave, sober cit, who but sips at his glass,
Can be deem'd nothing less than a cheat and an ass;
When you see him leave heel-taps, take care of your
pelf,
For he'll surely cheat others, who cozens himself.

Let the star-gazing tribe of astronomers trace
The motion of worlds, thro' the regions of space:
Send the wine brisk about, and twill quickly be found,
That the bottle will shew how the planets move round.

The youth who's enamour'd of female false charms;
Who conquers, to die in his mistress's arms;

How

How fleeting his blifs ! how uncertain his joy !
But the glafs gives us kifles that never will cloy.

Let the learned, grave, wife, accademical fools,
Go puzzle their pates with the trash of the fchools ;
Has learning or ftudy our pleasures to boaft ;
A pox on all ftudy——except for a toaft.

Here our pleasures begin, and inquietudes ceafe ;
We enjoy, amidft war, the fweet bleffings of peace,
And whate'er the wife fons of HIPOCRATES think,
We never can die whilft we're able to drink.

S O N G 252. *The Serenade, by Mr. BIRD.*

W AFT to her ears, kind gentle breeze,
An haplefs lover's lay,
Tell her that while ſhe lies at eaſe,
I die, I die, I die away,

This to her tender boſom bear,
And tell her all my pain,
And if a ſpark of pity's there,
O fan it to a flame.

S O N G 253. *The WIDOW GAHAGAN: a
burleſque on Songs.*

H AVE you been at *Monaghan*, high, ſing, ho a fir ?
Have you been at *Monaghan*, ho a ?
Yes, I've been at *Monaghan*, and ſaw madam GAHAGAN ;
Oh ! ſhe's a dainty widow, widow ; ſhe is a dainty wi-
dow.

She has three candleſticks, high, ſing, ho a, fir ;
She has three candleſticks, ho a ;

And

And with these candlesticks, she play'd such pretty tricks;
Oh! she's a dainty widow, widow, &c.

But has she fine daughters three, high, sing, hoa, fir?
But has she fine daughters three, hoa?

Yes, she has fine daughters three, PEG, MEG, and
MARGERY;

Oh! she's a dainty widow, widow, &c.

Did she pull off your boots, high, sing, hoa, fir?
Did she pull off your boots, hoa?

Yes, she pull'd off my boots, and gave me such pretty
looks,

That she's a dainty widow, widow, &c.

Did she put thee to bed, high, sing, hoa, fir?

Did she put thee to bed, hoa?

Yes, she put me to bed, and under cover-laid;

Oh! she's a dainty widow, widow, &c.

Did she step into bed, high, sing, hoa, fir?

Did she step into bed, hoa?

Whether she did or no, 'tis not for you to know;

But she's a dainty widow, widow, &c.

I know she step'd into bed, high, sing, hoa, fir!

I know she step'd into bed, hoa!

Well,—she came into bed, and seem'd much pleas'd
and said,

I was a pretty fellow, fellow; I was a pretty fellow.

End of the First Part of VOL. I.



T H E
W R E A T H .

B E I N G

The *SECOND* Part of the *FIRST*
V O L U M E

O F T H E

M A S Q U E :

O R ,

HOEY's Collection of Songs.

I've search'd the fields of ev'ry kind,
The sweetest flowers I've chose,
And send them in a WREATH to bind
My ROSALINDA's brows.

D U B L I N :

Printed by JAMES HOEY, junior, at the MERCURY
on the West side of *Parliament-street*:

Harding C 398



T H E

New Art of Singing.

TH E Gamut is the ground of all music, whether vocal or instrumental; but must be learnt perfectly indeed by those who would make themselves proficient in the art of singing. There are three things to be observed in the gamut; first, the names of the notes, which must be learnt backwards and forwards, till they are perfectly got by heart. Secondly, the three cliffs, which are an inlet to the knowledge of the notes; for if a note be placed on any part of the five lines, which is also called a stave, you cannot call it any thing, till there is one of the three cliffs set at the beginning; for which reason the lines of your gamut are divided in three fives, expressing the three parts of music, *viz.* treble, tenor, and base. Every one of these five lines, or staves having a cliff; for example, the first five lines have a mark which is called *G-sol-re-ut*, or the treble cliff, set at the beginning of it, on the fourth line from the top. The second stave, or middle five lines, has a mark *C-sol-fa-ut*, or the tenor set at the beginning. This cliff may be placed on any of the four lowest lines. The lowest five lines have a mark, which is called *F-fa-ut*, or the base cliff, set at the beginning. This is generally placed on the fourth line from the bottom.

The notes made use of in singing are of six sorts, *viz.* a semibreve, which is as long as two minims; two minims are as long as four crotchets; four crotchets are as long as eight quavers; eight quavers are as long as sixteen semiquavers; and sixteen semiquavers are as long as two and thirty demiquavers. There are also characters for denoting silence, which are called rests, and take their names from one of the above notes, according to their length; but observe the semi-breve rest is always a whole bar, in any sort of time whatever. Ob-

serve also, that there are other characters for denoting longer silence than a semibreve, which can only be explained by a master. Of times there are two sorts, *viz.* common and treble. The slowest sort of common time contains a semibreve; or as many other notes as are equal to its length in a bar. The second sort of common time is a movement somewhat faster, and contains a semibreve in a bar. Triple time is always a quick movement, and also contains a semibreve in a bar. The double bar serves to divide every strain of a song or lesson. There is a character called a repeat, and is used to signify, that such a part of a song must be sung over again. From the note over which it is placed, a direct is put, at the end of a line or stave, and serves to direct to the place of the first note in the next line. There are two tyings of notes; the first is a curved line drawn over the heads of two or more notes, and serves to shew, that they are to be sung to one syllable. This is called a slur. The second sort of tied notes are with straight strokes drawn through the tails of quavers, semi-quavers, demi-quavers, binding two, three, or four together. This way of tying has been found very useful to the sight, it being easier to discover how many of each sort there is in a bar, than when they are in single notes. This way of tying is used when there are several notes to a syllable. There are two other characters also of great use, called a flat and a sharp.

If a flat be placed before any note, you must sing such a note half a note lower than its natural pitch. If a sharp be set before any note, you must sing it half a note higher than its natural height. If a sharp or flat be set at the beginning of a song or lesson, it effects every note on that line or space throughout the tune; for example, if a flat be placed in B all the notes in that line must be sung flat, unless contradicted by an accidental sharp; the same holds good with respect to sharps.

There is a character called a natural, which is used to contradict such flats and sharps as are set at the beginning, and to bring that note to its natural sound: as for example, if a sharp should be set in F, at the beginning of a stave, makes all the notes F, to be sharp; when supposing the composer had a mind to have some
of

of these notes flat, then the natural is put before such notes instead of a flat.

Of keeping time.

Having observed all the varieties of time, I shall presume to say that no music can ever be agreeable to the performer, unless he first makes himself master of it; neither is it possible for several performers to agree exactly together without it; in order to which observe the following rules.

In a slow common time you must divide the bar in four equal parts, telling one, two, three, four, distinctly, putting your hand or foot down when you tell one, which must be at the beginning of the bar, and lifting it up when you tell three, which must be in the bar.

In a quick sort of common time you must divide the bar into two equal parts, only putting the hand or foot down at the first half of the bar, and lifting it up at the second half, but you must be exact in moving up or down.

Of tuning the voice.

Before you can tune your voice rightly, you must know which are whole tones and half tones: from G to A, is a whole tone; from A to B, is a whole tone; from B to C, a half tone; from C to D, a whole tone; from D to E, a whole tone; from E to F, a half tone; from F to G a whole tone; and so on, with ever so many notes which must ascend in the same proportion of sound as the first eight notes do, all other sounds being only a repetition of the same.

Of the keys used in music.

There are properly but two keys in music, one flat, and the other sharp. A key is known to be flat or sharp, not by what flats or sharps are set at the beginning of a tune, but by the third above the final or last note of the tune; for if a third consists of a whole tone, and a semi-tone, then it is a flat; but if the third consists of two whole tones, then it is a sharp key; or else if a

tune ends by a *la*, it is a flat; but if by a *fa*, then it is a sharp; for all tunes must end either a note below the *mi*, or the note above. Observe that you always name your key in reference to the bass. Although there are but two keys, yet by the help of sharps and flats, they have been increased to the number of sixteen, of which eight are flat, and eight sharp.

The first note in all these keys is called a *fa*, the second *mi*, &c. Observe in all these keys you rise or fall a whole note or half a note, as you do in the two natural keys. I might have added more keys than these sixteen, but I think these sufficient.

Of syncopation, or driving notes.

Syncopation is when the hand or foot is taking up or putting down while a note is sounding, which is pretty hard to a beginner, but this being once conquered he may think himself a pretty good timist.

The chief grace in singing is the trillo or shake, and is much used of late: to learn this you must move your voice easily on one syllable the distance of one note.

First move your voice slow, then faster and faster by degrees, and you will find it come to you with very little trouble, but you must take care to let E and D, be heard distinctly, the trill or shake is to be used on all descending prick'd crotchets, also when the note before is in the same line or space with it, and generally before a close, either in the middle or at the end of a song.

These rules followed with a little application, and explained by example, are sufficient to ground the learner in singing.



A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
S O N G S.

S O N G 254. *Ode to FEBRUARY.*

WITH wreath of yellow crocus bound,
See fur-clad February creep!
His beard with snow is silver'd o'er,
Which still invests the hoary ground:
Two dolphins wait him on the deep,
And as they once Arion bore,
Invite him to serener skies,
Where the delighted spring bird flies.

But he intent to prune and plant,
And throw his seeds around the soil,
With decent grace the boon resigns,
Lest autumn's treasures should be scant;
Thence he renews his daily toil,
And trims with care the tender vines;

From rust he wipes his crooked knife,
And gives the infant sap new life.

Now earlier with her golden key
AURORA hastens to the east:
And later now advances night

To draw her mantle o'er the day,
Suspending the nocturnal feast:

DIANA sooner hails the light;
And hark the jolly huntsman's horn
With sprightly note salutes the morn!

What are the chequer'd months to me?
Or if they low'r, or if they shine,

So MYRA but approves my flame:
Throb not my heart, be calm and free,
For yonder comes old VALENTINE!

The feather'd songsters shall proclaim
His festival with blither note,
And dress anew their bridal coat.

To MYRA I enclosed my heart,
Each letter bore an ardent vow;
St. VALENTINE the thought inspir'd,
And wrote the verse with CUPID's dart,
Next morning with serener brow
She own'd her melting bosom fir'd;
And gave her every charm to join
The avison of VALENTINE.



SONG 255. ROBIN; *a pastoral elegy*: By Captain
JOHN DOBSON.

DOWN by the brook which glides thro' yonder vale,
His hair all matted, and his cheeks all pale,
ROBIN, sad swain, by love and sorrow pain'd,
Of flighted vows, and SUSAN, thus complain'd:

Hear

Hear me, ye groves, who saw me blest so late ;
 Echo, ye hills, my sad reverse of fate :
 Ye winds, that bear my sighs, soft murmurs send ;
 Come pay me back, ye streams, the drops I lend.

And you, sweet SUSAN, source of all my smart,
 Bestow some pity on a broken heart.
 Happy the times, by painful memory blest,
 When you possessing, ROBIN all possess'd !
 Pass'd by your side, each day brought new delight,
 And one sweet slumber shorten'd every night.
 My play your service, for no toil seem'd hard,
 When your kind favour was the hop'd reward.

I rose to milking, tho' 'twas ne'er so cool ;
 I call'd the cows up ; I kept off the bull :
 Home on my head I bore the pail upright ;
 The pail was heavy, but love made it light :
 And when you spilt the milk, and 'gan to cry,
 I took the blame, and simply said—'twas I.
 When by the hay-cock's side you sleeping lay,
 Sent by good angels, there I chanc'd to stray.

Just as a loathsome adder rear'd his crest,
 To dart his poison in your lilly breast,
 Strait with a stone I crush'd the monster's head ;
 You wak'd, and fainted, tho' you found him dead ;
 Then, from the pond, I water brought apace,
 My hat brimful, and dash'd it in your face :
 Still, blue as bilberry, your cold lips did quake
 Till my warm kisses brought the cherry back.

When, looking thro' his worship's garden gate,
 Ripe peaches tempted, and you long'd to eat ;
 'Tho' the grim mastiff growl'd, and sternly stalk'd,
 Tho' guns were loaded, and old madam walk'd ;

Nor dogs, nor darkness, guns, or hosts, could fright,
 When ROBIN ventur'd for his SUE's delight;
 Joyful of midnight quick I post away,
 Leap the high wall, and fearless pluck the prey:

Down in your lap a plenteous show'r they fall;
 Glad you received them, and you eat them all.
 When fair day came, I don'd my Sunday suit,
 Brush'd the best pillion clean, and saddled Cutt.
 Then up we got; you clung about my waist;
 Pleas'd to be hugg'd, I charg'd you clip me fast:
 And when you loos'd your hold, and backward slip'd,
 I held your petticoats, and never peep'd.

The posied garters, and the top-knot fine,
 The golden ginger-bread, and all was mine:
 I paid the puppet-show, the cakes, the sack:
 And, fraught with fairings, brought you laughing back.
 SUSAN but spoke, and each gay flower was there;
 To dress her bough pot, or adorn her hair:
 For her the choicest of the woods I cull,
 Sloes, hips, and strawberries, her belly full:

My hoard of apples I to her confest;
 My heart was hers, well might she have the rest,
 And SUSAN well approv'd her ROBIN's care,
 Yes, you was pleas'd; at least you said you were.
 In love's soft fire you seem'd like me to burn,
 And sooth'd my fondness with a kind return.
 At our long table when we sat to dine,
 You stretch'd your knees, and mingl'd feet with mine;

With fattest bacon you my trencher plied,
 And sliced my pudding from the plummy side:
 And well I wot, when our small-beer was stale,
 You stole into the barn, and brought me ale.

But

But oh, the soldier, blaster of my hopes !
 (Curse on pretending kings, and papish popes)
 He came from *Flanders* with the red-coat crew,
 To fight with rebels, and he conquer'd you.

His doulas ruffles, and his copper lace,
 His brick-dust stockings, and his brazen face,
 These are the charms for which you flight my youth ;
 Charms much too potent for a maiden's truth !
 Soon on the feather'd fool you turn'd your eyes ;
 Eager you listen'd to the braggard's lyes ;
 And, scorning me, your heart to him resign,
 Your faithless heart, by vows and service, mine.

True, he is gone, by our brave duke's command,
 To humble *Britain's* foes in foreign land.
 Ah, what is that ? the spoiler bears away
 The only thing, for which 'twas worth to—stay.
 But sorrow's dry ;—I'll flake it in the brook ;
 O well-a-day ! how frightful pale I look !
 Care's a consumer (so the saying speaks)
 The saying's true, I read it in my cheeks.

S O N G 256. *The Amorous Beggar.*

SAY, cruel AMORET, how long,
 In billet-doux and humble song,
 Shall poor ALEXIS woo ;
 If neither writing, sighing, dying,
 Reduce you to a soft complying,
 O ! when will you come to.

Full thirteen moons are now past o'er,
 Since first those stars I did adore,

That

That set my heart on fire :
The conscious play-house, park and court,
Have seen my sufferings made your sport,
Yet am I ne'er the nigher.

A faithful lover should deserve,
A better fate than thus to starve,
In sight of such a feast :
But oh ! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry slave should taste one bit,
Give some kind looks at least.

S O N G 257. *Female Advice.*

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove,
Still richer in variety,
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak *Indians*, stand
Inviting, from our golden coast,
The wand'ring rovers to our land,
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing, unseen, into the heart ;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
In ignorance, our shining store ;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Sisters be wise, forbear to try,
How men can court, or you be won ;
For love is but discovery,
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

S O N G

SONG 258. *The Lost Shepherd.*

FOR a lovely bright nymph, that's as cruel as fair,
 I sigh and I pine, and I die with despair;
 She rejects my fond love, flies and leaves me behind;
 She's bright as the day, but false as the wind.

Ye shepherds take heed, and shun the false maid,
 Take warning by me, or like me be betray'd;
 Ye swains, O beware! and far from her fly,
 For if you but see her, like me, you must die.

SONG 259. *The Remonstrance.*

UNgrateful love! thus ev'ry hour
 To punish me, by her disdain;
 You tyrannize to shew your pow'r,
 And she to triumph in my pain.

You who can laugh at human woes,
 And victims to her pride decree;
 On me, your yielding slave impose
 Your chains, and leave the rebel free.

How fatal are your poison'd darts,
 Her conquering eyes the trophies boast;
 While you ensnare poor wand'ring hearts,
 That in her charms and scorn are lost.

Impious and cruel; you deny,
 A death to ease me of my care;
 Which she delays, to make me try
 The force of beauty and despair.

All the Songs in the **BEG- GAR'S OPERA.**

S O N G 260. *Tune* : An old woman cloathed
in grey.

THROUGH all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother :
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions be-rogue one another :
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine :
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

S O N G 261. *Tune* : The bonny grey-ey'd
morn, &c.

TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
For her, like wolves be night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

S O N G 262. *Tune* : Cold and raw, &c.

IF any wench VENUS' girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly ;
Lillies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous smuggly.

Beneath

Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord,
 (A rope so charming a zone is !)
 The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
 And we cry, there dies an ADONIS.

SONG 263. *Tune:* Why is your faithful slave
 disdain'd ? &c.

IF love the virgin's heart invade,
 How, like a moth, the simple maid
 Still plays about the flame !
 If soon she be not made a wife,
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life,
 She's——what I dare not name.

SONG 264. *Tune:* Of all the simple things
 we do, &c.

A Maid is like the golden oar,
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
 Whose worth is never known before
 It is try'd and imprest in the mint.
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,
 Stamp't with the name of her spouse;
 Now here, now there; is bought, or is fold;
 And is current in every house.

SONG 265. *Tune:* What shall I do to shew
 how much I love her, &c.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolick around,

But

But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
 To *Covent-garden* 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)
 There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

SONG 266. *Tune: Oh London is a fine town.*

O UR POLLY is a fad flut! nor heeds what we
 have taught her,
 I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
 For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to
 swell her pride,
 With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace; and she
 will have man beside;
 And when she's drest with care and cost, all-tempting
 fine and gay,
 As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away

SONG 267. *Tune: Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*

C AN love be controul'd by advice?
 Will CUPID our mothers obey?
 Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
 At his flame, 'twould have melted away.

When he kist me so closely he prest,
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
 So I thought it both safest and best
 To marry for fear you should chide.

SONG 268. *Tune: O JENNY, O JENNY where
 hast thou been.*

O POLLY, you might have toy'd and kist,
 By keeping men off, you keep them on.

POLLY. But he so teaz'd me,
 And he so pleas'd me,
 What I did, you must have done.

SONG

SONG 269. *Tune* : THOMAS, I cannot, &c.

I Like a ship in storms was tost ;
 Yet afraid to put into land ;
 For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost,
 Whose treasure is counterband.
 The waves are laid,
 My duty's paid,
 O joy beyond expression !
 Thus, safe a-shore,
 I ask no more,
 My all is in my possession.

SONG 270. *Tune* : A soldier and a sailor.

A Fox may steal your hens, fir,
 A whore your health and pence, fir,
 Your daughter rob your chest, fir,
 Your wife may steal your rest, fir,
 A thief your goods and plate.
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken ;
 It ever was decreed, fir,
 If lawyer's hand is feed, fir,
 He steals your whole estate.

SONG 271. *Tune* : Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

O H ponder well be not severe ;
 So save a wretched wife !
 For on the rope that hangs my dear,
 Depends poor POLLY's life.

SONG 272. *Tune: Le printemps rapelle aux armes,*

THE turtle thus with plaintive crying,
 Her lover dying,
 The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
 Laments her dove.
 Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
 Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

SONG 273. *Tune: Pretty Parrot, say, &c.*

MACH. **P**RETTY POLLY, say,
 When I was away,
 Did your fancy never stray
 To some newer lover?

POLLY. Without disguise,
 Heaving sighs,
 Doating eyes,
 My constant heart discover,
 Fondly let me loll!

MACH. O pretty, pretty POLL.

SONG 274. *Tune: Pray, fair one be kind, &c.*

MY heart was so free,
 It rov'd like the bee,
 'Till POLLY my passion requited;
 I sipt each flower,
 I chang'd ev'ry hour,
 But here ev'ry flower's united.

SONG 275. *Tune* : Over the hills and far away.

MACH. **W**ERE I laid on *Greenland's* coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my las; ;
Warm amidst eternal frost,

Too soon the half year's night's would pass.

POLLY. Were I sold on *Indian* soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

MACH. And I will love you all the day.

POLLY. Every night would kifs and play.

MACH. If with me you'd fondly stray.

POLLY. Over the hills and far away.

SONG 276. *Tune* : Gin thou wert mine ane
thing.

O What pain it is to part !
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee ?

O what pain it is to part !

Can thy POLLY ever leave thee ?

But lest death my love should thwart

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart !

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

SONG 277. *Tune* : O the broom, &c.

MACH. **T**HE miser thus a shilling fees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

POLLY.

POLLY. The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, fobs and cries.

SONG 278. *Tune*: Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

FILL ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love and joy;
Women and wine should life employ.
Is there ought else on earth desirous?

SONG 279. *Tune*: March in RINALDO, with
drums and trumpets.

LET us take the road.
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chymists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.

SONG 280. *Tune*: Would you have a young
virgin, &c.

IF the heart of a man is deprest with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lillies her cheeks display,
But her ripe lips are more than they;
Press her,
Carefs her

With blisses,
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

SONG 281. *Tune*: Cotillon.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower, despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Our's is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow,
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

SONG 282. *Tune*: All in a misty morning, &c.

BEFORE the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended.
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen ;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

SONG 283. *Tune*: When once I lay with
another man's wife, &c.

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like gypsies if once they can finger a fouse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

SONG 284. *Tune*: When first I laid siege to
my CHLORIS, &c.

AT the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure.
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such furies as these are.

SONG 285. *Tune*: Courtiers, Courtiers, think
it no harm, &c.

MA N may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

SONG 286. *Tune*: A lovely lass to a friar
came, &c.

THUS when a housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat
In revenge for her loss of bacon:

Then

Then she throws him
To the dog or cat
To be worried crushed and shaken.

SONG 287. *Tune*: 'Twas when the seas was
roaring, &c.

HOW cruel are the traytors,
Who lye and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest!
Whoever steals a shilling,
Through shame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjur'd villain,
With boasts the theft reveals.

SONG 288. *Tune*: The fun had loos'd his
weary teams, &c.

THE first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she fonder grows,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger:
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
Can see you are not younger.

SONG 289. *Tune*: How happy are we, &c.

WHEN you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each crys——That was levell'd at me.

SONG

SONG 290. *Tune*: Of a noble race was
SHINKIN, &c.

IS then his fate decreed, fir?
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my heart is splitting!

SONG 291.

YOU'LL think e'er many days ensue,
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang, dang, dillo dee.

SONG 292. *Tune*: Ladies of London.

IF you at an office sollicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

SONG 293. *Tune*: All in the Downs, &c.

THUS when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the fash is closely pent,
His consort, with bemoaning lay,
Without sits pining for th' event.
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim,
She heeds them not, (poor bird!) her soul's with him.

SONG

SONG 294. *Tune*: Have you heard of a frolick-
some ditty, &c.

HO W happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say,
But, tol, de rol, &c.

S O N G 295. *Tune*: Irish trot.

POLLY. I'M bubbled,

LUCY. I ——— I'm bubbled.

POLLY. O how I am troubled!

LUCY. Bambouzled, and bit!

POLLY. ——— My distresses are doubled.

LUCY. When you come to the tree, should the hang-
man refuse,

These fingers with pleasure could fasten the
noose.

POLLY. I'm bubbled, &c.

S O N G 296.

CEASE your funning;
Force or cunning
Never shall my heart trepan;
All these fallies
Are but malice
To seduce my constant man,
'Tis most certain
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy shewn;
Pleas'd to ruin
Others wooing?
Never happy in their own!

K

S O N G

SONG 297. *Tune* : Good morrow gossip JOAN.

LUCY. **W**HY how now, madam FLIRT?
 If you thus must chatter;
 And are for flinging dirt,
 Let's try who best can spatter;
 Madam FLIRT!

POLLY. Why how now, saucy jade;
 Sure the wench is tipsy!
 How can you see me made
 The scoff of such a gypsy!
 Saucy jade!

SONG 298. *Tune*: Irish howl.

NO power on earth can e'er divide
 The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.
 When parents draw against our mind,
 The true-love's knot they faster bind.
 Oh, oh ray, oh amborah——oh, oh, &c.

SONG 299. *Tune* : The lass of PATIE's mill.

I Like the fox shall grieve,
 Whose mate hath left her side,
 Whom hounds from morn to eve,
 Chase o'er the country wide.
 Where can my lover hide?
 Where cheat the weary pack?
 If love be not his guide,
 He never will come back!

SONG 300. *Tune*: If love's a sweet passion, &c.

WHEN young at the bar you first taught me to
score,

And bid me be free of my lips, and no more ;
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire and the sot,
When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot.
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

SONG 301. *Tune*: South-sea ballad.

MY love is all madness and folly,
Alone I lye,

Toss, tumble and cry,

What a happy creature is POLLY !

Was e'er such a wretch as I !

With rage I redden like scarlet,

That my dear inconstant varlet,

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot !

This, this my resentment alarms.

SONG 302. *Tune*: PACKINGTON's pound.

THUS gamesters united in friendship are found,
Though they know that their industry all is a
cheat ;

They flock to their prey at the dice box's sound,

And join to promote one another's deceit ;

But if by mishap

They fail of a chap,

To keep in their hands, they each other intrap :

K 2

Like

Like pikes lank with hunger, who misf of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

SONG 303. *Tune* : Lillibullero.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met :
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they lay out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind,
Who give you good counsel themselves to defend :
In sorrowful ditty
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

SONG 304. *Tune* : Down in the North country.

WHAT gudgeons are we men !
Ev'ry woman's easy prey,
Though we have felt the hook, again
We bite and they betray.
The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

SONG 305. *Tune* : A shepherd kept sheep, &c.

IN the days of my youth I could bill like a dove,
fa, la, la, &c.
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, *fa, &c.*
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young—when we're old to the
glass, *fa, &c.*

SONG

SONG 306. *Tune* : One evening having lost
my way, &c.

I'M like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow born,
With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn,
While thus I lye rolling and tossing all night,
That POLLY lyes sporting on seas of delight !
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

SONG 307. *Tune* : Now ROGER, I'll tell thee
because thour't my son.

WHEN a wife's in her pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt,)
The good husband as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram ;
Poor man ! and the quieting draught is a dram.

SONG 308. *Tune* : O BESSY BELL.

POLLY. **A** Curse attends that woman's love,
Who always would be pleasing.
LUCY. The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling is but teasing,
POLLY. What then in love can woman do ?
LUCY. If we grow fond they shun us.
POLLY. And when we fly them, they pursue.
LUCY. But leave us when they've won us.

SONG 309. *Tune*: Would fate to me BELINDA
give, &c.

AMONG the men, coquets we find,
Who court by turns all woman-kind;
And we grant all their hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.

SONG 310. *Tune*: Come, sweet lass, &c.

COME, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow,
'Till to-morrow;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair:
And make us light as air;
Then drink, and banish care.

SONG 311. *Tune*: The last time I went o'er
the moor.

POLLY. **H**ITHER, dear husband, turn your eyes.

LUCY. **H** Bestow one glance to cheer me.

POLLY. Think with that look, thy POLLY dies.

LUCY. O shun me not—but hear me.

POLLY. 'Tis POLLY sues.

LUCY. —'Tis LUCY speaks.

POLLY. Is thus true love requited?

LUCY. My heart is bursting,

POLLY. —Mine too breaks,

LUCY. Must I.

POLLY. —Must I be slighted.

S O N G

SONG 312. *Tune*: TOM TINKER's my true
love.

WHICH way shall I turn me?—How can I decide?
Wives the day of our death, are as fond as a
bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear;
This way, and that way, and which way I will
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

SONG 313. *Tune*: I am a poor shepherd undone.

WHEN my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor POLLY's tears;
For ah! poor POLLY's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distrest on the dashing wave,
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a watry grave.
And alas, poor POLLY!
Alack, and well-a-aday!
Before I was in love,
Oh! every month was May.

SONG 314. *Tune*: IANTHE the lovely, &c.

WHEN he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life.
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his
wife!

What are cannons, or bombs, or clashing of swords?
For death is more certain by witnesses words.
Then nail up their lips; that dread thunder allay;
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

SONG 315. *Tune*: A cobler there was, &c.

OUR selves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
 When matters require, must give up our gang:
 And good reason why,
 Or, instead of the fry,
 Ev'n PEACHUM and I
 Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang;
 Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

SONG 316. *Tune*: Bonny Dundee.

THE charge is prepar'd; the lawyers are met,
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
 I go, undismay'd—for death is a debt,
 A debt on demand—So take what I owe.
 Then farewell, my love,—Dear charmers adieu,
 Contented I die—'Tis the better for you,
 Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
 For this way at once I please all my wives.

SONG 317. *Tune*: Happy grove.

O Cruel, cruel, case!
 Must I suffer this disgrace.

SONG 318. *Tune*: Of all the girls that are so smart.

OF all the friends in time of grief,
 When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
 Not one so sure can bring relief,
 As this best friend, a brimmer.

SONG

SONG 319. *Tune: Britons strike home.*

SINCE I must swing,—I scorn, I scorn to wince
or whine.

SONG 320. *Tune: Chevy-Chase.*

BUT now again my spirits sink ;
I'll raise them high with wine,

SONG 321. *Tune: To old Sir SIMON the king.*

BUT valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking ;
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking ?

SONG 322. *Tune: Joy to great CÆSAR.*

IF thus———A man die
Much bolder with brandy.

SONG 323. *Tune: There was an old woman.*

SO I drink off this bumper—And now I can stand
the test,
And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the best.

SONG 324. *Tune: Did you ever hear of a
gallant sailor.*

BUT can I leave my pretty huffies,
Without one tear, or tender sigh ?

SONG 325. *Tune* : Why are mine eyes still
flowing.

THEIR eyes, their lips, their buffes,
Recal my love.——Ah must I die !

SONG 326. *Tune* : Green sleeves.

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree
To curb vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better company,
Upon *Tyburn tree* !

But gold from law can take out the sting ;
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon *Tyburn tree* !

SONG 327. *Tune* : All you that must take a
leap, &c.

LUCY. WOULD I might be hang'd !

POLLY. ———And I would so too !

LUCY. To be hang'd with you.

POLLY. ———My dear, with you.

MACH. O leave me to thought ! I fear ! I doubt !
I tremble ! I droop !—See my courage is out.

POLLY. No token of love !

MACH. ———See my courage is out.

LUCY. No token of love !

POLLY. ———Adieu.

LUCY. ———Farewel.

MACH. But hark ! I hear the toll of the bell.

Chorus. Tol de rol lol, &c.

SONG

SONG 328. *Tune: Lumps of puddings, &c.*

THUS I stand like the Turk, with his doxies
around ;

From all sides their glances his passion confound !
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns ;
Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires,
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,
The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.

Cho. But think of this maxim, &c.

End of the Songs in the BEGGARS OPERA.

SONG 329. *The inquest after love*

TELL me, lasses, have ye seen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
Beauty's son a little boy,
Full of frolick full of joy !
If you know his shelter, say,
He's from VENUS gone astray.

Tell me lasses have you seen,
Such a one trip o'er the green.

By his marks the God you'll know
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poison sure to human hearts :
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.

Subtle

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found ;
While the bosom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains,
Reason's shaft itself is broke,
By the unsuspected stroke.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie,
Basking in the sunny eye ;
Or his destin'd prey he seeks
On the maiden's rosy cheeks :
Snowy breasts or curling hair,
Oft conceal the pleasing snare,

She that the recess reveals,
Where the god himself conceals,
Shall a kiss receive this night
From her heart's supreme delight.
To VENUS let her bring the boy,
She shall taste love's sweetest joy.

S O N G 330. *The yellow-hair'd laddy.*

IN *April*, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would often go
To wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn trees
grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn ;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvens and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young MAYA be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a proud, scornful air ;

But

But SUSIE was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That MADDIE, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
But SUSIE was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four :
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet SUSIE his mistress might be.

S O N G 331. *The conquer'd fair.*

I Met young DAMON t'other day,
And near me as he drew,
No swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay—
Upon my word 'tis true.

With ardent bliss my lips he prest,
Pray, what could PHILLIS do ?
I frown'd—but faith I frown'd in jest—
Upon my word 'tis true.

The shepherd sigh'd and talk'd of love
(A theme to me quite new)
Of angels, heav'n, and pow'rs above,
And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throb'd, I knew not why,
As still more fond he grew ;
I listen'd to his tale with joy—
Upon my word 'tis true.

Let

Let DAMON now be blest, he cry'd,
 And fondly to me flew ;
 His freedom, vain I strove to chide—
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread, I look'd consent,
 Felt joys but known to few ;
 For now I found what DAMON meant,
 And all he said was true.

S O N G 332. *The Siren.*

DEAR madam, old HOMER, an honest blind bard,
 Has told us, and who need dispute the man's
 word ?

To withstand the sweet Sirens deluding soft strain,
 How weak ev'ry art was, all efforts how vain ?

To the charms of the voice those of beauty were
 join'd,

How pow'rful, when single ! resistleless combin'd !
 And, living in ocean, some dreadful sharp rocks on,
 Whole heaps of poor tars were allur'd to destruction,

For, soon as their sweet-flowing accents were heard,
 Plump against the rough rocks the mad mariners steer'd ;
 Thus, like a poor bird by the charmer decoy'd,
 The vessel was split, and the sailors destroy'd.

Now, madam, believe, for 'tis certainly true,
 Just, just such a terrible creature are you ;
 You act to perfection the Sirens fell part—
 We are drawn by your charms, and the rock is your
 heart.

But since, cruel fair, 'tis in vain to deplore,
 Or repine at what thousands have suffer'd before,
 I submit; but, oh! grant this last boon to your slave,
 As I die by your heart, be your bosom my grave.

S O N G 333.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they are
 twain,
 Since THIRSIS neglected the nymphs of the plain,
 And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,
 To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship soon grew to a flame;
 In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the same;
 From each other our passion we sought not to hide,
 But who should love most was our contest and pride.

But prudence soon whisper'd us, "Love not too well,
 "For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;
 "And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on it's side,
 "The grave-one's will scorn, and a mother must chide."

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more;
 Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind;
 So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid;
 If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your care;
 Condemn the god CUPID, but bless the fond pair.

SONG 334. *A dialogue.*

CELIA. **Y**ES, DAMON, yes, I can approve,
 See all thy merit, all thy love ;
 But, shipwreck'd once, I leave the shore,
 And trust the faithless seas no more.
 Thy vows are lost, thy tears are vain,
 For I can never love again.

DAMON. And couldst thou then, bewitching maid,
 Couldst thou be slighted or betray'd ?
 Or is it but an artful tale
 O'er DAMON's passion to prevail ?
 For surely thou wert born to reign,
 To love, and to be lov'd again.

CELIA. If CELIA could once more believe,
 DAMON, like THYRSIS, would deceive ;
 And yet, methinks, it cannot be ;
 There must be faith and truth in thee,
 Trust me, thy CELIA feels thy pain,
 And wishes she could love again.

DAMON. Why, then, those fears that rack thy breast ?
 Say that thou wilt, and I am blest :
 But, if my vows successless prove,
 DAMON shall bid adieu to love,
 Like thee, resolve to quit the plain,
 And never, never love again.

SONG 335. *Constancy.*

TOO long, a giddy, wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rov'd ;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth—
 Tho' all alike I lov'd :

Yet when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest ;
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail ;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail ;
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confest ;
 That man cannot enough adore ;
 That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire ;
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
 It damps the lawless fire ;
 But love's celestial faithful flames
 Still catch from breast to breast,
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best.

No solid blifs from change results,
 No real raptures flow,
 But, fixt to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of Heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form impress !
 And reason dictates to mankind
 That constancy is best.

SONG 336. *The unexperienced maid.*

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a lover yield;
 How to keep and how to gain,
 When to love and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E'er I can my soul disguise,
 Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
 How to lie and to betray;
 He that has me first is blest—
 For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
 Full of love and full of truth,
 Brisk, and of a janty mien,
 I should long to be fifteen.

SONG 337. *The Valentine.*

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn,
 When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
 To hail the god of light and heat:

PHILANDER, from his downy bed,
 To fair LISETTA's chamber sped;
 Crying awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy VALENTINE.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,

Which

Which, that a kiss she might obtain,
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like PHÆBUS into THETIS' lap,
 And ne'er forgot that his design
 Was but to be her VALENTINE, &c.

She starting, cry'd, I am undone !
 PHILANDER, charming youth ! begone,
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love, appear :
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes ;
 Forgive the simple fond disguise—
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful VALENTINE, &c.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead.
 And both agreed, e'er setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one :
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love :
 And from that hour, to life's decline,
 She blest the day of VALENTINE, &c.

S O N G 338. *The despairing lover.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold,
 When from the silence of the grove
 Poor DAMON thus despair'd of love.

Who

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock or oozy beach,
 Who from each barren weed that grows
 Expects the grape or blushing peach,
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pasture green, nor garden fair,
 A damsel's venal heart to gain ;
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas ! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?
 They ask not vows of sacred truth ;
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold ;
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice ?
 Not all their fire can ever boast
 The living lustre of her eyes ;
 For these the world too cheap would prove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but love.

Oh, SYLVIA, since nor jems nor ore
 Can with your brighter charms compare ;
 Consider that I profer more,
 More seldom found—a heart sincere !
 Let treasure meaner beauties move—
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

SONG 339. *The race.*

IF from the lustre of the sun,
 To catch your fleeting shade you run,
 In vain is all your haste, fir;
 But if your feet reverse the race,
 The fugitive will urge the chace,
 And follow you as fast, fir.

Thus if at any time, as now,
 Some scornful FLAVIA you pursue,
 In hopes to overtake her;
 Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
 But look upon't as cold as she,
 And seemingly forsake her.

So I and PHYLLIS, t'other day,
 Were coursing round a cock of hay,
 Whilst I could ne'er o'ertake her;
 But when I found I ran in vain,
 Quite tir'd I turn'd me back again,
 And flying from her met her.

SONG 340. *Prithee fool be quiet.*

YOUNG COLIN fought my heart to win,
 And woo'd as lovers wooe;
 I, vers'd in all our sex's art,
 Did just as maidens do;
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at,
 And when he press'd his fate to know,
 'Twas prithee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month of am'rous pain,
 He made a mighty fufs;
 Why if, you know, one love's a fwain,
 'Tis wrong to fay one does:
 He told me, paffion could not live
 Without more pleasing diet;
 And pray what answer could I give,
 But prithee, fool, be quiet.

At lenght he made a bold effay,
 And, like a man, he cry'd,
 Thy hand, my dear—this very day
 Shall CELIA be my bride.
 Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me still,
 I could not well deny it;
 And now, believe me, when I will
 I make the fool be quiet.

*All the SONGS in the opera of POLLY:
 by Mr. GAY. Being the second part of
 the Beggar's Opera.*

SONG 341. *Tune*: The difappointed widow.

THE manners of the great affect;
 Stint not your pleasure:
 If confcience had their genius checkt,
 How got they treasure?

The more in debt, run in debt the more,
 Carelefs who is undone;
 Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
 As they do at *London*.

S O N G

SONG 342. *Tune*: The Irish ground.

DUCAT. **W**HAT can wealth
 When we're old?
 Youth and health
 Are not sold.

TRAPES. When love in the pulse beats low,
 (As haply it may with you)
 A girl can fresh youth bestow,
 And kindle desire anew.
 Thus numb'd in the brake
 Without motion, the snake
 Sleeps cold winter away,
 But in every vein
 Life quickens again
 On the bosom of May.

SONG 343. *Tune*: Noel hills.

HE that weds a beauty
 Soon will find her cloy;
 When pleasure grows a duty,
 Farewel love and joy:
 He that weds for treasure
 (Though he hath a wife)
 Hath chose one lasting pleasure
 In a married life.

SONG 344. *Tune*: Sweetheart think upon me.

MY conscience is of courtly mold,
 Fit for highest station.
 Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,
 Proof against temptation?

SONG

SONG 345. *Tune* : 'Twas within a furlong.

IN pimps and politicians
 The genius is the same ;
 Both raise their own conditions
 On others guilt and shame :
 With a tongue well-tipt with lyes
 Each the want of parts supplies,
 And with a heart that's all disguise
 Keeps his schemes unknown.

Seducing as the devil,
 They play the tempter's part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most mischief in their heart.
 Each a secret commerce drives,
 First corrupts and then connives,
 And by his neighbours vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.

SONG 346. *Tune* : Sortez des vos retraites.

SHE who hath felt a real pain
 By CUPID's dart,
 Finds that all absence is in vain
 To cure her heart.
 Though from my lover cast
 Far as from pole to pole,
 Still the pure flame must last,
 For love is in the soul.

SONG 347. *Tune: O Waly, Waly, up the bank.*

FAREWEL, farewell, all hope of blifs!
 For POLLY always must be thine.
 Shall then my heart be never his,
 Which never can again be mine?
 O love, you play a cruel part,
 Thy shaft still festers in the wound;
 You should reward a constant heart,
 Since 'tis alas, so seldom found!

SONG 348. *Tune: O JENNY come tie me.*

DESPAIR is all folly;
 Hence, melancholy,
 Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.
 By beauty's possession
 Us'd with discretion,
 Woman at all times hath joy in her power.

SONG 349. *Tune: Red house.*

I Will have my humours, I'll please all my senses,
 I will not be stinted—in love or expences,
 I'll drefs with profusion, I'll game without measure;
 You shall have the business, I will have the pleasure:
 Thus every day I'll pass my life,
 My home shall be my least resort;
 For sure 'tis fitting that your wife
 Should copy ladies of the court.

SONG 350. *Tune*: Old ORPHEUS tickl'd, &c.

WHEN billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more,
With a twinkum, twankum, &c.

SONG 351. *Tune*: Christ-church bells.

DUCAT. WHEN a woman jealous grows,
Farewel all peace of life!

Mrs. DUCAT. But e'er man roves, he should pay what
he owes

And with her due content his wife.

DUCAT. 'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

Mrs. DUCAT. We too, whene'er we list, obey.

'Tis just and fit

You should submit.

Mrs. DUCAT. But sweet kind husband—not to day.

DUCAT. Let your clack be still.

Mrs. DUCAT. Not till I have my will.

If thus you reason slight,

There's never an hour

While breath has power,

But I will assert my right.

SONG 352. *Tune*: Cheshire-rounds.

WHEN kings by their huffing
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.

Thus

Thus when man and wife
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing.

SONG 353. *Tune:* The bush a boon traquair.

THE crow or daw thro' all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin ;
But birds of voice or feather rare,
He's all day long pursuing.
Beware, fair maids ; so scape the net
That other beauties fell in ;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as HELEN !

SONG 354. *Tune:* Bury fair.

POLLY. **H**OW can you be so teasing ?

DUCAT. **L**ove will excuse my fault.

How can you be so pleasing !

POLLY. I vow I'll not be naught.

DUCAT. All maids I know at first resist.

A master may command.

POLLY. You're monstrous rude ; I'll not be kiss'd :

Nay fye, let go my hand.

DUCAT. 'Tis foolish pride——

POLLY. 'Tis vile, 'tis base

Poor innocence to wrong ;

DUCAT. I'll force you.

POLLY. Guard me from disgrace.

You find that virtue's strong.

SONG 350. *Tune*: Old ORPHEUS tickl'd, &c.

WHEN billows come breaking on the strand,
 The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:
 Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
 And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more,
 With a twinkum, twankum, &c.

SONG 351. *Tune*: Christ-church bells.

DUCAT. WHEN a woman jealous grows,
 Farewel all peace of life!

Mrs. DUCAT. But e'er man roves, he should pay what
 he owes

And with her due content his wife.

DUCAT. 'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

Mrs. DUCAT. We too, whene'er we list, obey.

'Tis just and fit

You should submit.

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POLLY. Guard me from disgrace.

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SONG 355. *Tune: Bobbing JOAN.*

MAIDS like courtiers must be woo'd,
Most by flattery are subdu'd ;
Some capricious, coy or nice,
Out of pride protract the vice ;
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their price.

SONG 356. *Tune: A swain long tortur'd with disdain.*

CAN I or toil or hunger fear ?
For love's a pain that's more severe.
The slave, with virtue in his breast,
Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.

SONG 357. *Tune: March in Scipio.*

DUCAT. **B**RAVE boys prepare.
Ah ! cease fond wife to cry.
Servant. For when the danger's near,
We've time enough to fly.
Mrs. DUCAT. How can you be disgrac'd !
For wealth secures your fame.
Servant. The rich are always plac'd
Above the sense of shame.
Mrs. DUCAT. Let honour spur the slave,
To fight for fighting's sake :
DUCAT. But even the rich are brave
When money is at stake.

SONG

SONG 358. *Tune* : Jig-it-o'foot.

BETTER to doubt
 All that's doing,
 Than to find out
 Proofs of ruin.
 What servants hear and see
 Should they tattle,
 Marriage all day would be
 Feuds and battle.

SONG 359. *Tune* : Trumpet minuet.

ABROAD after misses most husbands will roam,
 Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home.
 To be nos'd by a strumpet ! hence hussy you'd best.
 Would he give me my due, I would give her the rest.

SONG 360. *Tune* : POLWART on the green.

LOVE now is nought but art,
 'Tis who can juggle best ;
 To all men seem to give your heart
 But keep it in your breast
 What gain and pleasure do we find,
 Who change whene'er we list !
 The mill that turns with every wind
 Must bring the owner grist.

SONG 361. *Tune* : St. MARTIN's lane.

AS pilgrims thro' devotion
 To some shrine pursue their way,
 They tempt the raging ocean,
 And thro' desarts stray.

With zeal their hope desiring,
 The faint their breast inspiring
 With chearful air,
 Devoid of fear,
 They every danger bear.
 Thus equal zeal possessing,
 I seek my only blessing.
 O love, my honest vow regard !
 My truth protect,
 My steps direct,
 His flight detect,
 A faithful wife reward.

S O N G 362. *Tune* : La Villanella.

W H Y did you spare him,
 O'er seas to bear him,
 Far from his home, and constant bride ?
 When papa' peach'd him,
 If death had reach'd him,
 I then had only sigh'd, wept, and dy'd.

S O N G 263. *Tune* : Dead march in CORIO-
 LANUS.

S L E E P, O sleep,
 With thy rod of incantation,
 Charm my imagination.
 Then, only then, I cease to weep.
 By thy power,
 The virgin, by time o'ertaken,
 For years forlorn, forsaken,
 Enjoys the happy hour.
 What's to sleep ?

'Tis

'Tis a visionary blessing;
A dream that's past expressing;
Our utmost wish possessing;
So may I always keep.

S O N G 364. *Tune*: Three sheep-skins.

OF all the fins that are money-supplying;
Consider the world 'tis past all denying,
With all forts,
In towns or courts,
The richest fin is lying.

S O N G 365. *Tune*: Rigadoon.

BY women won,
We're all undone,
Each wench hath a Syren's charms.
The lover's deeds
Are good or ill,
As whim succeeds
In woman's will:
Resolution is lull'd in her arms.

S O N G 366. *Tune*: Ton humeur est Catherine.

WOMAN's like the flatt'ring ocean,
Who her pathless ways can find?
Every blast directs her motion,
Now she's angry, now she's kind.
What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!
Can the bark the port recover
When the silly pilot's blind?

SONG 367. *Tune*: Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.

I Hate those coward tribes,
 Who by mean sneaking bribes,
 By tricks and disguise,
 By flattery and lies,
 To power and grandeur rise.
 Like heroes of old
 You are greatly bold,
 The sword your cause supports.
 Untaught to fawn,
 You ne'er were drawn
 Your truth to pawn
 Among the spawn,
 Who practise the frauds of courts.

SONG 368. *Tune*: Minuet.

CHEER up my lads, let us push on the fray,
 For battles, like women, are lost by delay.
 Let us seize victory while in our power;
 Alike war and love have their critical hour.
 Our hearts bold and steady
 Should always be ready,
 So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower.

SONG 369. *Tune*: Mirleton.

WHEN I'm great and flush of treasure,
 Check'd by neither fear or shame,
 You shall tread a round of pleasure,
 Morning, noon, and night the same.
With a Mirleton. &c.

Like

Like a city wife or beauty
 You shall flutter life away ;
 And shall know no other duty,
 But to dress, eat, drink, and play.

SONG 370. *Tune* : SAWNY was tall, and of
 noble race.

MORANO. **S**HALL I not be bold when honour calls ?
 You've a heart that would upbraid me
 then.

JENNY. But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,
 Thy JENNY shall ne'er know pleasure again.

MORANO. To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat ;
 I conquer but to make thee great.

JENNY. But if my hero falls,—ah then
 Thy JENNY shall ne'er know pleasure again !

SONG 371. *Tune* : Northern NANCY.

HOW many men have found the skill
 Of power and wealth acquiring ?
 But sure there's a time to flint the will
 And the judgment is in retiring.
 For to be displac'd,
 For to be disgrac'd,
 Is the end of too high aspiring.

SONG 372. *Tune* : Amante fuggite cadente
 belta.

FINE women, are devils, compleat in their way,
 They always are roving and cruising for prey.
 When we flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
 Like those too their pleasure is giving us pain.

SONG 373. *Tune*: Since all the world's turn'd
upside down.

THO' different passions rage by turns,
Within my breast fermenting;
Now blazes love, now honour burns,
I'm here, I'm there consenting.
I'll each obey, so keep my oath,
That oath by which I won her:
With truth and steddiness in both,
I'll act like a man of honour.

S O N G 374. *Tune*: Hunt the squirrel.

THE world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
T'other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a false cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging
Murthers reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus, with burning hate
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
Even man and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.

S O N G

SONG 375. *Tune*: Young DAMON once the loveliest swain.

IN love and life the present use,
 One hour we grant the next refuse;
 Who then would risque a nay?
 Were lovers wise they would be kind,
 And in our eyes the moment find;
 For only then they may.

SONG 376. *Tune*: Catharine Ogye.

JENNY. **W**E never blame the forward swain,
 Who puts us to the tryal.

POLLY. I know you first would give me pain,
 Then baulk me with denial.

JENNY. What mean we then by being try'd?

POLLY. With scorn and slight to use us.

Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
 Seem kind but to refuse us.

SONG 377. *Tune*: Roger a coverly.

MY heart is by love forsaken,
 I feel the tempest growing.

A fury the place hath taken,

I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.

Tho' CUPID's arrows are erring,

Or indifference may secure ye,

When woman's revenge is stirring,

You cannot escape that fury.

SONG 378. *Tune:* Bacchus m'a dit.

BY halves no friend
Now seeks to do you pleasure.
Their help they lend
In every part of life ;
If husbands part,
The friend hath always leisure ;
Then all his heart
Is bent to please the wife.

SONG 379. *Tune:* Health to BETTY.

IF husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein,
The steed again
Grows skittish, wild and heady.

SONG 380. *Tune:* Cappe de bonne esperance.

THE body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring on our adverse hour ;
But the noble soul is unshaken,
For that still is in our power :
'Tis a rock whose firm foundation
Mocks the waves of perturbation ;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil day.

SONG

SONG 381. *Tune*: When bright AURELIA
tripp'd the plain.

FOR gold you sacrifice your fame,
Your honour, life and friend:
You war, you fawn, you lie, you game,
And plunder without fear or shame;
Can madness this transcend?

SONG 382. *Tune*: PEGGY's mill.

WHEN gold is in hand,
It gives us command;
It makes us lov'd and respected;
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd and neglected.

Tho' peevish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good humour and beauty:
Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.

SONG 383. *Tune*: Excuse me.

HONOUR calls me from thy arms,
With glory my bosom is beating.
Victory summons to arms: then to arms
Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.
One look more—and then——
Oh, I am lost again!

What a power has beauty!
But honour calls, and I must away,
But love forbids, and I must obey,

You

You grow to bold ;
Hence, loose your hold,
For love claims all my duty.

S O N G 384. *Tune* : RUBEN.

HONOUR plays a bubble's part,
Ever bilk'd and cheated ;
Never in ambition's heart,
Int'rest there is seated.
Honour was in use of yore,
Tho' by want attended :
Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more ;
Lord how times are mended !

S O N G 385. *Tune* : Troy town.

WHEN ambition's ten years toils
Have heap'd up mighty hoards of gold ;
Amid the harvest of the spoils,
Acquir'd by fraud and rapin bold,
Comes justice The great scheme is crost,
At once wealth, life, and fame, are lost.

S O N G 386. *Tune* : We've cheated the parson.

MOR. **D**ESPAIR leads to battle, no courage so
great,
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.
VAN. No retreat.
JEN. No retreat.
MOR. They must conquer or die who've no retreat.

SONG 387. *Tune*: T'amo tanto.

VIRTUE's treasure
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain nor crosses,
Nor grief nor losses,
Nor death itself can make it less:
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.

SONG 388. *Tune*: Down in a meadow.

THE sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they
gain;
Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.
What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!
Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way
Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn and betray.
Thus stanch politicians, look all the world round,
Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel or hound.

SONG 389. *Tune*: There was an old man,
and he liv'd, &c.

WHAT man can on virtue or courage repose,
Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?
Like gold, if intrinsic sure no body knows,
Till weigh'd in the ballance and try'd.

SONG 390. *Tune* : Iris la plus charmante.

LOVE with beauty is flying,
 At once 'tis blooming and dying,
 But all seasons defying,
 Friendship lasts on the year.
 Love is by long enjoying,
 Cloying ;
 Friendship enjoy'd the longer,
 Stronger.
 O may the flame divine
 Burn in your breast like mine !

SONG 391. *Tune* : There was a jovial beggar.

1 Pyr. **W**HEN horns, with chearful sound,
 Proclaim the active day ;
 Impatience warms the hound,
 He burns to chace the prey.

Chorus. Thus to battle we will go, &c.

2 Pyr. How charms the trumpet's breath !
 The brave, with hope possess'd,
 Forgetting wounds and death,
 Feel conquest in their breast.

SONG 392. *Tune* : To you fair ladies, &c.

MOR. **B**Y bolder steps we win the race.

1 Pyr. Let's haste where danger calls.

MOR. Unless ambition mend its pace,
 It totters, nods and falls.

1 Pyr. We must advance or be undone.

MOR. Think thus, and then the battle's won.

Chorus. With a fa la la, &c.

SONG

S O N G 393. *Tune:* Prince EUGENE's march.

MOR. **W**HEN the tyger roams
And the timorous flock is in his view.
Fury foams.

He thirsts for the blood of the crew.

His greedy eyes he throws,

Thirst with their number grows,

On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,

Spreading the plain with a general ruin,

Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn :

VAN. Let us on one and all !

I Pyr. How they fly, how they fall !

MOR. For the war for the prize I burn.

S O N G 394. *Tune:* The Marlborough.

WHE the sword of justice drawing,
Terror cast in guilty eyes ;

In its beam false courage dies ;

'Tis like lightning keen and awing.

Charge the foe,

Lay them low,

On them and strike the blow.

Hark, victory calls us. See, guilt is dismay'd :

The villain is of his own conscience afraid.

In your hands are your lives and your liberties held,

The courage of virtue was never repell'd.

S O N G 395. *Tune :* Les rats.

KNOW then, war's my pleasure.

Am I thus controul'd ?

Both they hears and treasure

I'll at once unfold.

You

You, like a miser, scraping, hiding,
Rob all the world ; you're but mines of gold.

Rage my breast alarms :
War is by kings right-deciding ;
Then to arms, to arms ;
With this sword I'll force your hold.

S O N G 396. *Tune* : Mad ROBIN.

HOW faultless does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws !

But all others only smear
Her wrinkles, cracks and flaws.
Self-flattery is our claim and right,
Let men say what they will ;
Sure we may set our good in fight,
When neighbours set our ill.

S O N G 397. *Tune* : Thro' the wood laddy.

AS fits the sad turtle alone on the spray ;
His heart sorely beating,
Sad murmur repeating,
Indulging his grief for his consort astray ;
For force or death only could keep her away.
Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare ;
If guns have not slain her,
The net must detain her,
Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, every hour with a tear,
If safe from the battle he do not appear.

SONG 398. *Tune* : Clasp'd in my dear MELINDA'S arms.

POL. **V**ICTORY is ours.
 CAW. —My fond heart is at rest.
 POL. Friendship ~~thus~~ receives its guest.
 CAW. O what transport fills my breast !
 POL. Conquest is compleat,
 CAW. Now the triumph's great.
 POL. In your life is a nation blest.
 CAW. In your life I'm of all possess'd.

SONG 399. *Tune* : Parson upon Dorothy.

THE soldiers, who by trade must dare
 The deadly cannon's sounds ;
 You may be sure, betimes prepare
 For fatal blood and wounds.
 The men, who with adventurous dance,
 Bound from the cord on high,
 Must own they have the frequent chance
 By broken bones to die.
 Since rarely then
 Ambitious men
 Like others lose their breath ;
 Like these, I hope,
 They know a rope
 Is but their natural death.

SONG 400. *Tune* : The collier has a daughter.

WHEN right or wrong's decided
 In war or civil causes,
 We by success are guided
 To blame or give applauses.

Thus

Thus men exhalt ambition,
 In power by all commended,
 But when it falls from high condition,
Tyburn is well attended.

S O N G 401. *Tune* : Mad MOLL.

ALL crimes are judged like fornication ;
 While rich we are honest no doubt ;
 Fine ladies can keep reputation,
 Poor lasses alone are found out.
 If justice had piercing eyes,
 Like ourselves to look within,
 She'd find power and wealth a disguise
 That shelter the worst of our kin,

S O N G 402. *Tune* : Prince GEORGE.

CAW. **A**LL friendship is a mutual debt,
 POL. The contract's inclination :
 CAW. We never can that bond forget
 Of sweet retaliation.
 POL. All day, and every day the same
 We are paying and still owing ;
 CAW. By turns we grant by turns we claim
 The pleasure of bestowing.
Both. By turns we grant, &c.

S O N G 403. *Tune* : Blithe JOCKEY young and
 gay.

CAN words the pain express
 Which absent lovers know ?
 He only mine can guess
 Whose heart hath felt the woe.

'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,
 Seldom hope, oft' despair;
 'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in brief
 'Tis every pang and grief.

SONG 404. *Tune* : In the fields in frost and
 snow.

THE modest lilly, like the maid,
 Its pure bloom defending,
 Is of noxious dews afraid,
 Soon as even's descending.
 Clos'd all night,
 Free from blight,
 It preserves the native white,
 But at morn unfolds its leaves,
 And the vital sun receives.

SONG 405. *Tune* : Whilst I gaze on CLOE.

WHILST I gaze in fond desiring,
 Every former thought is lost.
 Sighing, wishing and admiring,
 How my troubled soul is tost !
 Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
 How it thrills in every vien !
 Liberty and life are going,
 Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.

SONG 406. *Tune* : The Jamaica.

THE sex, we find,
 Like men inclin'd
 To guard against reproaches;
 And none neglect
 To pay respect
 To rogues who keep their coaches.

SONG

SONG 407. *Tune: Tweed side.*

THE stag, when chas'd all the long day
 O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake;
 Now panting for breath and at bay,
 Now stemming the river or lake;
 When the treacherous scent is all cold,
 And at eve he returns to his hind,
 Can her joy, can her pleasure be told?
 Such joy and such pleasure I find.

SONG 408. *Tune: One evening as I lay.*

MY heart forebodes he's dead,
 That thought how can I bear?
 He's gone, for ever fled,
 My soul is all despair!
 I see him pale and cold,
 The noose hath stopp'd his breath,
 Just as my dream foretold,
 Oh had that sleep been death!

SONG 409. *Tune: Buff-coat.*

CAW. **W**HY that languish!
 POL. Oh he's dead! Oh he's lost for ever!
 CAW. Cease your anguish and forget your grief.
 POL. Ah, never!
 What air, grace and stature!
 CAW. How false in his nature!
 POL. To virtue my love might have won him.
 CAW. How base and deceiving!
 POL. But love is believing.
 CAW. Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.

SONG 410. *Tune*: An Italian ballad.

FRAIL is ambition, how weak the foundation!
 Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;
 My heart is proof against either temptation,
 Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

SONG 411. *Tune*: The temple.

1 Ind. **J**USTICE long forbearing,
 Power or riches never fearing,
 Slow, yet persevering,
 Hunts the villain's pace.

Cho. Justice long, &c.

2 Ind. What tongues then defend him?
 Or what hand will succour lend him?
 Even his friends attend him,
 To foment the chace.

Ind. Virtue, subduing,
 Humbles in ruin
 All the proud wicked race.
 Truth, never-failing,
 Must be prevailing,
 Falsehood shall find disgrace.

End of the Songs in the Opera of POLLY.

SONG 412. *The Charms of SYLVIA.*

ALL nature blooms when you appear,
 The fields their richest liveries wear;
 Oaks, elms and pines blest by your view,
 Put out fresh green, and bud anew:

The

The various seasons you supply,
And when you're gone, they fade and die.

Sweet PHILOMEL in mournful strains,
To you appeals, to you complains;
The tow'ring lark on rising wing,
Warbling attempts your praise to sing,
He cuts the yielding air, and flies
To Heaven, to type our future joys.

S O N G 413. CLARINDA.

PSHAW! tell me no more of the lilly,
The violet carnation and rose;
You never can think me so silly,
To match my CLARINDA with those.

The lilly all beauteous to-day,
To-morrow will wither and fade;
Pinks, roses, and violets decay,
Not so my adorable maid.

Her charms unimpair'd will endure,
Blooms brighter and brighter each day;
For virtue and candour are sure
In their nature, and never decay.

S O N G 414. *Advice from experience.*

I Smile at love and all its arts,
The charming CYNTHIA cry'd;
Take heed, for love has piercing darts,
A wounded swain reply'd.

Once free, and blest as you are now,
I trifled with his charms;
I pointed at his little bow,
And sported with his arms.

'Till urged too far, revenge he cries !

A fatal shaft he drew ;

It took its passage thro' your eyes,

And to my heart it flew.

To tear it thence, I tried in vain,

To strive, I quickly found,

Was only to encrease the pain,

And to enlarge the wound.

Ah ! much too well I fear you know

What pain I'm to endure ;

Since what your eyes alone could do,

Your heart alone could cure.

And that (grant heav'n I may mistake)

I doubt is doom'd to bear ;

A burden for another's sake,

Who ill rewards its care.

S O N G 414. *A Dialogue.*

He. **H**OW unhappy a lover am I,
While I sigh for my PHILLIS in vain ?
All my hopes of delight,
Are another man's right,
Who is happy whilst I am in pain.

She. Since her honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear ;
'Tis the best of your fate,
In a hopeless estate,
To give o'er, and betimes to despair,

M

He.

He. I have tried the false med'cine in vain,
 For I wish what I hope not to win ;
 From without my desire,
 Has not food for its fire,
 But it burns and consumes me within.

She. What her honour deny'd you in life,
 In her death she will give to your love ;
 The flame that is true,
 After fate will renew,
 For the souls to meet closer above.

SONG 415. *Love ill requited.*

SWAIN thy hopeless passion smother,
 Perjur'd CÆLIA loves another ;
 In his arms I saw her lying
 Panting, kissing, trembling, dying ;
 There the fair deceiver swore,
 As she did to you before.

Oh ! said you when she deceives me,
 When that constant creature leaves me,
Liffy's waters back shall fly,
 And leave their oozy channel dry :
 Turn ye waters leave your shore,
 Perjur'd CÆLIA loves no more.

SONG 416. *Grief for the past ineffectual.*

CEASE lovely shepherd, cease to mourn,
 Nor longer wanton in thy grief ;
 Her ashes sleep within their urn,
 Let new-born passions give relief ;

Tho'

Tho' SYLVIA was so soft and fair,
That all the youths and neighb'ring swains,
Languish'd with passion and despair,
While she reign'd mistress of the plains.

Tho' sweet she was as morning dew,
And silent as the close of night,
Shepherd she breaths no more for you,
But rises in the brightest light ;
COLIN then let thy throbbing heart,
For sprightly CÆLIA glow and burn ;
Sighs for thy sighs she will impart,
And gentle love for love return.

S O N G 417. *Love our greatest blessing.*

DEPRIV'D of love and all its joys,
In vain we boast content,
All other pleasures are but toys,
Nor for the heart were meant.

Indifference to recommend
Dull reason then forbear,
Till you a bliss have power to send,
That can with this compare.

S O N G 418. *The kind request.*

FLAVELLA bids me write her praise,
And deigns to decorate my verse,
My muse with joy the task essays,
Her matchless beauties to rehearse :
Clear be the colours, bright and fair,
The beauties of her form to paint,
Nor let a thought be cramp't with fear,
To say in soul she is a saint.

But as a poet once of *Greece*,
 Portraying VENUS' matchless charms,
 Soon grew enamour'd of the piece,
 And clasp'd the phantom in his arms :
 So when I labour to recite,
 Each winning grace by thee possést,
 I grow enraptur'd as I write,
 And every thought enflames my breast.

S O N G 419. *The lass with the delicate air.*

YOUNG MOLLY who lives at the foot of the hill,
 Where fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her *the lass with the delicate air.*

One evening last *May* as I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
 And really she'd got a most *delicate air.*

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid ;
 Surpris'd and transported, I could not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her *delicate air.*

For that moment young CUPID selected a dart,
 And pierc'd without pity, my innocent heart ;
 And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my care,
 For a captive I fell to her *delicate air.*

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was
 rude,
 And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude ;
 I answer'd I could not tell how I come there,
 But lay'd all the blame on her *delicate air.*

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,
And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain;
She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her *delicate air*.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormentor affects to be mute.
Then tell me ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,
How to win *the dear lass with the delicate air*.

S O N G 420. *Fy, my dear fy.*

W H E N I was a maiden of fourteen years old,
If I romp'd with a man how my mother would
scold;

But now I'm grown older, she bids me be shy,
And is always a chiding, with fy, my dear, fy.

But this her fond chiding, however absurd,
By frequent repeating became a cant word;
That if a young man did smiling pass by,
I could not help calling out, fy, my dear, fy.

One evening as under a haycock I lay,
Young DAMON my lover, by chance came that way;
He kneel'd and he kiss'd me, and down he would lie,
Altho' I kept calling out, fy, my dear, fy.

In love's fondest language he then did protest,
That I was the sweetest, the wisest and best;
And that by my coyness he surely should die,
Which forc'd me again to say, fy, my dear, fy.

With twenty sweet kisses he sealed each vow;
And ardently begg'd me some pity to shew;
Then wonder'd which way I my garter did tye,
Lord bless me, I cry'd, oh! fy, my dear, fy.

But still he kept pressing, and talk'd of his truth,
Of flames and of darts, and of beauty and youth,
That he'd ever be constant if I would comply,
But I threaten'd and chided with fy, my dear, fy.

Yet DAMON still struggl'd, petition'd and pray'd,
And never once minded a word that I said;
So I let him go on, and I made no reply,
For I found 'twas in vain to say fy, my dear, fy.

S O N G 421. *Liberty.*

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd
In CLOE's face, in CLOE's mind,
Why was I born, ye Gods, to see
What robb'd me of my liberty.

'Till that fatal hapless day,
My heart was lively, blithe and gay,
Could sport with ev'ry nymph but she,
Who robs me of my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy ev'ry clown I see,
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

Think then dear CLOE, e'er too late,
'That death must be my hapless fate;
If love and you do not agree,
To set me at my liberty.

We'll follow HYMEN's happy train,
And ev'ry idle care disdain,
And live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

All the SONGS in the Ballad Farce of the
 CONTRIVANCES. By Mr. CARY.

S O N G 422.

I'LL face ev'ry danger
 To rescue my dear,
 For fear is a stranger
 Where love is sincere.
 Repulses but fire us,
 Despair we despise,
 If beauty inspire us
 To pant for the prize.

Love sounds the alarm
 And fear is now flying ;
 When beauty's the prize
 What mortal fears dying.
 In defence of my treasure
 I'll bleed at each vein,
 Without her no pleasure ;
 And life is a pain.

S O N G 423.

SEE! the radiant queen of night
 Sheds on all her kindly beams ;
 Gilds the plains with chearful light,
 And sparkles in the silver streams.
 Smiles adorn the face of nature,
 Tasteless all things yet appear,
 Unto me a hapless creature,
 In the absence of my dear.

S O N G 424.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,

Gen'rous and free :
Brave, not romantick ;
Learn'd, not pedantic ;
Frolick, not frantic ;
This must he be.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new :
Neat, but not finical ;
Sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyranical ;
But ever true.

S O N G 425.

WHEN parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid elves,
And wisely get us husbands for ourselves.

S O N G 426.

CEASE to persuade,
Nor say you love sincerely,
When you've betray'd
You'll treat me most severely ;

And

And fly what once you did pursue :
 Happy the fair,
 Who ne'er believes you,
 But gives despair,
 Or else deceives you,
 And learns inconstancy from you.

S O N G 427.

WHEN did you see
 Any falshood in me,
 That thus you unkindly suspect me ;
 Speak, speak your mind,
 For I fear you're inclin'd,
 In spite of my truth, to reject me.

If't must be so,
 To the wars I will go,
 Where danger my passion shall smother ;
 I'd rather perish there
 Than linger in despair,
 Or see you in the arms of another.

S O N G 428.

WOULD you live a stale virgin for ever,
 Sure you're out of your senses,
 Or these are pretences ;
 Can you part with a person so clever ?
 In troth you are highly to blame

And you Mr. Lover, to trifle ;
 I thought that a soldier,
 Was wiser and' bolder !
 A warrior should plunder and rifle ;
 A captain ! Oh, fye for shame !

S O N G 429.

O Leave me to complain
 My loss of liberty ;
 I never more shall see my swain,
 Or ever more be free.

O cruel, cruel fate !
 What joy can I receive,
 When in the arms of one I hate,
 I'm doom'd, alas ! to live,

Ye pitying pow'rs above,
 That see my soul's dismay ;
 O bring me back the man I love,
 Or take my life away.

S O N G 430.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
 And lose the man I prize,
 I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
 Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars, shall me controul
 I death and danger dare ;
 Restraint but fires the active soul,
 And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
 I'll either fall or fly ;
 Before I'll live with him I hate,
 For him I love I'll die.

SONG 431.

WITHOUT affectation, gay, youthful and
pretty;
Without pride or meanness, familiar and witty;
Without forms obliging, good-natur'd and free;
Without art as lovely, as lovely can be.

She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of censure and praise.
Her thoughts and her words, and her actions are such,
That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.

SONG 432.

He. **M**AKE haste and away mine only dear;
Make haste, and away, away!
For all at the gate,
Your true lover does wait,
And I prithee make no delay.

She. O how shall I steal away, my love!
O how shall I steal away!
My daddy is near,
And I dare not for fear;
Pray come then another day.

He. O this is the only day, my life,
O this is the only day;
I'll draw him aside,
While you throw the gates wide,
And then you may steal away.

She.

She. Then prithee make no delay, my dear,
 Then prithee make no delay;
 We'll serve him a trick,
 For I'll slip in the nick,
 And with my true love away.

Duett. O CUPID, befriend a loving pair,
 O CUPID, befriend us, we pray;
 May our stratagem take,
 For thine own sweet sake,
 And, amen let all true lovers say.

S O N G 433. *Duett.*

THUS fondly carressing,
 My idol, my treasure,
 How great is the blessing!
 How sweet is the pleasure!

With joy I behold thee,
 And doat on they charms,
 Thus while I enfold thee,
 I've Heav'n in my arms.

End of the Songs in the CONTRIVANCES.

S O N G 434. BETTY BROWN.

IN pursuit of a lass that was form'd to my taste,
 What pains did I take, and what time did I waste?
 In vain did I ramble o'er country and town,
 'Till chance introduc'd me to dear BETTY BROWN.

Such a shape, such an air, such a mien, such a face:
 She smil'd with such sweetness, convers'd with such
 grace:

A fore-

A forehead unus'd to a wrinkle or frown,
Presides o'er the face of my dear BETTY BROWN.

When first I beheld her my heart was inflam'd,
And thrill'd with a rapture that cannot be nam'd :
Ye Gods what is wealth, what is fame or renown,
Compar'd with the charms of my dear BETTY BROWN.

Tho' her person has beauties beyond all compare,
Of virtue, her mind has a much better share ;
Let others ambition extend to a crown,
I ask, O ye Gods, but my dear BETTY BROWN.

Oh ! let me this charming dear creature possess,
No more I request, nor can ask any less ;
From the summit of hope let me not tumble down,
Ye Gods give me death, or my dear BETTY BROWN.

S O N G 435.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over :
Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
Which bear me far from what I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main,
Can equal those that I sustain ?
From slighted vows and cold disdain.

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain,
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

SONG 436. COLINET.

He. **N**OW the happy knot is ty'd,
 BETSY is my charming bride;
 Ring the bells and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul:
 Who so fair as lovely BET,
 Who so blest as COLINET?

She. Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling for unguarded hearts,
 Welcome HYMEN's lasting joys,
 Lispering wanton girls and boys,

He. Girls as fair as lovely BET,

She. Boys as sweet as COLINET.

He. Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
 Now my plenteous barn adorn;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
 With the fairest sweetest flow'rs;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the charms of lovely BET.

She. Tho' on Sundays I was seen,
 Dress'd like any May-day queen;
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove,
 To deserve thy BETTY's love;
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in COLINET.

He. Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports the bridal day:
 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my BETTY fair and kind;

She. And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as COLINET.

Both.

SONG 440. *The Lucky Fall.*

A Band of CUPIDS t'other day,
 Were in a myrtle grove ;
 Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
 They made a match to rove :
 But where, cries one, the cock of all,
 Let's fix upon a place :
 Hang *Paphos*, and *Olympus*-hall,
 I vote for CLOE's face.

No sooner said, than off they flew,
 And gathering round the fair ;
 As swarming bees on flowers do,
 They settl'd here and there :
 Some on her lips, her nose, her chin,
 A score on either cheek ;
 While fifty to her eyes went in,
 To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile
 The wranglers to have heard ;
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own prefer'd ;
 Till chancing from her lips to slide,
 One fell in CLOE's breast,
 And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,
 Whose station's now the best ?

SONG 441. *The lilly of the vale.*

THE fragrant lilly of the vale
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume each fanning gale,
 To CLOE I compare.

What

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 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my BETTY fair and kind;

She. And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as COLINET.

Both.

SONG 440. *The Lucky Fall.*

A Band of CURIDS t'other day,
 Were in a myrtle grove ;
 Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
 They made a match to rove :
 But where, cries one, the cock of all,
 Let's fix upon a place :
 Hang *Paphos*, and *Olympus*-hall,
 I vote for CLOE's face.

No sooner said, than off they flew,
 And gathering round the fair ;
 As swarming bees on flowers do,
 They settl'd here and there :
 Some on her lips, her nose, her chin,
 A score on either cheek ;
 While fifty to her eyes went in,
 To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile
 The wranglers to have heard ;
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own prefer'd ;
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 One fell in CLOE's breast,
 And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,
 Whose station's now the best ?

SONG 441. *The lilly of the vale.*

THE fragrant lilly of the vale
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume each fanning gale,
 To CLOE I compare.

What

What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide,
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose
 That flants with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain :
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain.

See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head,
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace ;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face.

But pray my CLOE now observe,
 The inference of my tale ;
 May I the florist be, and thou
 My *Lilly of the Vale*.

S O N G 442. *Winter.*

A DIEU you groves, adieu ye plains,
 All nature mourning lies ;
 See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
 Obscure the lab'ring skies :
 See from afar th' impending storm
 With sullen haste appear ;
 See winter comes, a dreary form,
 To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
 Rejoice the gladden'd fight;
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,
 Or sylvan scenes delight:
 Thus ZEPHALINDA, much lov'd maid,
 Thy early charms shall fail;
 The rose must droop, the lilly fade,
 And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of *May*,
 May rise on active wing;
 Again the sportive herds may play,
 And hail reviving spring:
 But youth, my fair, sees no return;
 The pleasing bubble's o'er,
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
 They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl, that time improve
 Which art can ne'er regain,
 In blissful scenes of mutual love,
 With some distinguish'd swain:
 So shall life's spring, like jocund *May*,
 Pass smiling and serene;
 Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide away,
 And Winter close the scene.

S O N G 443. *Spring: An Ode.*

DECREPIT Winter limps away,
 Now youthful Spring all trim and gay,
 Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain,
 With health and pleasure in her train:
 She comes, and lo! where e'er she treads,
 Soft cowslips lift their velvet heads,

With

With snow-drops white, and vi'lets blue,
And flow'rs of ev'ry leaf and hue.

Hail! smiling season, woo'd by thee,
Town has no longer charms for me;
Seated with folly, smog, and noise,
I pant for calmer, purer joys,
Lead me some rural genius, where,
The wanton, cool, and balmy air,
Fresh breathing from hill, mead, and grove,
Inspires festivity and love.

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate
Affords a pleasant country seat;
Secure retirement, and defence,
From bus'ness and impertinence.
There, he may stretch beneath the shade,
For ease and contemplation made,
And neither spy nor whisp'rer near,
Enjoy the beauties of the year.

All the Songs in the Masque of COMUS:
By MILTON.

S O N G 444.

NOW PHOEBUS sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks with rosy twine
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict age, and four severity
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

S O N G 445.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What has night to do with sleep ?

Night has better sweets to prove ;
 VENUS now wakes and wakens love :

Come, let our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G 446.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free
 We follow sweet variety,
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own ;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G 447.

BY the gayly circling glafs
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waining night grows old.

Soon,

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

S O N G 448.

SWEET echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy NARCISsus are?
 O! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

S O N G 449.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till COMUS receive
 The nameless soft transports, that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
 Love and wine give, ye Gods! or take back what you
 gave.

CHO. *Away, away, away,
To COMUS' court repair;
There night out-shines the day,
There yields the melting fair.*

SONG 450.

FAME's an echo, prating double,
An empty, airy, glittering bubble,
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
The wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
Like her sister, fortune, blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.

SONG 451.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air?
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry PHOEBUS scorching round.

Round, the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone—and in her arms,
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,

Till

Till blest'd and blessing you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG 452.

LIVE, and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care,
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to day.

From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scare-crow virtue fright.
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

SONG 453.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and harmony live here,
No domestick jealous jars,
Buzzing flanders, wordy wars,
In my presence will appear,
Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear,
Love and harmony reign here.

SONG 454.

HOW gentle was my DAMON's air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's ;
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign ?
 And yet that cruel task is mine !

SONG 455.

ON every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and DAMON is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But DAMON there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung,
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But DAMON there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well known shade,
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and DAMON fondly play'd.
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But DAMON there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves flocks and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops it's head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.

All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet DAMON still I seek in vain.

SONG 456.

• LOVE, the greatest bliss below,
How to taste few women know,
Fewer still the way have hit
How a fickle swain to quit.
Simple nymph, then learn of me,
How to treat inconstancy.

SONG 457.

THE wanton god, that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why shou'd they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me—whilst he can.

S O N G 458.

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime,
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height, must patient climb,
The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain,
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

S O N G 459.

PREACH not to me your musty rules,
You drones, that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care,
They only live, who life enjoy.

S O N G 460.

YE Fauns and ye Dryads, from hill, dale, and grove,
Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love:
Swiftly resort to Comus' gay court,
And in various measures shew Love's various sport.

SONG 461.

NOW lighter and gayer, ye tinkling strings sound;
 Light, light in the air, ye nimble nymphs, bound.
 Now, now with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat,
 Now, now, &c.

Now cold and denying,
 Now kind and complying,
 Disdaining, complaining,
 Consenting, repenting,
 Indifference now feigning.
 Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat.

SONG 462.

SABRINA fair,
 Listen where thou art fitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lillies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

SONG 463.

BY the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the ozier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick-set with agat, and the azure sheen
 Of Turkish blue, and em'rald green.
 That in the channel strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet,

O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

S O N G 464.

GODDESS dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd,
Thro' the force and thro' the wile,
Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

S O N G 465.

SHEPHERD, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity :
Brightest lady, look on me ;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure ;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip ;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :
Now the spell hath lost his hold,
And I must haste, e'er morning-hour,
To wait in AMPHITRITE's bower.

S O N G 466.

TAUGHT by virtue you may climb
Higher than the sphery chime :

Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

End of the Songs in the Masque of COMUS.

S O N G 467. PEGGY WYNNE.

THE poets in conscience have teiz'd us too long,
With PHILLIS and CLOE in every song;
Quite tir'd of such nonsense, new themes I begin,
And sing of the beauties of sweet PEGGY WYNNE.

They tell us of VENUS and JUNO of old,
But one was a jilt, and the other a scold;
To such naughty goddesses nothing a kin,
Is gentle, and modest, and sweet PEGGY WYNNE.

A thousand times CUPID has strove to insnare,
And make me an amorous slave to the fair;
But never could get me entrapt in his gin,
'Till baited at last with my dear PEGGY WYNNE.

That zephirs are soft, and are sweet I must own,
And lillies and roses are pretty when blown;
But match'd with her breath, or compar'd with her skin,
Believe me, they're nothing to dear PEGGY WYNNE.

Should fortune think proper to better my fate,
And make me a lord, with a noble estate;
For all her fine favours I'd not give a pin,
Unless she'd bestow on me sweet PEGGY WYNNE.

All charms she possesses, shape, features, and size,
And then such a tempting dear look with her eyes;
Well, Heav'n forgive us, if wishing's a sin,
When we gaze on the beauties of sweet PEGGY WYNNE.

S O N G

SONG 468. *The Shepherd.*

NO more the festive train I'll join,
 Adieu, ye rural sports, adieu;
 For what, alas! has griefs like mine,
 With pastimes, or delights, to do?
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
 But I am all despair and love.

Ah well a day! how chang'd am I?
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed;
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by,
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed.
 But now my strains no longer move,
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the Lea;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
 Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.
 The shepherd's muse to see them rove,
 They ask the cause, I answer love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes,
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow;
 'Twas that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe.
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

SONG 469. *The Shepherdess.*

I Seek my shepherd gone astray,
 He left our cot the other day;
 Tell me ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your plains,

Oh! whither, whither must I roam,
To find and charm the wand'rer home.

Sports he upon the sheaven green,
Or joys he in the mountain scene;
Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he seek the cooler shade?
Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way,
To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain;
A manly softness crowns his mien;
ADONIS was not half so fair,
And when he talks 'tis Heav'n to hear.
But oh! the soothing poison shun;
To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame,
To me the perjur'd swore the same;
Too fondly loving to be wise,
Who gave my heart an easy prize;
And when he tun'd his syren voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now he shuns the kiss,
He counted once his greatest bliss;
Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
And pant, and die for his return.
Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
Again to find my straying love.

S O N G 470. *The Reproof: to Miss LETTY*
GORE. By GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq.

W H Y, LETTY why, these needless arts,
Sufficient o'er your subject hearts,

Is nature's guileless reign ;
 I grieve, behind that angel's face
 (So fraught with innocence and grace)
 To find a thought that's vain.

The pendant trembling at your ear,
 Was plac'd but as a foil I fear,
 Beneath your brighter eye ;
 The pearls around your neck, with those
 Which your balm breathing lips disclose,
 Were never meant to vie.

The lilly rais'd to be disgrac'd,
 With equal insult too was plac'd,
 Its whiteness to deride ;
 The rose that in your bosom lies,
 Withers, o'erpower'd with sweets, and dies,
 A victim to your pride.

And yet had your attire been plain,
 We equally might deem it vain,
 And proudly meant to shew,
 How much your native charms condemn
 All ornaments that dress, or gem,
 Or any arts bestow.

S O N G 471. *Thank you for nothing.*

ONE morning young ROGER accosted me thus,
 Come here pretty maiden and give me a buss !
 Lord, fellow ! says I, mind your plough and your cart !
 Yes I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
 Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well, then to be sure he grew civil enough ;
 He gave me a box with a paper of snuff ;

I took it I own, yet had still so much art,
To cry thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, if so be, he might make me his wife;
Good lord, I was never so dash'd in my life;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him one Sunday to chapel I went;
But said 'twas my goodness, more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, of love, and obey;
But faith when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
throw;
I must not tell tales, but I know what I know;
Young ROGER confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank him for something with all my heart.

S O N G 472. MYRA's *Wish*.

IF it be true celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care.

I in return do ask this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind.

SONG 473. *Chaise marine: by an officer.*

MY dearest life, were you my wife,
 How happy should I be;
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Should be to pleasure thee.

When up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove,

Then you my queen, in Chaise Marine,
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I prize, beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,

Would'st thou agree to follow me,
 In humble baggage car:

For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen,

And pride in coach, has more reproach,
 Than love in Chaise Marine.

Oh do not hold your love in gold,

Nor set your heart on gain,

Behold the great with all their state,

Their lives are care and pain:

In house or tent, I pay no rent,

Nor care nor trouble fee,

And ev'ry day, I get my pay,

And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,

Who lead ignoble lives,

Nor deign to smile on men so vile,

Who fight none but their wives:

For Britain's right, and you we fight,

And ev'ry ill defy,

Should but the fair reward our care,

With love and constancy.



If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can't win your harden'd heart,
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part,
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war,
 Then don't think mean, of Chaise Marine,
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

S O N G 474. *Features for't.*

YOUNG SMART, who prince of coxcombs shines,
 First teized me with his flames and darts,
 With tender looks and am'rous whines,
 Piercing arrows, bleeding hearts :
 He talk'd of CUPIDS in my eyes,
 By flatt'ring nonsense made his court,
 And hop'd to win me by surprize,
 But yet he wanted features for't.

Old GRIPUS next of sordid mold,
 Unluckily my charms enslav'd ;
 He placed his merit in his gold,
 And boasted what vast sums he'd sav'd ;
 He coughing, begg'd I'd hear his vows,
 And not his do'ring passion thwart ;
 I told him he should be my spouse,
 But that—he had not features for't.

A rustic whom the ecchoing horn
 Each morning lead o'er hill and dale,
 Implor'd me not to sne my scorn,
 But listen to his love-sick tale ;



Of horses, huntsmen, dogs and game,
 He made a notable report,
 Yet ne'er inspir'd a mutual flame,
 For he had not the features for't.

Adorn'd with honour, truth and sense,
 LORENZO last his suit address'd ;
 My heart straight own'd his influence,
 And all his matchless worth confess'd ;
 With him the nuptial bed I'll share,
 While little loves around us sport,
 Heav'n form'd him sure to please the fair,
 For he—has all the features for't.

S O N G 475.

YE woods and ye mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,
 To the breast of my charmer alone,
 These sighs bid sweet eccho convey :
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,
 His heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.

More sad than the Nightingale's song,
 Oh waft the known sound to his ear,
 And say, tho' divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.
 Then tell him what scenes of delight,
 Then tell him what ages of pain,
 I felt while I liv'd in his sight,
 I feel till I see him again.

SONG 476. *In SHAKESPEAR'S Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

YE spottled snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs be not seen,
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,

Come not near the fairy-queen :

PHILOMEL with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Sing in your sweet lullaby ;

Neither harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come the fairy's pillow nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here,
Hence ye long legg'd spinners, hence ;
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor snail do no offence.
Hence, away ; now all is well :
Once aloof stand centinel.

SONG 477. *In SHAKESPEAR'S Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

NOW until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be :
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate ;
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;

Never

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gate,
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace.
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of't be blest.
 Trip away then, make no stay;
 Meet me all by break of day.

478. A FREE-MASON'S S O N G.

GREAT JUPITER took it one day in his head
 To send forth a messenger, as it is said,
 To search every place, and to strictly enquire
 Where the goddess Fidelity chose to retire.

Derry down, down, hey, derry down.

Nimble MERCURY straight as a messenger drest.
 A punctual obedience to orders express'd;
 And promis'd great Jove he would certainly find
 Where she was, if with deities, or with mankind.

Then down flew the god to fam'd CYTHERA's grove,
 In hopes of some news from the young god of love;
 Who at first could not tell how to make a reply,
 But at last told the truth, tho' accusom'd to lie.

I'm ignorant, faith, said the little arch urchin,
 What place for Fidelity you must go search in;
 But am vastly surpris'd you should think here to find her,
 When you know that my mother and I never mind her.

This

This answer not suiting at all to his taste,
 Away then to HYMEN does MERCURY haste :
 But what ignorance here did he shew of mankind,
 To imagine Fidelity there he shou'd find.

Again disappointed, he made no long stay,
 But with all expedition continued his way :
 Yet thought that perhaps it might answer his ends,
 If enquiry he made of the goddess of friends.

But vain were his hopes in his search here likewise,
 For his hostess, thus answer'd, with tears in her eyes ;
 Alas ! honest friend, this goddess so dear,
 For whom you enquire, is seldom seen here.

In one only place you can find her on earth.
 So hasten away to the sons of true mirth,
 To a lodge of Free-masons immediate repair,
 And no manner of doubt but you'll meet with her there.

SONG 479.

Serua Briscis niveo colore

Movet Achillem.

HOW oft' have I curs'd the sad day
 That I joined at the Lion my troop,
 What a fool to such whims to give way
 And run mad for the chamber-maid POPE.

They say that my visage looks wan,
 Like a mourner I languish and mope,
 And I'm reckon'd the most alter'd man
 In the world, since I saw PATTY POPE.

To the girls that go gadding, adieu,
 Farewell to ye wives that elope,
 My heart never meant to be true
 'Till 'twas fix'd by my fair PATTY POPE.

Of the Medicis VENUS I've seen,
 Of the graces the Vatican groupe,
 Ye loves! how less winning's their mien
 Than the air of my sweet PATTY POPE.

Each blossom that blows on the trees,
 Each flow'ret that paints the green slope,
 From her smiles stole its power to please
 And its bloom from the blush of my POPE.

I wrote t'other day to a friend,
 (Let me hang like a dog in a rope)
 Instead of — yours, — JACK, — at the end,
 If I did not subscribe PATTY POPE.

Her eyes like Olympus are blue,
 With JUNO's her tresses may cope,
 The pencil of HUDSON near drew
 A form so celestial as POPE.

She's sure the first toast of the skies
 When bumpers of Nectar they tope,
 For VENUS had ne'er got the prize
 If young PARIS had seen PATTY POPE.

Let the prelate who bears my love's name,
 In religion's dark mysteries grope,
 His indulgencies all I disclaim
 For indulgence to love PATTY POPE.

Tho'

Tho' her virtue should bid me despair,
 Yet her kindness soft whispers me—hope,
 And the muse whispers louder—ne'er spare
 Chaste endeavours to conquer your POPE.

See! she comes like the May full of charms,
 To crown with possession my hope,
 Peace and plenty she brings to my arms,
 O! my dear,—my divine PATTY POPE.

SONG 480. *An imitation of the foregoing.* Tune:
 Ye swains that are courting a maid.

AT Aston, the George is the sign,
 An inn that I'm frequently at,
 Lives a girl dresses neat, tho' not fine,
 The sweet pretty chambermaid PAT.
 To praise her, ye poets divine!
 Your verses would even seem flat,
 How bold this attempt then of mine?
 To describe all the beauties of PAT.

Howe'er I'll pursue the sweet theme;
 Tho' you say of my verse this and that;
 Since to me 'twill be pleasure extreme,
 If approv'd by my dear pretty PAT:
 At a simile too I will strive,
 Tho' as dull and grave as a cat:
 And believe me the sweets of the hive,
 Cannot vie with the lips of my PAT.

When I say her cheek rivals the rose,
 That her hair's black and sleek as my hat,
 It does only my weakness expose,
 To compare such poor things with my PAT:
 When

When I tell her her bosom's as white
 As any to REYNOLD's e'er fat ;
 That her eyes are more piercing and bright,
 I do not then flatter my PAT.

For may I be baulk'd of my sport,
 And be worry'd and drown'd like a rat,
 If I think all the beauties at court,
 If undress'd, could compare with my PAT.
 Since she's neither too short, nor too tall,
 Nor is she too lean or too fat ;
 But exactly proportion'd in all,
 Is the form of my dear pretty PAT.

In the coldest of Winter's cold nights,
 Uncloath'd on a wet dirty mat,
 I would lie to obtain the delights,
 That can be disputed by my PAT.
 And, ye lovers of cricket ! who play,
 And are dextrous at ball and at bat,
 How you'd struggle a hot summer's day,
 If the prize were a night with my PAT.

And now I suppose you all guess,
 And think you all know what I'd be at,
 Why, honestly, faith, I confess,
 'Tis the love of my dear pretty PAT :
 But she proves to be virtuous as fair,
 Whatever the people may chat,
 Which, tho' in a chambermaid rare,
 Is ne'er the less true of my PAT.

S O N G

SONG 481. *The whining lover.*

CHARMING CLOE look with pity,
 On your faithful love-sick swain,
 Hear, ah hear, this doleful ditty,
 And relieve his mighty pain.

Find you musick in his sighing?
 Can you see him in distress?
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying!
 Yet afford no kind redress!

Love for love's the swain's ambition
 But if that is doomed too great,
 Pity, pity, his condition,
 Say at least, you do not heat.

SONG 482. *Blue-ey'd ANN.*

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova-Zembla's lost;
 When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
 My blue-ey'd ANN I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn;
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
 Nor laughing lillies paint the grove,
 When blue-ey'd ANN I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found ;
 Nor pleasures dance their frolick round ;
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth ;
 Nor beauty give the passion birth ;
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
 When blue-ey'd NANNY I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range ;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom ;
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume ;
 When nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my NANNY from my heart.

S O N G 483. *The heroic fair.*

AWAY with soft sighs ! for our danger alarms !
 Our country sollicit its smiles to its aid ;
 Let our beauty inspirit its vot'ries to arms,
 And heroes alone win the heart of the maid.

Last month my dear COLIN, with tear swimming eyes,
 Prefs'd my hand, while he look'd a whole volume of
 woe ;

Ev'n then (for my heart never wore a disguise)
 If you love me, said I, go and conquer the foe !

Go, and rush to the fight, go and conquer the foe !
 Securing your country's, secure your own blifs :
 Love shall nerve your bold arm, love shall prosper each
 blow ;

And the ruin of *France* shall secure you a kiss.

Go,

Go, then! he obey'd, resolv'd not to stay,
 But prest my lips first; how else could we part?
 I sigh'd him success, as the youth went away,
 For his worth had secur'd ev'ry wish of my heart.
 If by my example my sex was inspir'd,
 No nation would dare to provoke *British* rage;
 Our swains with true courage would always be fir'd,
 And our smiles create heroes in every age.

S O N G 484. *Spring.*

THE primrose now uprears its head,
 The yellow cowslip paints the mead,
 The hyacinth and violet blue,
 In all their gaiety we view:
 See FLORA all her treasures bring,
 To deck the verdant lap of Spring.

Ev'n COLIN, as he homewards plods,
 Slow pacing o'er his kindred clods,
 Now whistles shrill a merrier note,
 And tunes to music his rough throat;
 And strives in rustic lays to sing,
 And celebrate the gifts of Spring.

Ye flow'rs that please the gazing eye,
 Whose charming bloom will quickly die,
 As CLOE marks your swift decay,
 Thus to the maid this lesson say;
 "Our charms returning seasons bring,
 "But beauty has but one short Spring."

Haste ZEPHYR where the jess'mine grows;
 Go steal the perfume from the rose;

Rob ev'ry flower of ev'ry sweet,
 And then my CLOE haste to meet;
 In whispers tell how sweet a thing
 Is love, in life's delightful Spring.

Then COLIN as thou plod'st along,
 Be this the moral of thy song;
 How soon the fleeting seasons end,
 How Autumns fruits on Spring depends:
 Tell her to heed the truths you sing,
 And make the most of life's short Spring.

S O N G 485. KITTY, *the Nonpareille.*

O F wars let other rhymers talk;
 With FRED'RIK, FERDINAND, and HAWK,
 Fill each heroic ditty;
 At distance from the blust'ring throng,
 All, all the burthen of my song,
 Shall be the name of KITTY.

When first I saw her on the plain,
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, and told my pain,
 She sigh'd, and seem'd to pity;
 'Tis well the nymph that wounds, can cure,
 Yes, my poor heart! or else I'm sure
 'Twere death to look on KITTY.

Ye tasteless slaves of passion, dwell
 On lady DI, and lady BELL,
 The great, the rich, the witty;
 But I'll be hang'd, at play, at ball,
 If they, or any of them all,
 Can cope with blooming KITTY.

When

When match'd with nature's die, how faint
The sickly red and white of paint !

Can varnish'd dolls be pretty ?
Here art would nature but disguise :
Ah ! what are di'monds to thine eyes,
My dear, my charming KITTY.

Go fortune, with your favours sport,
Throw titles to the dogs at court,
Give money in the city ;
But think not so to cozen me,
I'm wiser, and will never be
Content with less than KITTY.

S O N G 486. IRIS,

IF the sweet name of love, my fair IRIS afright,
I'll pretend 'tis in friendship I doat on her sight ;
But the friendship so warm, and so tender will prove,
That my IRIS may one day mistake it for love.

When I gaze on her eyes, or am charm'd with her
hair,
I'll say 'tis with pride that my friend is so fair ;
But the pride with such transports my bosom will move,
That my IRIS may fancy it flutters with love.

When charm'd with her wit I repeat the gay jest,
I'll swear, I applaud it, because 'tis the best ;
But the warmth of my praise she may chance to reprove,
And say, 'tis to shew she deserves I should love.

When I doat on her hand, as it strikes the guittar,
I'll swear, 'tis the music transports me so far ;
But, alas ! my fix'd eyes, she may tell me, had strove,
To shew I would hide, my distraction and love.

When

When I stand in amaze, her whole form to behold,
 And laugh at the VENUS they figur'd of old ;
 I'll say 'tis all wonder, her dread to remove,
 But my IRIS may fancy, alas ! it is love.

O fairer than VENUS thy fears overcome,
 While scar'd like thy self, I stand waiting my doom ;
 From that delicate terror some little abate ;
 For rather than fright thee, I'll swear 'tis all hate.

S O N G 487. *Friendship triumphant.*

HOW cruel and hard is my case,
 Thus rack'd between friendship and love ;
 My CLOE possesses each grace,

That is shar'd by the angels above :
 Her beauty an hermit might warm,
 The swan is excell'd by her mien ;
 She has sence that MINERVA might charm,
 She's enchanting to hear and be seen.

Ye gods ! what delights should I prove,
 (Since CLOE attends to my strains)
 If my STREPHON, my friend, did not love,
 And of CLOE chaunt over the plains :
 But alas ! if my CLOE I wed,

My STREPHON's poor bosom 'twill rend,
 His body will mix with the dead,
 And I must survive my dear friend.

Then can I my STREPHON destroy !
 Or purchase my blis with his death !
 Or can I my CLOE enjoy,
 When I've rob'd her adorer of breath !

O

No ;

No ; rather than murder my friend,
 To STREPHON my love I'll resign ;
 And, tho' I'm approaching my end,
 That I've blest'd them I ne'er shall repine.

SONG 488. *Platonic love.*

IN vain my love you bid me strive,
 To keep a famish'd flame alive :
 Unfed the strongest flame wont burn,
 And love grows cold without return.

The prude perverse, or wither'd maid,
 Whose every bud of hope's decay'd,
 May flatter her despair to prove
 Th' illusions of Platonic Love.

Hear not their lore ! 'tis all a cheat !
 Haste ! haste ! that wisdom comes too late,
 When barren winter strips the plain,
 We look for summer's fruits in vain.

In prudence then you must afford,
 Something beyond a look, or word,
 Else on itself, my love will prey,
 And die insensibly away.

SONG 489. *Miss POLLY ROE of Gakway.*

*Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error !
 Incipe Mœnaios mecum, mea Tibia versus.*

VIRG. Pharmaceutria.

AH ! whence this impotence of mind ?
 Sure beauty, properly defin'd,

To learning is a foe :
 My SWIFTS and POPES neglected lie,
 Nor can BELINDA now supply
 The place of POLLY ROE.

Young PEGG, with pendants, patches, puns,
 And eyes more sparkling than the sun's,
 Made ev'ry bosom glow :
 Such nymphs I priz'd for borrow'd charms,
 But felt the force of nature's arms
 From none but POLLY ROE.

What makes me shun that studious lass,
 Whose hand's employ'd before the glass,
 Love's gentle fires to blow ?
 For such vain things why should I grieve,
 When all the grace of naked EVE
 Appears in POLLY ROE ?

What pains the cautious lover takes,
 Who still pursues, yet seldom speaks,
 His fair-one's mind to know !
 To find the secrets of her breast,
 In artless characters express'd,
 I look on POLLY ROE.

On the smooth bosom of a stream,
 When brighten'd by the morning beam,
 We see the skies below :
 Thus on her face, as crystal clear,
 Enlighten'd by her eyes, appear
 The thoughts of POLLY ROE.

As, from the sun's enliv'ning glance,
 A thousand mingling colours dance

Upon the show'ry bow :
Thus glows my face with am'rous dies,
Whene'er I meet the radiant eyes
Of charming POLLY ROE.

Some fine-ones, when by music spurr'd,
Gamboling wild, with airs absurd
Their uncouth gestures show :
Well might we thank such awkward rakes,
Would they but ape the gentle freaks
Of charming POLLY ROE,

As from a flow'ry plant, when shook
On the green margin of a brook,
Its sweetest odours flow :
Thus, wak'd by mirth, a thousand graces,
Unseen before, assume their places
On charming POLLY ROE.

Let those, whom coarser nerves sustain,
O'er hill and dale, thro' rough and plain,
Pursue the bounding doe :
'Tis mine to chace a slender fair
(Like DAPHNE crown'd with golden hair,)
The charming POLLY ROE.

For ancient lore, some studious clowns,
Whose dreams are pensions, books and gowns,
To foreign climates go :
To me let none propose this task ;
No proof of nature's force I ask,
But charming POLLY ROE.

Chuse not a full-blown nymph for mate,
Who, sick with more than solstice-heat,

Will pant from top to toe :
If to thy bosom thou canst bring
That beauteous emblem of the spring,
The charming POLLY ROE.

Had nature, now too careless grown,
Each year the seeds of beauty sown,
Sure time would not be slow ;
Since fourteen summers could produce
A plant so fair and fit for use,
As charming POLLY ROE !

Such mercy claims her tender age,
Such bliss to melt a stubborn sage,
Her beauty can bestow :
What mortal would—oh ! would *not* strain
The links of virtue's golden chain,
For charming POLLY ROE ?

Once had I wish'd, and wish'd that fate
Would grant a house and fair estate
Beside the Seine or Po :
Now greater things my fancy fill,
A moss-grown cottage and a rill,
With charming POLLY ROE.

Since all our hopes of wealth or fame,
Weeds fed from folly's bubbling stream,
Death soon or late shall mow :
Say, love ! why should thy slave refuse
To quit his int'rest and his muse,
For charming POLLY ROE ?

Were marriage but a transient thing,
Doom'd at the first approach of spring

To melt away like snow ;
 What youthful bard would not suspend
 His books, his bottle, and his friend,
 For charming POLLY ROE ?

Think not, my love ! a grov'ling fire,
 Which, fed by nothing but desire,
 Long absence might o'erthrow :
 Whate'er thy fate, wed, grieve, or die,
 My soul shall dwell upon thine eye,
 My charming POLLY ROE !

In former days, when verse had charms,
 To bless a beauteous mortal's arms
 The moon descended low :
 Now mine might ancient fame surpass,
 Could I seduce a brighter lass,
 Her sister POLLY ROE.

In towns I ne'er can overcome ;
 There nymphs, like bees, in clusters hum
 About a rattling beau :
 But here, tho' silently I view,
 Kind pity falls, like April-dew,
 From charming POLLY ROE.

Ah ! what avails that tender tear ?
 Behold ! our friendly'ft stars appear
 Regardless of our woe :
 Dullness ! to some fat clown of thine
 (So fortune wills) I must resign
 My charming POLLY ROE.

What have I then for all I sung ?
 When o'er my heart and tuneless tongue

The nodding weeds shall grow ;
 My absent soul will be o'erjoy'd,
 That once her wit was well employ'd
 On charming POLLY ROE.

The following song, has appeared in London as an original, set by Dr. ARNE; whereas, it is only a transcript of a few verses of the preceding song (POLLY ROE) with the name, or burden, altered to CROW; the plagiarism may be readily detected upon comparing the two songs.

SONG 490. NANCY CROW, alias POLLY ROE.

AH! whence this impotence of mind?
 Sure beauty, properly defin'd,
 To learning is a foe:
 My SWIFTS and POPES neglected lie,
 Nor can BELINDA now supply,
 The place of NANCY CROW.

Let those who wou'd the depths explore,
 Of modern wit, or ancient lore,
 To foreign climates go;
 To me, let none propose this task,
 No proof of nature's force I ask,
 But charming NANCY CROW.

Through the smooth surface of a stream,
 When brighten'd by the morning beam,
 We see the sands below;
 Thus in her face, as smooth, as clear,
 (Enlighten'd by her eyes) appear
 The thoughts of NANCY CROW.

Had nature, now too careless grown,
 Each year the seeds of beauty sown,

Sure time would not be slow;
 Since fourteen summers could produce,
 A plant so fair, so fit for use,
 As charming NANCY CROW.

Alas! said FLORA with a tear,
 No more my roses must appear,
 No more my lillies blow;
 For oh! their boasted red, and white,
 Their softness, fragrance, all unite,
 In lovely NANCY CROW.

Let those whom coarser nerves sustain,
 O'er hills, and dales, through rough and plain,
 Pursue the bounding doe;
 'Tis mine to chace a sprightly fair,
 (Like DAPHNE crown'd with golden hair,)
 Coy tempting NANCY CROW.

S O N G 491. CLOE's *Way*.

PHILANDER long had loosely rov'd,
 The tyrant of the fair;
 He flatter'd, sigh'd, and swore he lov'd,
 Yet all was but an air.

Too many a tender female heart,
 Was taken in the snare,
 But glorying in his faithless art,
 He left them with an air.

At length the god of love enrag'd,
 At his insulted sway,
 Against his studied airs engag'd,
 Young CLOE's artless way.

Her cheeks no roses blushing dye,
 No lillys snow display;
 No lightning flashes from her eye,
 But she has such a way.

No brilliancy of pointed wit,
 Her easy words convey:
 What could his captious fancy hit,
 'Twas something in her way.

Those charms of face and mind had fail'd,
 To make his heart obey;
 But now it blindly yields, assa
 By CLOE's artless way.

S O N G 492. STREPHON *and* PHÆBE.

YOUNG STREPHON long doated on PHÆBE the
 fair,

Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share;
 But fearing his passion would changeable prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.

The beauties you fancy, the fair one would say,
 Are charms of a moment and doom'd to decay;
 Love founded so slightly can never prove true,
 The bloom disappearing the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain,
 Its lasting impression will ever remain,
 Tho' age, like the winter, may blast thy fair prime,
 Yet virtue, still blooming, gains vigour by time.

The strength of my eyes, with your charms, will de-
 cline,
 Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine,

While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
Preserves thy dear image as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear PHÆBE, each doubt and each fear,
That make fancy'd evils like real appear,
The swift flying moments with ardor improve,
And grant the reward that is due to my love.

Kind PHÆBE assenting believ'd the fond youth,
Who prov'd that his passion was founded on truth,
'Tho' envious age may her beauty impair,
Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

S O N G 493. *An Ode to Love.*

PARENT divine of Heav'nly love,
Propitious to thy vo'try prove;
Thy sacred influence impart,
And teach me to disclose my heart.

That its fond languishings display'd,
May gently move the pitying maid,
And music's love-taught powers reveal,
What fear forbids my tongue to tell.

O! let that pure, that living fire,
Which warms my soul with soft desire,
In artless genuine truth exprest,
Raise equal ardors in her breast.

Creep softly thro' each tender part,
And melt to sympathy her heart;
So shall the grateful muse repay,
Thy pow'r, which first attun'd her lay.

SONG 494. *The Fellow Servant, or all in a livery.
Sung in High Life below Stairs.*

COME here, fellow servant, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.

CHO. *Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow servant,
And there fellow servant,
And all in a livery.*

See yonder fine spark in embroidery dress,
Who bows to the great, and, if they smile, is blest;
What is he? I faith, but a servant at best.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves,
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves;
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.

The fat shining glutton, looks up to his shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

'The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and
love;
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.

SONG 495. *Love in low life.*

YOUNG JOCKEY he courted sweet MOGGY so fair,
The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair;
They

They hugg'd and they cuddled, and talk with their eyes,
And look'd as all lovers do, wonderful wife.

A fortnight was spent e'er dear MOGGY came to,
For maidens a decency keep when they woo ;
At length she consented, and made him a vow,
And JOCKEY, he gave for a jointure his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
Still kissing, and fondling until they came there ;
They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed,
And MOGGY she took her dear JOCKEY to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say,
And none was so happy and gamesome as they ;
Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind,
For JOCKEY rode on and left MOGGY behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment she cried, " Gaffer Jock,
" Pray what is the reason that MOGGY you mock ?"
Quoth he, " goose, come on, why you now are my bride,
" And when volk are wed they set fooling aside."

He took home his MOGGY good conduct to learn,
Who brush'd up the house, while he tharch'd the old barn ;
They laid in a stock, for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do.

S O N G 496.

WHILE on my COLIN's knee I sit,
Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true measure beats,
And gladly ev'ry sigh repeats,

I sigh

I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see,
I sympathize in all—in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,
Or whether you or I first spoke;
Who only barter love for love,
The niceness of the passion prove:
For oft in gratitude we give,
And sometimes generously receive.
Levell'd by love, let neither try
To fix superiority.

Since all the kind, the fond contest,
Of whether you or I love best.
Like heedless touching a wrong key,
But jars the sound, of harmony.

SONG 497. *The Reconcilement.*

COME let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it:
The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd I took
No pleasure nor no rest;
And when I feign'd, an angry look,
Alas, I lov'd you best:
Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh! to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG

SONG 498. *The men will romance.*

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play things
aside,

I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride ;
By the men I was flatter'd my pride to enhance,
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,
Such a face and such tresses sure ne'er were beheld !
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance !
Oh ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Young POLYDORE saw me one night at the ball,
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall ;
On his knees he entreated my hand for a dance :
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er,
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before ;
He ogled and sigh'd as he ey'd me a askance :
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had,
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;
But my father lov'd money and would not advance,
And reply'd to my lover, young men will romance.

But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
My POLYDORE swore he to wed me was willing ;
So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
And believe me my POLYDORE did not romance.

SONG 499. *The distressed lover.*

NO more, ye swains, no more upbraid,
 A youth by love unhappy made :
 Your rural sports are all in vain,
 To soothe my care or ease my pain ;
 Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flowers,
 Can e'er redeem my happy hours ;
 When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
 What pleasure can a lover find !

Yet if indeed you wish to see,
 Your DAMON still restor'd and free ;
 Go try to move the cruel fair,
 And gain the scornful CÆLIA's ear :
 But oh ! forbear with too much art,
 To touch that dear relentless heart ;
 Lest rivals to my fears ye prove,
 And jealousy succeed to love.

SONG 500. *The ignorant nymph.*

I US'D, I remember it well,
 To frown, and to pish, and cry fie ;
 When DAMON his passion wou'd tell,
 But I cou'd not myself tell for why.
 Whenever we met on the plain,
 I always was prudish and shy ;
 He'd kiss me, and kiss me again,
 'Tho' I ask'd him, he wou'd not tell why.
 " My breath was more sweet than the air ;
 " I sung like the warblers on high ;"
 His speeches were pretty I swear,
 But he made them, I could not tell why.

Indeed,

Indeed, teasing shepherd, I cry'd,
 I know not your meaning, not I !
 To speak very gravely I try'd,
 But I laugh'd, tho' I cou'd not tell why.

He stifled my laugh with a kifs,
 And vow'd that for me he would die ;
 I thought if he did 'twere amifs,
 So I beg'd he would tell me for why.

Does PHILLIS then pity, he cries,
 To church let us instantly fly,
 I seem'd in a sort of surprize,
 But I went, tho' I knew not for why.

'Twas what he long wish'd to be at,
 I am glad on't, I cannot deny ;
 We kifs, and we play, and all that,
 And I love him, I need not tell why.

All the Songs in the OPERA of ALFRED.

S O N G 501.

THOUGH, to a desert isle confin'd,
 In humble poverty we live ;
 The honest heart, the virtuous mind
 Are riches, splendor cannot give ;
 These hands, inur'd to daily toil,
 Can sow the ground, can plow and reap,
 And shall improve the gen'rous soil,
 Thee and thy lovely babes to keep.

S O N G 502.

OBSERVE the fragrant, blushing rose ;
 Though from the humble vale it spring ;
 It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,
 As in the garden of a king.
 So calm content as oft is found compleat,
 In the low cott, as in the lofty seat.

S O N G 503.

RESTRAIN th' impetuous glowing heat,
 That kindles in your face :
 So shall your vengeance work compleat,
 And soon effect th' intire defeat
 Of all the Danish race.

S O N G 504.

SWIFT as light'ning from above,
 Darted by the hand of Jove,
 How the glowing hero flies !
 Lov'd by Heav'n, the soldiers wonder,
 See, he breaks their ranks afunder !
 Iö-Pæans rend the skies !

S O N G 505.

HEAR, ALFRED, hear,
 Father of the state,
 Thy genius Heav'n's high will declare :
 What proves the hero truly great,
 Is never to despair.

Duet. Thy hope awake,
 Thy heart expand,

With

With all its vigour, all its fires:
 Arise, and save
 A sinking land:
 Earth calls, and Heav'n inspires.

S O N G 506.

THE pilgrim thus benighted strays,
 Thro' deserts wild, and pathless ways,
 Till on the barren sands he treads:
 The night her baleful influence sheds:
 No friendly star to guide:
 He hears the distant ocean roar,
 And fain would hasten to the shore;
 But dreads the quick-sands horrid death,
 And here must soon resign his breath,
 O'er-born by th' swelling tide.

At last, a dawning ray of light,
 From th' east, accosts his ravish'd sight,
 And faintly shews a fertile plain,
 Made verdant by refreshing rain:

Thither he swiftly flies.

Safe on the strand, pursues his way;
 Blesses the sun's enliv'ning ray;
 And at the view of rising hill,
 Of flow'ry vale, or purling rill,
 Is lost in sweet surprize.

S O N G 507.

SWEET valley, say, where pensive lying;
 For me, our children, England sighing,

The

The best of mortals leans his head.
 Ye fountains, dimpled by my sorrow,
 Ye brooks, that my complaining borrow,
 O lead me to his lonely bed :
 Or if my lover
 Deep woods ye cover,
 Ah ! whisper, where your shadows round him spread.

S O N G 508.

WH Y beats my heart with such devotion ?
 Why swim my eyes, when you are near ;
 'Tis love that gives the busy motion ;
 'Tis joy that drops the falling tear.

S O N G 509.

OH, how sweet the faithful sigh !
 Oh, how bright the tender eye !
 Oh, the matchless bliss, the charms,
 Circled in a lover's arms !

S O N G 510.

OUR gracious monarch, sunk with grief,
 To a wild, desert isle retir'd,
 Lost to all comfort and relief,
 Except that hope by Heav'n inspir'd.
 How will his heart exulting bound,
 When to his scarce believing sight,
 I bring the few in arms renown'd,
 Who dar'd to vindicate his right.

Chor.

S O N G 516.

ANGELS with level wing descend,
 This noble hero to defend ;
 Preserve him from each hostile snare,
 And shew that virtue is your care.

S O N G 517.

WE'VE fought, we have conquer'd and England
 once more,
 Shall flourish in fame, as she flourish'd before ;
 Our fears are all fled, with our enemies slain,
 Could they rise up a new, we wou'd slay them again.

His monarch to serve, or to do himself right,
 No Englishman yet, ever flinch'd from the fight ;
 For why ! neighbours all, we are free as the king,
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us sing.

Our prince too, for this may be thankful to fate,
 It is in our freedom, he finds himself great,
 No force can be wanting, nor meaner court arts,
 He's master of all, who will reign in our hearts.

Should rebels within, or should foes from without,
 Bring the crown on his head, or his honour in doubt ;
 We are ready—still ready—and boldly foretell,
 That conquest shall ever with liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth, as the crown of our labour,
 Much wine and good cheer, with the pipe and the tabor :
 Let our nymphs all be kind, and our shepherds be gay,
 For England, Old England, is happy to day.

S O N G 518.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
 Prefs not the gay and stately bed ;
 The new-mown hay, and breathing flow'r,
 A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Sooth not their taste by wanton art ;
 They take what nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a chearful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;
 With wholesome cups, they chear the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay — dancing on the daizy'd ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court ;
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

S O N G. 519.

EMMA. **A**RISE, sweet messenger of morn,
 With thy mild beams this isle adorn,
 For long as shepherds sport and play,
 This, this shall be a holiday.

ELTRU. The morn appears, a rosy hue
 Peeps over yonder eastern blue :
 Come, let us dance in trim array,
 And grateful keep this holiday.

EMMA. Each nymph be like the blushing mora,
 That gayly brightens o'er the lawn.

Each

Each shepherd, like the sun be gay,
And frolick out this holiday.

ELTRU. Come, all ye honest British souls,
Let love and honour crown your bowls;
Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,
This source of many a holiday.

S O N G 520.

ALFRED. **W**HEN *Britain* first, at Heav'ns com-
mand,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain.

Chorus. Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

ELTRU. The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall:
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

ALFRED. Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

ELTRU. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.

ALFRED

ALFRED. To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.

ELTRU. The muses still with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

End of the Songs in the Opera of ALFRED.

S O N G 521.

GAY DAMON long study'd my heart to obtain,
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
 And I'd often say no,—when I long'd to say yes.

Last VALENTINE's day, to our cottage he came,
 And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame;
 Oh take these! he cry'd, thou more fair than their fleece,
 I could hardly say no,——tho' ashamed to say yes.

Soon after, one noon as we sat in the grove,
 He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his love;
 Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss,
 I design'd to've said no,—but mistook, and said yes.

At this with delight his heart danc'd in his breast,
 Ye gods, he cry'd, CLOE will now make me blest;
 Come let's to the church and share conjugal bliss,
 To prevent being teaz'd,——I was forc'd to say yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,
 Ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife;

P

Then

Then take ye young damsels my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids,—if you will not say yes.

S O N G 522. *The Nun.*

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er so distressed as of late I have been ;
know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But mother oft tells me she'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ?
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better, to me, I declare ;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,
Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love, nor belov'd, oh I never can bear !
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;
To live or to die in this case were all one,
Nay I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to tease me, she threatens me so ;
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no ;
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

S O N G 523. *CLOE's kisses.*

DEAR CLOE, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I am

I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear CLOE, be kind;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempé are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in Heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which dear CLOE, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is!
 My life on thy lips shall be spent:
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G 524. *Lovely NANCY.*

HOW can you, lovely NANCY, thus cruelly flight-
 A lover, who's wretched when banish'd your sight?
 Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his care,
 Whom once if you frown on, must die in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, ah why did your eyes,
 Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprise;
 By their lustre inflam'd I could hardly believe,
 A language so artless was meant to deceive.

But, alas ! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night,
 Who sees a false splendor at distance invite,
 O'erjoy'd hastens on, pursues it and dies ;
 A like fate attends me when away NANCY flies.

Then fairest, but cruel, consider that love,
 Will, like sickness neglected, more desperate prove ;
 That your heart may relent, I implore the kind pow'rs,
 Since I'm constant as yours, be not fickle as ours.

S O N G 525. COLIN and JENNY.

COLIN.

AS dew to the spring, or the flow'r to the bee,
 So welcome so pleasing is JENNY to me.
 'Thy absence has seem'd like a long winter's night,
 'Thy presence restores me to warmth and to light.

JENNY.

Dear COLIN stand off, for I'm quite out of breath,
 I met the young squire who has teas'd me to death ;
 He kiss'd me and press'd me, then strok'd up my hair,
 And swore in the village that none was so fair.

COLIN.

Last night at the wake that was kept in yon' vale,
 Brisk MOLLY would treat me with cakes and with ale ;
 She gave me these ribbons I wear in my hat,
 And a kiss in the bargain, what think you of that ?

JENNY.

You'll pardon my doubts, but admit this were true,
 Where you had one kiss, I'm sure I had two ;

Besides

Besides a fair promise, if I would be kind,
Of such pretty things, that——I'm half in the mind.

COLIN.

O! JENNY, thy words have struck deep to my heart,
Adieu, fickle girl, let us instantly part;
And better that COLIN should fly from the net,
Then stay to be trap'd by a jilt and coquet.

JENNY.

Recall, my dear COLIN, this sentence severe,
For JENNY but try'd if thy love was sincere;
From guilty enjoyments no pleasure can spring,
And JENNY for thee would look down on a king.

Both.

Away racking doubt, needless fear, false surmise,
Ye heart wounding thoughts that from jealousy rise;
Fair truth shall the cloud of suspicion remove,
And brighten the sunshine of virtue and love.

SONG 526. CELIA's Complaint.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain,
How droops the sweet flow'rets around,
How pensive each nymph and each swain,
How silent each musical sound:
No more the soft lute in the bow'rs,
Beguiles the cool ev'nings away,
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since DAMON has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride,
This change from his absence is seen;
'Twas he that our music supply'd,
When gayly we danc'd on the green.

At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
 How jovial and frolic were we,
 But now ev'ry feast in the year,
 Is joyless, as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
 To mix among hostile alarms;
 No justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up such terrible arms.
 Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of life and of limb;
 The country had soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where e'er the adventurer goes,
 On land, or the dangerous main,
 Kind Heaven protect him from woes,
 And give him to CELIA again.
 Oh! give him to CELIA again,
 My truelove in safety restore;
 I'll cease on his breast to complain,
 From my arms he shall wander no more.

S O N G 527. *Upon my Honour.*

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
 And screen'd the passion long;
 A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
 But awe suppress'd my tongue:
 At length I told the dearest maid,
 My heart was fix'd upon her;
 But think not I can love, she said,
 Not I, upon my honour.

The heart that once is roving caught,
 The prudent nymphs distrust ;
 And must it for a youthful fault,
 Be ever deem'd unjust :
 So CELIA judg'd, so sense decreed,
 And bade me still to shun her ;
 Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
 It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
 I with a sigh confess ;
 But thou, who canst the rake reclaim,
 My new-born passion bless :
 Had ev'ry nymph like CELIA prov'd,
 I could not have undone her ;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.

A while the fair my suit repress,
 My constancy to prove ;
 Then with a blush, consent express,
 And blest me with her love :
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do, upon my honour.

S O N G 528 *In the character of PLUTUS in*
Fortunatus.

A WAY with the fables philosophers hold,
 Of pleasure that honesty gains without gold,
 To be rich, is the blessings of life to secure,
 And the man must be certainly wretched that's poor.

The virtue that claims all the gods for it's friends,
 On gold, mighty gold, for existence depends,
 What wrongs without gold can a mortal redress?
 Or who, without gold, can get blessings, or blefs?

In gold there is strength which no foe can withstand;
 It conquers and triumphs by sea and by land,
 In gold there are charms; for the youth and the fair,
 Sigh one for an heiress, and one for an heir.
 There's sense for each circle, that listens demure,
 Consents with a grin, and cries, "Yes to be sure."
 To be rich, if you trust your own ears and your eyes,
 Is at once to be strong, to be fair, to be wise.

S O N G 529. *In the character of Wit.*

PLUTUS, vain is all your vaunting;
 Wit must live with bliss supply;
 Gold, alas! should wit be wanting,
 Would not find a joy to buy:
 Wit alone creates the blessing,
 Which exchange'd for gold, you share;
 Steril gold alone possessing,
 What has man but gloom and care.

Wit of every art deviser,
 Every passion can controul;
 Can to pity move the miser,
 Can with mirth dilate the soul.
 Gold, itself on wit depending,
 Thence derives its utmost pow'r;
 Folly, all profusely spending,
 Folly, hoarding all is poor,

S O N G

SONG 530. *Duet between PLUTUS and WIT.*

PLUTUS. **I**N vain would your jargon our senses bewitch,

D'ye tell me that gold will not make a man rich.

WIT. It is wit, wit alone, that can keep it, or use,

And it cannot enrich those that hide it, or lose.

PLUTUS. Your quibbles I scorn.

WIT.—But you cannot reply.

PLUTUS. I boldly affirm——

WIT.——— What I boldly deny.

PLUTUS. I'll bet you ten millions——

WIT. —No wagers I lay :

PLUTUS. You dare not.

WIT. ——— I scorn you.

PLUTUS. ——— I hate you.

WIT. ——— Away.

PLUTUS. I go—may great Jove in his mercy decree,

That we never may meet since we ne'er can agree.

WIT. Go you to the foolish.

PLUTUS. And you to the poor.

WIT. The poor I can bless and their blessings secure.

SONG 531. *The disappointed Lover.*

WHEN dew-drops gild the weeping thorn,
And hoarse-pip'd rooks salute the morn,

Fair CYNTHIA charm'd the grove.

Her voice like PHILOMELA rung,

But still the burthen of her song,

Was false and perjur'd love.

Young COLIN who had stray'd that way,

E're larks, the heralds of the day,

Their dewy nests forsake ;
 Impatient lurk'd behind a bush,
 To hear and view the beautiful blush,
 That painted CYNTHIA's cheek.

Against the sweet enchanting strain,
 No longer able to contain,
 He thus himself address'd :
 My flocks, cry'd he, shall all be thine,
 My dog, my crook, be you but mine.
 And bless a shepherd's breast.

In vain, cry'd she, fond youth you sue,
 To church with me you first must go,
 Of which the swain approv'd ;
 Then to the grove again he led
 The ripen'd, panting, melting maid,
 When both dissolv'd in love.

When bliss was past, young COLIN cry'd,
 Had you at first thus far comply'd,
 I ne'er had seen thee more ;
 Be hush'd cry'd she, I knew thy will,
 For HODGE who lives at yonder mill,
 Once serv'd me so before.

S O N G 532. *The Female PHAETON.* By PRIOR

THUS KITTY beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd.
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd ;
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shall

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
 With ABIGAILS forsaken?
 KITTY's for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.
 Must lady JENNY frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.
 Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with JENNY's pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall:
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
 She, I was loos'd at all.
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 KITTY, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

SONG 533.

I Have rambled I own it, whole years up and down,
 And sigh'd o'er each beautiful nymph of the town;
 Such fancies have plagu'd me that oft in my life,
 I've been ready to start at the name of a wife.

But

But asham'd of my fears that have oft broke my rest,
 And weary'd with roving both cloy'd and unblest,
 I'll try to be happy the rest of my life,
 And venture, tho' late, yet at last on a wife.

Then farewell the jilt, and the fool, and the bold,
 I quit you with pleasure before I grow old,
 One girl of my heart I will take to for life ;
 And enough of all conscience, I hold is one wife.

I'll search the town over this fair one to find,
 Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind,
 Whose wit and good humour may hold out for life,
 And then, if she'll have me, I'll make her my wife.

'Tis time that the follies of life have an end,
 And soon, nay this instant I'm ready to mend,
 What wonder there'll be, at so alter'd a life :
 If you're wise, you like me, will resolve on a wife.

S O N G 534. *The Rapture.*

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 CÆLIA, who can speak my bliss?
 Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?
 Ev'ry look with love inspires me,
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms :
 Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,
 Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, how soft thy languish !
 Feel my heart with rapture beat ;
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet.

Look

Look not so divinely on me,
 CÆLIA, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a death like this.

SONG 535. *A burlesque of the preceding song.*
From the DUBLIN MERCURY.

WHILST on my dear pudding feasting,
 TOMMY, who can speak my joy;
 O what raptures am I tasting,
 When I eat what will not cloy:
 Every look with transport kills me;
 Every smell excites a wish;
 Every melting mouthful fills me;
 Every joy is in my dish.
 Tho' 'tis sweet as e'er I can wish,
 One bit more I cannot touch;
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When a person eats too much.
 Take, ah, take this pudding from me;
 TOMMY, I am sure I'll split;
 Turn, yet turn and leave it, TOMMY;
 Who'd not die by eating it?

SONG 536. *On the STAFF. From the same.*

I'LL tell you a story will make you to laugh,
 Of a set of odd sticks that are turn'd to a staff,
 Made of young sappy alder, and old knotty yew,
 And straggling Scotch fir, and spungy bamboo.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Great

Great Hercules, who all the monsters did drub;
Took just such a staff when he quitted his club :
Let none, my brave boys, of preferment despair,
For no doubt with this staff we'll spin out the war.

Renown'd Belisarius, so brave and so sage,
Had just such a staff to support his old age ;
Then like jovial blind beggars, be chearful and gay,
And lean on your staff, and 'twill poke out your way.

Sure now the proud French will acknowledge our yoke,
Ours is not a staff that is rugged or broke ;
Twill knock down our foes and secure all our friends ;
'Tis a quarter-staff, loaded with lead at both ends.

Now with our staff merrily on let us jog,
To make it each country hath furnish'd a log ;
And when 'tis laid by, may it glory still share,
And be cut out in truncheons for Bart'lmy fair.

SONG 537. *The Dust-Cart : a favourite Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering TOM the streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely SYLVIA passing by ;
In dust cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cynders round her lovely waist ;
TOM with up-lifted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

A I R.

Oh SYLVIA, while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take our dust and steal our hearts.

That

That mine is gone, alas! is truer,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you.

Oh lovely SYLVIA ease my pain,
Give me the heart you stole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

SYLVIA advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about,
She heav'd her swelling breast as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below ;
To TOM she nodded as the cart drove on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd stop JOHN.

A I R.

Shall I who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry croud oppress'd ?
Ambition now my soul does fire,
The youths shall languish and admire ;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride,
in my dust cart,
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

S O N G 538. *The Wheel Barrow Cantata.*
In imitation of the foregoing.

RECITATIVE.

A S porter WILL, along St. PAUL's did move,
Depress'd with weighty load, but more by love,
By chance the fair CERISSA there he found;
Crying, here fine heart cherries, round and sound.

WILL

WILL joyous instant pitch'd, then strait carefs'd her,
And leaning o'er the barrow thus address'd her.

A I R.

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far,
'Than those which in the barrow are ;
With such a store of charms, 'tis well
You may have stolen hearts to sell.

Mine dear CERISSA too, you know,
You stole it from me long ago ;
And now I stoop to ask of thee,
To give it back, or marry me.

RECITATIVE.

CERISSA archly leering as he spake,
While all the cherry blush'd upon her cheek,
The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd cull'd apace,
And sent like thunder at his doleful face ;
Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,
And looking round at WILL, triumphant fung ;

A I R.

Shall I possess'd of all these charms,
Sleep nightly in a porter's arms ?
M'ambitious soul detests such scum,
And sighs for conquests yet to come.

Fair youths my sov'reign power shall feel,
Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal,
And beauteous nymphs, shall envious see,
Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

S O N G

SONG 539. *The SANDMAN'S WEDDING: a Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

AS Joe the sandman drove his noble team
 Of raw-rump'd asses, sand ho ! was his theme ;
 Just as he turn'd the corner of the street,
 His dear lov'd Befs the bunter chanc'd to meet :
 With joy cried woa ! did turn his quid and stare ;
 First sucks her head, and then address'd the fair.

A I R.

Forgive me, if I praise thy charms,
 Thy darting eyes, lips, neck and arms ;
 Thy breasts to Joe always appear
 Like two small hills of sand, my dear ;
 Thy beauties, Befs, from top to toe,
 Have stole the heart of sandman Joe.

Come wed, my dear, and let's agree,
 Then of the gin-club you'll be free ;
 No brickmaker or ragman's frow
 Dare then reproach thee Befs for Joe ;
 He is the kiddy, rum and queer,
 That all St. Giles's boys do fear.

RECITATIVE.

Befs, swell'd with gratitude, at length reply'd,
 Must Joey proffer thus, and be deny'd ;
 No, no, my Joe shall have his heart's delight,
 And we'll be wedded ere we sleep this night.
 Well spoke, quoth Joe, no more need say.
 Gee up, Galloway ; d'ye want any sand to-day.

A I R.

A I R.

Joe quickly his sand had fold, fir,
 And Befs got a basket of rags.
 Then up to St. Giles's they stroll'd, fir,
 To every bunter Befs brags.
 Then unto the gin-shop they pike it,
 And Befs was admitted, we hear;
 For none of the crew dare but like it,
 As Joey her kiddy was there.

Full of glee, until ten that they started,
 For supper Joe sent out a win:
 A hog's maw between them was parted,
 After they had fill'd it with gin.
 So 'twas on an old leather trunk, fir,
 Marry'd they were, ne'er to part:
 But Bessy she being blind drunk, fir,
 Joe drove her away in his cart.

SONG 540. DIANA and CUPID: a Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS Dian, and her hunting train,
 Once rov'd to try the wood and plain,
 Poor Cupid, fast asleep, they found,
 His bow and arrows on the ground:
 Well pleas'd to find his Godship there,
 She thus commands her list'ning fair.

A I R.

Break, break with speed each pointed dart,
 For if he wakes he'll turn our foe;
 'Tis his to wound the tender heart,
 His only joys to give us woe.

Now

Now shall we safely trace the plain,
 And haunt the river, lawn, and grove ;
 His arrows broke, his pow'r is vain,
 You now may safely laugh at love.

RECITATIVE.

When now, too late, the God awoke,
 Saw Dian and her fav'rites by,
 The fatal mischief thus he spoke,
 Whilst malice sparkled from each eye.

A I R.

Tho' Cupid is vanquish'd to-day,
 Believe not my empire is o'er,
 To Venus I'll hie me away,
 She'll arm me as well as before.
 Oh Dian ! what nymph of thy train
 Is safe when I aim the sure dart ?
 I'm mad with the wrongs I sustain,
 Then, Goddess ! take care of thy heart.

SONG 541. *The Beauty of Barham.*

NEAR Barham my beauty was born,
 In a neat little cot on the Down ;
 Remov'd from the snifter of scorn.
 Remov'd from the cloud of a frown.

A neatness in dress was her pride,
 Her lures were good-nature and sense ;
 Plain prudence was ever her guide,
 And virtue her only defence.

Like the rose on the hedge was her cheek,
 No snow-drop so fair as her skin,
 Her eyes did her sentiments speak,
 And her shape it was buxom and thin.

Thus

Thus she liv'd the delight of the plain,
 For none without gazing could pass;
 And each show'd an eye that would fain
 Be the lad of this favourite lass.

But she was reserv'd for a youth,
 Who regions remov'd, did explore,
 With no other fortune than truth,
 Health, courage, some genius and lore.

With him o'er the hills did she climb,
 With him o'er the billows did roll.
 She was pleas'd with the musick of rhyme,
 Nor sigh'd at a voyage to the pole.

Thus they liv'd in a mutual delight,
 His joy was to gaze on her charms;
 When transported he was with the sight,
 He sunk with a sigh in her arms.

But she had a thousand sweet ways.
 To call him to life and to love.
 In raptures they pass'd all their days,
 And mutually try'd to improve.

SONG 542.

COME give your attention to what I unfold,
 The matter is new, tho' the moral is old;
 My honest confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is life without love.

In works of old sophists my mind I employ'd,
 My bottle and friend too by turns I enjoy'd;
 I laugh'd at the sex, and determin'd, I strove
 Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love.

I toil'd

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
 A Patriot in politicks, fond of debate ;
 Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove,
 They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love.

How weak my resolves I confess'd with a sigh,
 When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tript wantonly by,
 I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove,
 Consenting she made me a convert to love.

Ye lovers of Freedom, no longer complain,
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain,
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life, when divided from love.

SONG 543.

THOUGH man has long boasted an absolute sway,
 While woman's hard fate was, love, honour, obey,
 At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns,
 And the Lords of Creation must pull in their horns;
 For hymen among ye proclaims his decree
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives may be free.

Away with your doubts, yout surmises and fears,
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers ;
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
 And make of your husband's what creatures you please :
 To arms then ye fair ones, and let the world see,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex would ye e'er see restor'd,
 Your tongues should be us'd as a two-edged sword ;
 That ear-piercing weapon each husband must dread :
 Who thinks of the marks you may place on his head.
 Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,
 That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all as meek as a lamb,
 Be subject to "Zounds, do you know who I am?"
 Domestick politeness shall flourish again,
 When women take courage to govern the men;
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

SONG 544.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse can raise
 A note to melodize his lays,
 And quit the swelling seas, to praise
 The charms of Highland Nelly.
 The droning bagpipe still be mute,
 Such music with such charms can't suit,
 When ev'ry Muse will tune her lute,
 In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
 Where blythe Content for ever reigns,
 Repeat abroad the honest strains
 Which flow in praise of Nelly.
 Still be the Lowland Lasses fair,
 Still be they proud of golden hair;
 But where's the grace, the mein, the air,
 That shines in Highland Nelly?

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
 Fair as she left the briny flood,
 Unless she mov'd, no gazer could
 Discern the Queen of Beauty.
 So, at a Lowland Ball, I've seen
 Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen:
 But when she danc'd, ye Gods! I've been
 In love with Highland Nelly.

SONG

SONG 545. *Not I indeed.*

LO! I on easy chair reclin'd,
 My fire before, my bed behind;
 With body sound as body can be
 Secure from ROCK and LUCY DANBY;
 Without or purse, or yearly rent,
 Nor India stock—Lo! I'm content.
 And see! behind yon door two shelves appear,
 One fill'd with books, and one with Burton beer,
 Say then, neglectful of my muse and reed,
 Shall I be mov'd?—*Not I, indeed.*

No birth-day ode, no ball-room song,
 Begrimes my soul, belies my tongue;
 No borrow'd thousands me perplex,
 No unaccounted millions vex:
 No Harpax guards my door, and d—ns my soul,
 No London Livery cover what I STOLE.
 Say then, neglectful of my reed,
 Shall I be mov'd?—*Not I, indeed.*

What is't to me, at Russel's shrine
 That Rigby daily bends for wine;
 That Dunk, repos'd in B——y's bow'rs,
 Enjoys his syllabub and whores:
 That Grenville, tir'd of Patriot pay,
 Rails at the helm he fain would sway,
 And swears the In's are graceless Blacks,
 For why—George Grenville can't go snacks.
 For this, neglectful of my ease and reed,
 Shall I be mov'd?—*Not I, indeed.*

Let Grosvenor, damning all his stars
 For want of skill in Venus' wars,

Exchang

Exchange his Harriet for his horse,
 And seek Newmarket's desp'rate course ;
 While Hal, with royal vacant face,
 At home fills up but half his place,
 And pays of pounds five hundred score,
 For romping with a noble w—re :
 (Such be the fate of all, whose Hounds
 Beat up for game in others grounds !)
 But still, neglectful of my muse and reed,
 Shall I be mov'd ?—*Not I, indeed.*

What is't to me that Langhorne dreams,
 On flow'ry fields, near silver streams ;
 That Johnson scientifically,
 Knows tergiversibility ;
 And, fond of pension more than praise,
 Whate'er he said before, unsays ;
 That Bickerstaff, the friend of no man,
 And Naso, friend to ev'ry—woman,
 Have all their prospects and their views,
 A whore, a guinea, or a muse ?
 For this, neglectful of my ease and reed,
 Shall I be mov'd ?—*Not I, indeed.*

SONG 546.

IN thy soft bewitching glances,
 Love delighted sports and dances,
 Tho' secluded from thy heart ;
 In thy smiles resides his treasure,
 Of fond hope, gay joy, sweet pleasure ;
 In thy frowns dwell all his smart.

SONG 547. *The Nosegay.*

WHAT harm in so simple a token of love?
 I cull'd him the prime of the garden and grove,
 He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew;
 Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can smiles and soft accents derision convey?
 No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they;
 He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
 And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid.

In my quick mounting blushes the virgins descry,
 What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny;
 And cold hearted prudes, ah! how wary they shun
 The maiden whom frankness alone has undone.

Your thoughts, then, dear sisters, with caution conceal,
 The soft growing passion be slow to reveal;
 Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such,
 That granting a whisper is granting too much.

SONG 548. *The Kiss.*

ONE kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu;
 Tho' you sever, my fond heart,
 'Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet, weep not so my love,
 Let me kiss that falling tear;
 Tho' my body must remove,
 All my soul must still be there.

Exchange his Harriet for his horse,
 And seek Newmarket's desp'rate course ;
 While Hal, with royal vacant face,
 At home fills up but half his place,
 And pays of pounds five hundred score,
 For romping with a noble w—re :
 (Such be the fate of all, whose Hounds
 Beat up for game in others grounds !)
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Yet, yet, weep not so my love,
 Let me kiss that falling tear;
 Tho' my body must remove,
 All my soul must still be there.

All my soul and all my heart,
 Every with shall pant for you ;
 One kind kiss, then, e're we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu.

SONG 549. *The Transformation.*

WHoe'er thro' Ovid's tales has rang'd,
 Thro' Ovid's tales has seen
 How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.
 Repentant soon, th' offending race
 Intreat the injur'd Pow'r
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r ;
 But t'other half he bid the wind
 Disperse in empty air.
 Scarce had the Thund'rer giv'n the nod,
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxurious now
 Around their temples spread ;
 The tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head :
 The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face,
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
 Jove bid them take their place,
 Restoring them their antient claim
 Among the human race.
 Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow ;
 But women lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a BEAU.

S O N G 550.

K NOW, I won't envy him, whoe'er he be,
 That stands upon the battlements of state,
 Stand there who will for me.

I'd rather be secure than great.
 In being so high, the pleasures are but small,
 But long's the ruin if I chance to fall.

Let me in some sweet shade secured lye,
 Happy in leisure and obscurity.
 Whilst others place their joys,
 In popularity and noise,
 Let my soft minutes glide securely on,
 Like subterranean streams, unheard, unknown.

Then when my days are all in silence past,
 A good plain countryman I die at last.
 Death cannot chuse but be,
 To him a mighty misery,
 Who to the world was popularly known,
 And dies a stranger to himself alone.

SONG 551. *The Primrose.*

THE fairest harbinger of Spring,
 Yon Primrose yields us mild perfumes ;
 And foster'd by the vernal shower,
 In nature's simple beauty blooms.

But should some cold and wint'ry blast
 Succeed the warmth of April skies,
 Behold this lovely child of spring
 'Midst sedges dark neglected dies.

Ye fair, whose very smiles are love,
 The moral of my lay attend ;
 When cold indiff'rence shades your brows,
 Your beauties fade, your triumphs end.

And like yon fair, but hapless flow'r,
 Doom'd to forgetfulness a prey,
 'Midst dreary woods, and lonely halls,
 Life's tedious moments roll away.

While youth and beauty lend their charms,
 These happy gifts with care improve ;
 Tho' beauty first attracts our eyes,
 Your smiles alone secure our love.

SONG 552. *A Duet, sung by two ladies in the
 dresses of ballad singers at a masquerade.*

WHAT a motley generation,
 Sprung from fancy's teeming brain,
 Shifting age, and sex, and station,
 Swarm within this magic plain !

Sport ye children of delusion !
 In the beams of mimic fun ;
 Well its brilliant gay effusion,
 May supply the absent fun.

Sport, nor call it masquerade,
 Where, from all detection free,
 Ev'ry heart is disarray'd,
 Whose complexion none can see.

May those who (habits us'd to borrow)
 Cannot prove to-night sincere,
 Be then dress'd for life to-morrow,
 Perfectly what they appear.

S O N G 553. *No harm in that. Imitated from
 the French of Marmontel's ANNETE and LUBIN.*

LUBIN to ANNETE.

IF thus you weep, thus pine with care,
 'Twill surely drive me to despair !
 Check, dear Annete, that struggling sigh,
 Nor clasp thy hands, nor fix thine eye !
 What has there pass'd between us two,
 To make Heaven frown, and trouble you ?

On the same hill, or flowery mead,
 We've led our flocks to sport and feed ;
 And when the sun has scorch'd the glade,
 Together sought the woodland shade,
 And there beneath one tree have sat ;——
 There surely is no harm in that !

Q 3

A bower

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 And when the sun has scorch'd the glade,
 Together sought the woodland shade,
 And there beneath one tree have sat ;——
 There surely is no harm in that !

A bower I rear'd, there taught to twine
 The sweet-briar, rose, and eglantine ;
 (I chose the flow'rs you lik'd the best ;)
 In that sweet spot you lov'd to rest,
 Or pass the hours in amorous chat ;
 And sure there is no harm in that !

Oppress'd with heat, or tir'd with play,
 Upon my knee you slept one day ;
 Breath'd quick—and as your lips exhale,
 I closer stole to catch the gale,
 'Then, pleasing theft ! I snatch'd a kiss ;
 And sure e'en that was not amiss !

Awak'd by that caress, 'tis true,
 You felt the thrilling rapture too ;
 Then glancing love, she sighing cries,
 (While on her cheek sweet blushes rise)
 O fy!—What is it you are at ?
 Yet!—sure there was no harm in that !

S O N G 554. *The Milk Maid.*

HARK to yonder milk-maid singing,
 Chearly o'er the brimming pail ;
 Cowslips all around her springing,
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden,
 Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
 Never breast with jewels laden,
 Pour a song so void of care.

Would

Would indulgent Heav'n had granted,
 Me some rural damsel's part ;
 All the empire I had wanted,
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

S O N G 555. *Ode on the birth-day of his serene
 highness Prince ERNEST of Mecklenburgh Strelitz,
 brother to her majesty, Queen CHARLOTTE : per-
 formed at St. James's palace the 27th of August,
 1770.*

RECITATIVE.

O H! for a touch of nobler fire,
 Than e'er yet swept the living lyre !
 Such, as the list'ning spheres might bend ;
 Make angels from their orbs descend ;
 And, from the realms of purer light,
 With ev'ry beaming virtue bright,
 Call heav'nly inspiration down !
 Then, should the praises of our Queen,
 The mild, the gentle, the serene,
 In soft melodious numbers float,
 Fond echo doubling ev'ry note,
 And, from the golden trump of fame,
 To distant nations thus proclaim
 The brightest gem of Britain's crown.

A I R.

Sweetest flow'r that e'er shall spring
 To grace the bosom of a King ;
 A King, by nature form'd to bless,
 And fix his people's happiness.

Never shall thy like have birth
In the regions of the earth ;
Ne'er again perfection blend
Sister ! mother ! wife and friend !

RECITATIVE.

And yet, let raptur'd wonder tell,
This smiling morn' its produce brings,
A theme on which the Virgins dwell ;
A theme each Bard with pleasure sings.

A brother born to spread the fame
Of Mecklenburgh's exalted name !
In whose reflected graces seen,
Again we view our gracious Queen.

A I R.

Happy Prince, enjoy each blessing
Britain boasts, from envy free ;
Ev'ry candid with possessing,
Curs'd the wretch who frowns on thee.

Welcome as the summer's morning,
Peace and joy thy smiles impart ;
Kindness still thy face adorning,
Innocence and truth thy heart.

S O N G 556. *Parody on the preceding Ode.*

RECITATIVE.

O H! for quick electric fire,
Riggling, dancing down the wire !
Such as oft' from heaven comes,
With thunder louder far than drums.

Rumble,

Rumble, rattle, flash ziggzagg ;
Of this day, ye nations, brag ;
Let some *gilded trump* proclaim it,
Nor bedaub it—or defame it !
Let it tell to the world's ear,
That a whipper snapper's here.

A I R.

Sweetest pifs-a-bed that blows,
Not so fragrant as the rose ;
Yet thou shalt, dear flower, possess
A breast top-full of happiness.

Never shall another grow,
Green and yellow, small like thee ;
Nor another like thee blow,
Him or her, or he or she,

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

And yet let staring WONDER tell,
This youth hath press'd the virgins well,
A theme on which he likes to dwell ;
A Butterfly upon a Belle ;

A butterfly design'd to spread
His gilded wings in Richmond grove ;
A butterfly without a head,
Emblem of folly, dulness, love.

A I R.

Little *monkey*, now be frolic,
Chatter, grin, scratch, jump, and hop ;
Gobble fruit, nor mind the cholic,
And destroy the skipping lop.

Q 5

Welcome,

Welcome, little antic creature !

Thou shalt have a sweet *Punkie*,
Like thyself in form and feature,
Hairy, wrinkled ~~the~~ monkey.

Now be frolic, now be free,
Curse the *wretch* that *curfes* thee,
Little, chatt'ring, kind monkey. }

S O N G 557. *Midsummer Noon.*

YE zephyrs come flutter and play,
To life wake my fond drooping breast ;
Who can bear all this fever of day,
And abroad taste of pleasure or rest ?
All panting and dying I'll fly from the hours,
And hie to cool streams and to sweet shady bow'rs.

The toils of the day are all o'er,
The shepherd and sheep now retreat,
They think of their pasture no more,
But croud to their shelter from heat.

Then welcome, thou dear leafy grove,
Where Sol cannot peep with a ray ;
'Mong woodbinds and myrtles I'd rove,
Alone wear the moments away.

Then Strephon, oh come thee not nigh !
Thy sight I'm not able to bear ;
In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
If love and thou follow me there.
Then panting alone let me fly from the hours,
And hie to cool streams and to sweet shady bow'rs.

S O N G 558.

NOW summer's unfolded her beauties and sweets,
 By love led, each nymph with her shepherd retreats,
 Where singing, and prattling fond tales as they rove,
 Pleas'd echo repeats it them back to the grove.

A lass with a swain took a turn in the shade ;
 The scene, O how charming ! much more so the maid !
 He talk'd (as men will do) of dying for love,
 But meant something else when he enter'd the grove.

Her charms he sung over and over again,
 His passion he vow'd should for ever remain.
 His arts, O ye fair ones ! a caution should prove ;
 More meant is, than said, when you enter the grove.

He press'd her for bliss, and too soon she comply'd.
 Exert, through her ruin, ye fair ones, your pride ;
 At church let your swains seal their friendship and love,
 Then safe you may venture with them through the grove.

S O N G 559. *Evelyn.*

OH, my dear Evelyn, why wou'd you slight me,
 One that has such a gragh for you ;
 Don't you remember when you wou'd invite me,
 To take one pog, nor two with you :
 Oh, my dear Shawn, I was but a shoking,
 When that I told you that same skale ;
 Hi, ho, you may be a packing,
 You ne'er shall pog my sheek nor beal.

Whic, whac, &c.

Oh,

Oh, my dear Evelyn, that's a sad story,
 For one that loves you from his cree ;
 I thought you were the best of women's,
 Ah, why would you prove false to me :
 When your father and your mother
 They wou'd be a crying,
 Why wou'd not you marry your own dear Shawn ;
 Hi, ho, gi mana diute tatoo malta der malad.
 Whic, whac, &c.

I have got bonny cows and gowins,
 That will give you bonny milk and curds,
 And every thing that's fitting for the women's ;
 Na critan too miha, ask the hurds,
 With a pawder in braw and a silver cross,
 The like in your life you never saw,
 Hi, ho, armanda dona, the fuggart will blefs
 Your pawder in braw.
 Whic, whac, &c.

Oh my dear Shawn then send for the fuggart,
 That I may be maw raw likin with you ;
 I wear no brog or borrogh coat,
 But a stawkie glos, and a high heel shoe :
 Oh yes and by my faith and better you shall wear,
 When that is ell colloping glos,
 Hi, ho, armadanda dona, what sport will be there,
 When we come upon the mafs.
 Whic, whac, &c.

SONG 560. *A Christmas Carol, called, Liberty Hall: by George Alex. Stevens.*

OLD Homer! but what have we with him to do?
What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you?
Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,
Choice spirits, assist me, attend hearts of oak.

Toll, loll, &c.

Sweet peace, belov'd handman of science and art,
Unanimity, take your petitioner's part;
Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do—
But first, may it please ye, my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think;
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink;
There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all
Is the toast of the times; that is Liberty-hall.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,
Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of Liberty-hall.

That manor our forefathers bought with their blood,
And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the deeds
good;
By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty-hall.

In her mantle of honor, each star-spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold;
Truth beams on her breast; see, at loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty-hall.

The

The sweet-smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
 The spaniels of power, and bounty's disgrace;
 So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall;
 But passive obedience lost Liberty-hall.

But when revolution had settled the crown,
 And natural reason knock'd tyranny down,
 No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,
 The doors were thrown open of Liberty-hall.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
 Her standard is *Justice*, her watch word *be free*;
 Our king is our countryman, Englishmen all,
 GOD BLESS HIM, and bless us in Liberty-hall.

An vere is dis all—Monfieur wants to know;
 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau:
 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
 For LIBERTY-HALL is an ENGLISHMAN'S HEART.

SONG 561. *An Ode, by a Middlesex Politician.*

WITH anxious speed I left Mile-End,
 In S——'s dome an ear to lend,
 To learn how stood the nation;
 A guinea I was forc'd to pay
 Before that I could make my way
 To hear the conversation.

Says I, this brib'ry here without
 Denotes what rules within, no doubt——

The porter bade me pass:

“Behind yon gall'ry clock go sneak,

“Courtiers and patriots too will speak,

“E'en till the midnight glass.”

I view'd

I view'd the van of ins and outs,
Each with its pioneers and scouts,——

 Their plea the common wail ;
The former a more num'rous host,
But t'others, to regain the post,
 Charg'd with redoubled zeal.

There Grenville's guards, and Dowdeswell's boers,
Barre with Croats and Pandours,
 Kept up a raking fire ;
I thought I had mistook the place,
'Twas Flodden Field, or Chevoit Chace,
 And I had best retire.

No public benefit discuss'd,
Mischiefs of state which cause disgust,
 Those real ills aggrieve us ;
No laws coercive they enact,
No wrongs, no errors they retract,
 Nor from one tax relieve us.

On self importance each enlarged,
How brought to court—how thence discharg'd,
 And why with hostile banners ;
Each stil'd the foe a thievish gang,
(Peachum-and-Lockit-like harangue)
 Devoid of sense or manners.

With here a threat, and there defy,
And *you're a traitor*—and *you lie*,
 —A conflict of low bullies :
Mute senators agape there stood,
Mere *fanto cini* ones of wood,
 Mov'd by their several pullies.

Are these the sages of the realm,
Fit pilots for a lab'ring helm?

These Britain's legislators!

O were her codes from out such paws!
For amphitheatres *their* laws,
—Bravoes and gladiators!

Down to the lobby door I ran,
Cry'd I, "thou consequential man,
Give me my money back;
I fought not combatants like these——
An ÆSCHYLUS—DEMOSTHENES,
—Not Stephenfon and Slack."

SONG 562. *Intended to be sung, in the character of a Lawyer, betwixt the acts of the PROVOK'D HUSBAND, a Comedy acted at the desire of the Dean and Faculty of Advocates, January 27, 1770, at the Theatre Royal of Edinburgh, by the Hon. HENRY ERSKINE, Esq; Advocate, Brother to the Earl of BUCHAN.*

THE bards of all ages have made it their theme
To sing of the merits, and blazon the fame
Of other professions, and praise them at random,
But of Lawyers I sing, and make you *avisandum*; (a)
Derry down, &c.

(a) To make *avisandum* is a term in the Scotch law, signifying to deliberate as Judges do.

Tho' partial, I'll give you a (b) *representation*
 Of the good and the ill we bestow on the nation ;
 Our use is so certain, that there's no denying't,
 If any one doubts it, he ne'er was a *client*.

Extraordinary actions belong to the great,
 The soldier, the patriot, and premier of state ;
 But we, unconnected with party or faction,
 Spend our time and our breath on an (c) *ord'nary action*.

Altho' with our virtue some faults are (d) *conjoin'd*,
 The *process* is short that can make us refin'd ;
 For whoe'er be the judge who *decides* on our blame,
 When he gives it against us we're sure to (e) *reclaim*.

Tho' not out of court yet we often *petition*,
 But not like our neighbours, spurr'd on by sedition ;
 So just are both houses, that tho' we're *refus'd*,
 We *petition* again, nor think justice abus'd.

To the fair, the delight and the life of creation !
 We are tender and faithful without affectation ;
 And while to investigate truth is our duty,
 Can *find* nought in them but love, honour and beauty.

(b) A representation means a memorial or representation of the suit by a party, who has lost his cause, before a single judge.

(c) An ordinary action in the Court of Session in Scotland, means a common suit in the first instance, in opposition to suits brought from inferior courts, which are called suspensions and advocations.

(d) It is a common practice in the Court of Session to conjoin or unite two processes or suits, which have a connection together, so as to make the same expence serve for both.

(e) To reclaim is the technical phrase in the Court of Session for appealing from a single judge to the whole fifteen.

To other professions old age is a ruin,
 Unfits them for *action*, spoils all they are doing ;
 We scorn to conceal it like old maids and beaux,
 A Lawyer's the better the older he grows.

All mankind besides live in terror for death,
 And with pain and unwillingness yield their last breath.
 But a Lawyer is happy, when, by labour hard toiled,
 His *suit's* at an end, and he's fairly *affoizied*. (f)

*On the whole, we submit to your righteous decision,
 Having stated the law, and the fact with precision ;
 And we crave, that in (g) ranking professions you'll find
 That if not *pari passu* we're not far behind.*

S O N G 563. On JOHN WILKES, Esq;

GOOD people of England, your reason awaken,
 Don't leave the firm hero of freedom forsaken,
 I mean Wilkes in limbo for taking your part,
 His case is so cruel it touches my heart.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'Tho' national Scotchmen may call him sad loon,
 For putting the piper, the Thane, out of tune,
 Tho' the lash of his satire has hurt the gall'd jade,
 Let 'em say what they will, yet *the piper be paid*.

(f) Affoizied in the Scotch law means absolved or acquitted.

(g) In ranking professions, &c. By the law of Scotland, when there are many Creditors of Bankrupt, they apply to the Court of Session, who act as Commissioners of Bankrupts, and rank the Creditors according to their rights. The Creditors whose rights are equal are ranked equally, or according to the technical term are ranked *pari passu*.

'Tho' prejudic'd courtiers and pensioners pout,
And tools ministerial their venom spit out,
Yet freedom shall rise in spite of their rage,
'Tho' her champion's confin'd like a bird in a cage.

'Tho' his mean persecuters exult in his fate,
And oppression is now grown the scab of the state,
More shame to all those who high stations disgrace,
But each bull-dog of pow'r has his puppy in place.

To give him enlargement, see justice unites
With honour, in prompting the fam'd bill of rights
His debts to discharge ; seven thousand and more,
To others he lent, tho' now plac'd to his score.

Let each noble heart, who with fortune is blest,
Contribute his mite, at fair freedom's request,
He wants but three thousand, a trifling sum,
Then let him not want, for he merits a *plumb**.

SONG 564. *Ode for his Majesty's birth-day,*
June 4th, 1770.

DISCORD hence ! the torch resign—
Harmony shall rule to-day.
Whate'er thy busy fiends design
Of future ills, in cruel play
To torture or alarm mankind,
Lead the insidious train away.
Some blacker hours for mischief find,
Harmony shall rule to-day.

* One hundred thousand pounds.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar year,
 And mark'd with heaven's peculiar white,
 This day shall grace the rolling sphere,
 And ling'ring ends its bright career
 Unwilling to be lost in night.
 Discord lead thy fiend away,
 Harmony shall rule to-day.

Is there, intent, on Britain's good,
 Some angel hovering in the sky,
 Whose ample view surveys her circ'ling flood,
 Her guardian rocks, that shine on high,
 Her forests, waving to the gales,
 Her streams, that glide thro' fertile vales,
 Her lowing pastures, fleecy downs,
 Towering cities, busy towns,
 Is there who views them all with joy serene,
 And breathes a blessing on the various scene?

O! if there is, to him 'tis given,
 (When daring crimes almost demand
 The vengeance of the thunderer's hand)
 To soften, or avert the wrath of heaven.
 O'er Ocean's face do tempests sweep,
 Do civil storms blow loud,
 He stills the raging of the deep,
 And madness of the croud.

He too, when heaven vouchsafes to smile
 Propitious on his favourite isle,
 With zeal performs the task he loves,
 And every gracious boon improves.

Blest delegate, if now there lies
 Ripening in yonder pregnant skies
 Some great event of more than common good,
 Tho' envy howl with all her brood,
 Thy wonted power employ,
 Usher the mighty moments in
 Sacred to harmony and joy,
 And from this æra let their course begin !

S O N G 565.

YOU may do as you will, but I'll fling away care,
 I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with the fair ;
 For joys yet unknown I may find springing there ;
 And 'tis better by half.
 Love and nectar to quaff,
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

*Till lately, there liv'd not so wretched an elf,
 I tended my flocks and sought nothing but pelf,
 Car'd little for others, but much for myself.
 But 'tis better, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,
 And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but pain,
 Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain.
 But 'tis better, &c.

Come over to me, all ye gay blooming throng,
 And take it, the way to be blest the year long,
 Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheering song.
 And 'tis better, &c.

Then

Then care, with his wrinkles, I give to the wind,
To mirth, from this moment, my heart is inclin'd,
I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be kind.

More happy by half,

Love and nectar I'll quaff,

All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

S O N G 566. *A Royal Love-Song, in the modern
court style, written almost verbatim from the original.*

G O D blefs my *dearest little dear*—
The wind is not quite fair—

From Portland-road I write this here—

God blefs your *little hair*.

Doodle doodle doo.

All on the *couch* last night I lay,

I dreamt what now I sing—

I held you fast, and kiss'd away.

Ay—just like any thing.

Doodle doodle doo.

Oh! then methought *dear* you did lie

Within my arms—but soon

The dream went off, and there was I

Just by myself alone.

Doodle doodle doo.

God blefs my *dearest little dear*,

God blefs your *little mouth*—

To shew my *feelings* are sincere,

I'll take my *bible oath*.

Doodle doodle doo.

S O N G

SONG 567. *The Duke and his Tutors.*

SO great Homer't wit is,
 That many Greek cities
 Have warmly disputed the fame,
 Which bore him, and bred him,
 Instructed and fed him,
 So highly they honour'd his name.

Of this the reverse,
 Of folly the curse,
 Is he, whom they make such a farce on;
 Whose friends never name him,
 Whose tutors disclaim him,
 The (a) layman, (b) civilian, and (c) parson.

Would your highness but please
 To be even with these,
 Declare in the midst of Pall Mall,
 Your *bible oath* take
 That you brew as you bake,
 That as you were taught, *you can spell*.

SONG 568. *The Royal Mourner, a parody on,
 and to the tune of, My fond shepherds of late, &c.*

I White Harry of late was so glad,
 And my Harriot so happy and gay.
 That each night we stole snugly to bed,
 And we curs'd the return of the day.

(a) Le G—d. (b) Dr. Ch—s. (c) Dr. B—r.

But

But ah ! what a change must appear !

Must my rambles to Cheshire be o'er ?

Shall the *black wig*, the *black wig* no more shade my ear ?

Shall the scene at the inn be no more ?

Shall the spies to St. Alban's repair,

And disturb our sweet *innocent sleep* ?

Shall I play with her *dear little hair*,

And the butler, be hang'd to him ! peep ?

Shall the Towcester sun—shall *it* cease ?

To Whitchurch no more shall I ride ?

Shall *my deary*. *my deary* lie down on the grass,

And shall Harry not lounge by her side ?

S O N G 569. *The Glorious Verdict.*

THE court were all met,
And the judge he was fat,
And the jury were sworn in a crack, sirs,
When the whole twelve were told,
That John Miller, so bold,
Had been biting our king on the back, sirs.

Then the sons of crown law,
With a hem, and a ha,
Would have prov'd that the thing was a sin, sirs.
But after much pain,
They found 'twas in vain,
For the jury would not take it in, sirs.

'Till the jury return'd,
O ! how all of us burn'd
With impatience to know the event, sirs !
But the moment the law
Gave us leave to huzza,
A great body to Bloomsbury went, sirs.

And

And there all rejoicing,
 Each raising his voice in
 A manner he ne'er did before, firs,
 To Junius and Glynn,
 And—I hope 'tis no sin—
 But I wish of such men we had more, firs.

S O N G 570. *The Golden Mean.*

TO thee, O solitude, we owe
 True wisdom, solid joy;
 'Tis thou restor'st the soul to peace,
 When various pleasures cloy.

Yet I'll not flatter thee, and say,
 Thou art in all complete,
 For then were something perfect found
 In this imperfect state.

With wisdom, and with antient lore
 Thou dost the mind adorn;
 But yet, tho' sweet and fair, thy rose
 Is not without a thorn.

See, where at the remotest end
 Of solitude's dark cell,
 Consuming envy, pining care,
 And melancholy, dwell.

But O society, sweet balm,
 Thou soften'st every care;
 Thy sun each low'ring cloud dispels
 Of darkness and despair.

But ah ! what a change must appear !

Must my rambles to Cheshire be o'er ?

Shall the *black wig*, the *black wig* no more shade my ear ?

Shall the scene at the inn be no more ?

Shall the spies to St. Alban's repair,

And disturb our sweet *innocent* sleep ?

Shall I play with her *dear little bair*,

And the butler, be hang'd to him ! peep ?

Shall the Towcester sun—shall *it* cease ?

To Whitchurch no more shall I ride ?

Shall *my deary*, *my deary* lie down on the grass,

And shall Harry not lounge by her side ?

S O N G 569. *The Glorious Verdict.*

THE court were all met,
And the judge he was fat,
And the jury were sworn in a crack, firs,
When the whole twelve were told,
That John Miller, so bold,
Had been biting our king on the back, firs.

Then the sons of crown law,
With a hem, and a ha,
Would have prov'd that the thing was a sin, firs.
But after much pain,
They found 'twas in vain,
For the jury would not take it in, firs.

'Till the jury return'd,
O ! how all of us burn'd
With impatience to know the event, firs !
But the moment the law
Gave us leave to huzza,
A great body to Bloomsbury went, firs.

And

And there all rejoicing,
 Each raising his voice in
 A manner he ne'er did before, firs,
 To Junius and Glynn,
 And—I hope 'tis no sin—
 But I wish of such men we had more, firs.

S O N G 570. *The Golden Mean.*

TO thee, O solitude, we owe
 True wisdom, solid joy;
 'Tis thou restor'st the soul to peace,
 When various pleasures cloy.

Yet I'll not flatter thee, and say,
 Thou art in all complete,
 For then were something perfect found
 In this imperfect state.

With wisdom, and with antient lore
 Thou dost the mind adorn;
 But yet, tho' sweet and fair, thy rose
 Is not without a thorn.

See, where at the remotest end
 Of solitude's dark cell,
 Consuming envy, pining care,
 And melancholy, dwell.

But O society, sweet balm,
 Thou soften'st every care;
 Thy sun each low'ring cloud dispels
 Of darkness and despair.

With thee a constant guest attends
 Soft love, and social pleasure,
 And smiling charity hand in hand,
 With thee leads up the measure.

But ev'n thy joys too long indulg'd,
 Or carried to excess,
 Will dissipate the mind, and make
 The power of thinking less.

In crowds and folly still we pine,
 O solitude, for thee ;
 And in the wilds of solitude
 For sweet society.

Then grant me, Heaven, the middle way
 These two extremes between,
 And let me nor in madding crowds
 Nor solitude be seen.

SONG 571

TO please me the more, and to change the dull scene,
 My swain took me oft to the sports on the green,
 And to every fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
 For he fear'd least my heart should grow weary of home.

To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,
 I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind,
 And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam,
 For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,
 I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight ;
 Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
 When love and contentment were always at home ?

Like

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there so long,
 I'm blest, as I can be, and sing my glad song,
 I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
 Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,
 Who in roving now flutter your moments away,
 Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,
 But to live my life thro' and be happy at home.

SONG 572. *On being presented with an apple by
 a young lady.*

AN apple caus'd our present state,
 And by inevitable fate,
 Condemn'd us all to die;
 But if that apple was so fine,
 And came from such a hand as thine,
 Who from its charms could fly?

How can I then old Adam blame,
 When I myself had done the same,
 Had you the apple given?
 I should, like him, without dispute,
 Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
 And lost, for you, a heav'n.

SONG 573.

SAYS Thomas to Harry,
 I think, friend, to marry,
 Since wedlock's accounted divine——
 Says Harry, you may,
 But I shan't go that way,
 Since your creed so far differs from mine.

SONG 574. *The Thrush.*

SWEET Thrush, that makes the vernal year,
 Sweeter than Flora can appear :
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day.
 The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute :
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark ! how the blackbird woos his love
 The skill'd musicians of the grove ;
 On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings :
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen ;
 Nature's music thus improves,
 All the graces and the loves.

SONG 575. *Patty of the Mill.*

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill ;
 Much fairer than the lilly blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighb'ring swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck, they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill :
 Each strove with all his rustic art,
 To sooth and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart, more true to love,
 Than turtles when they bill.
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face,
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill :
 Ye fair for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

S O N G 576. *The British Fair.*

PHOEBUS meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair ;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare ;
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British Fair.

SONG 577. *The Advice.*

THE winter iis desolate train,
 Of frost and of tempest may bring :
 Yet Flora steps forward again,
 And nature revives in the spring.
 Tho' the sun in his glory's decreas'd,
 Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn ;
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.
 But what can youth's sunshine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore ?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies and is heard of no more :
 The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn ;
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
 And his season will never return.

SONG 578. *O Fye for Shame.*

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
 I met young Phillis on her way ;
 I flew like light'ning to her arms,
 And gaz'd in rapture on her charms :
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame !

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
 Which blushing Phillis took amiss ;
 She push'd me from her with a frown,
 And call'd me bold presuming clown :
 While I confess'd myself to blame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,
 And pledg'd my faith on things above ;
 But she like all her sex was shy,
 And tho' I swore, would not comply :
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
 But still she cry'd, O! fye for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride ;
 But hark ! I hear the tinkling bell,
 To church let's go, it pleas'd her well :
 And soon a kind compliance came,
 But still she cry'd, O! fye for shame.

Now Hymen's band have made us one,
 The joys we taste to few are known ;
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,
 For constant each, we truly love :
 She now declares I'm not to blame,
 Nor longer cries, O! fye for shame.

S O N G 579. *Advice to the Ladies.*

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in the throng,
 Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song.
 The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell,
 I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day, to a wake on the green,
 And met with a lass, fair as beauty's gay queen ;
 I asked for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd ' no,'
 And struggled and frown'd, and said ' pray let me go.'

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis don't be a prude ;
 But still she return'd, ' I'll cry out if you're rude ;'
 'The more that I press'd her, the more she cry'd ' no'
 And struggled and frown'd, and said, ' pray let me go.'

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
 Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Collin, fye ;
 So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
 And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
 Take care how too freely you part with a kiss ;
 Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
 For that's the best way to make sure of your man.

S O N G 580. *The Rover reclaimed.*

I Rambled about a twel'month I vow,
 In search of a damsel for life ;
 For roving perplext me, I could not tell how,
 So ventur'd at last on a wife.

The girls of the town, each rake must well know,
 Imbitter the pleasures of life ;
 For evils on evils will constantly flow,
 And make us all wish for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful and gay,
 May sweeten the troubles of life ;
 And while she is constant, drive sorrow away,
 But what is all this to a wife ?

In wedlock alone true pleasure we find,
 To gild the rough passage thro' life ;
 Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind,
 And make the dear charmer a wife.

And

And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man,
 Who offers to bless you for life ;
 Be constant and true, and as fond as you can.
 For these are the charms of a wife.

S O N G 581. *Jockey and Jenny.*

HAPLESS lovers who sue in vain,
 Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,
 Learn of Jockey, love's pleasing art,
 To quell a beauty's insolence, and melt her heart.

He, like you, would sigh and pine,
 From Phæbus rise, to his decline ;
 I deny'd, and reply'd with scornful brow,
 Ah ! Jockey'twill not do, prithee, pr'thee, leave me now.

Gazing, advancing, his eyes love darting,
 Jenny, said he, one kiss at parting ;
 Clasp'ing then my slender waste,
 With eager arms he me embrac'd.

Kiss'd me, call'd on Heaven above,
 To record, his constant love ;
 Partially I ey'd him, faintly denied him,
 My tongue bely'd my heart,
 His shape his face, and manly grace,
 Strongly took my lover's part.

I his suit approving, he my doubts removing,
 With ardor reply'd, I fly to bring the wedding, wedding
 ring ;
 Lovely Jenny is my bride, hopeless lovers mind, what I sing,
 No cure, for disdain like a kiss and a ring.

SONG 582. *Fair Laura.*

WHEN lately I offer'd fair Laura to kifs,
 She flier'd and she flouted and took it amifs,
 Begone, you great booby, she cry'd, with a frown,
 Do you think that I want to be kifs'd by a clown ;

Thus spoke the proud charmer, and view'd me all round,
 With an eye of difdain, and thrice spit on the ground ;
 Then mimick'd my voice with fatirical sneer,
 And fent me away with a flea in my ear.

The girls of the village, if they had their wills,
 Would kifs me, and prefs me, to ftay on the hills ;
 They fay that I'm fair, but this minx of the town,
 Refus'd my sweet kifles, and call'd me a clown.

Sure, fure fhe forgot, or perhaps did not know,
 'That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below ;
 'That beauty's fair queen fell in love with a fwain,
 And help'd him his cattle to tend on the plain.

Yet Laura difdains me, nor lifts to my vow,
 Say, is fhe more lovely, than Venus I'd know ?
 May fhe never find sweethearts in city or plain,
 But lie always alone, yet ftill wifhing in vain.

SONG 583.

SHALL I, wafing in defpair,
 Die becaufe a woman's fair :
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 Becaufe another's blooming are.

Blooming

Blooming as the fairest day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she thinks not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move,
Me to perish for her love ;
Or her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own ;
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair,
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e're she shall grieve ;
If she slight me, when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go,
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be.

S O N G 584. *Flirtilla.*

YOUNG Damon perceiving Flirtilla pass by,
Like lightning to kiss her he flew,
But she with a struggle and frown, made reply;
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

For should my mamma, who is in the next room,
But hear you, she'll cause you to rue ;
She'll forbid you the house, then do not presume,
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

But

But Damon was not to be terrify'd so,
 All women lov'd kissing he knew,
 When he offer'd again, 'twas pray let me go,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

The youth by resistance was still more inflam'd,
 And kisses he stole not a few ;
 This rudeness forbear, sir, she softly reply'd,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Thus flush'd with success, like a woman at whist,
 The resolute youth bolder grew ;
 But still she made answer, I will not be kiss'd,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Then Damon resolv'd his last efforts to strike,
 And soon made the damsel come too ;
 She sigh'd and reply'd, you may take what you like,
 I will not cry out if you do.

S O N G 585. *Dear Willy.*

LONG time I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
 Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind,
 But at last I have found a dear lad to my mind ;
 Oh ! I never can part with my Willy.

We hy'd to the altar last midsummer day,
 I blush'd all the while and scarce knew what to say :
 But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey,
 Can I do any less by my Willy ?

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air,
 His face than the rose is more ruddy I swear,
 And his kisses as sweet, oh ! beyond all compare,
 'There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With

With him none pretends for to pipe or to play,
 And what tender soft things does the shepherd not say,
 With ease I am sure he may steal hearts away,
 But I'll never distrust the dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and I hung down my head,
 How kindly he watch'd me, what tears has he shed,
 He ne'er left me a moment 'till sickness was fled,
 Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy.

Should death from my sight tear the shepherd so true,
 Let him take (if he chuses) then me away too :
 For why should I tarry, or what could I do,
 Should I lose such a lad as my Willy ?

S O N G 586. DAMON and PHILLIS : a *Pastoral Dialogue*.

DAMON. **H**OW fierce is the fun,
 Haste Phill. let us run,
 To shelter a while in the grove,
 Young Cupid reigns there,
 And I'll please thee my fair,
 By telling thee stories of love.

PHILLIS. I tell you, young swain,
 You attack me in vain,
 Too fatal the going might prove ;
 For many a poor maid,
 Has there been betray'd,
 By list'ning to stories of love.

DAMON.

DAMON. When passion's sincere,
There's no danger to fear,
The spring-tide of beauty improve ;
Nor let it be said,
Phillis died an old maid,
Averse to the raptures of love.

PHILLIS. To hear the soft sigh,
See the soul-speaking eye,
A nymph can't perhaps disapprove,
It may flatter her pride,
But if reason's her guide,
She makes honour attendant on love.

DAMON. 'Tis with honour I burn,
Yet for mutual return,
With Phillis how vainly I've strove,
See our flocks how they join,
'Tis an omen divine,
Portending compliance and love.

PHILLIS. O Damon, I find,
My poor heart seems inclin'd,
The test of your passion to prove,

DAMON. Then be hymen our guide,
Be the nuptial knot tied,
And let wedlock give sanction to love.

When love's gentle fire,
Enkindles desire,
Suppress the wild maxim to rove,
Let the nymph and the youth,
Plight their honour and truth,
And be happy in virtue and love.

SONG 587. *The Invitation.*

COME, Laura, and meet your fond swain,
 E're Phæbus declines to the west,
 Nor let me still languish in pain,
 Your presence alone makes me blest :
 When absent no pleasure I feel,
 My passions but sicken and die ;
 No power my tortures can heal,
 Unless my dear Laura is by.

Then haste to yon jessamine grove,
 Enjoy what no language can tell ;
 'Tis the seat of contentment and love,
 Where peace and tranquility dwell :
 There Cupid our hearts shall unite,
 'There Hymen his altar shall raise ;
 The muses sweet songs shall indite,
 And charm the whole grove with their lays.

O think with such pleasures as these,
 How time will glide swiftly away ;
 Each striving the other to please,
 Dull winter shall smile as the May :
 No happiness either will taste,
 But what we both jointly approve ;
 Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
 And bless a fond swain with your love.

SONG 588. *A new truce with BACCHUS and
VENUS. By Mr. WOTY.*

MYSELF between Venus and Bacchus I'll poise,
And 'twixt their two scales fix my balance of joys;
'Tis true, they both have their charms when apart,
But blended, they double the heat of my heart.

With rage on his brow, and contempt in his eye,
Bacchus throws down his cluster, and gives me the lye;
No female, says he, shall partake of my throne,
A rival I hate, and I'll govern alone.

Dear Venus in turn her dominion maintains,
Asserts her controul o'er the nymphs and the swains.
Upbraids me for kneeling at Bacchus's shrine,
And strictly forbids me the juice of the vine.

One scolds me, because I am fond of the bowl,
The other, 'cause woman shares half of my soul:
I boldly declare, for all projects I've try'd,
No mortal his pastime can better divide.

Why then let 'em wrangle, what is it to me?
I warrant my conduct shall make 'em agree;
As one to prefer to the other I'm loth,
I'll love, and I'll drink, and be pleasing to both.

SONG 589. *A CANTATA.*

RECITATIVE.

O Damon, still you strive in vain,
Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move;
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
But justly scorns the guilt of love.

A I R.



A I R.

Is this, ye powers, this boasted flame?

O say, is this his only end?

And can his love destroy the fame,

His truth and honour should defend.

O for a thought so meanly base,

Th' ungenerous youth shall surely find,

The heart that could admire his face,

Can still detest him for his mind.

S O N G 590. *The FAIRY.*

I N days of yore, when on the plain,
Queen Mab, with all her fairy train,
In sportive gambols took delight,
By Cynthia's borrow'd silver light;
If e'er our grandames did amiss,
The punishment, ye fair, was this:

Was Lady Mary ever known,
To toy with Celadon alone;
Did avarice her bosom fill,
With passions strong for dear quadrille!
Or did her heart for dancing beat,
Then blister'd were her hands and feet.

If once too small her ruff she wore,
Her petticoat too short before;
Or if, to catch the gazer's sight,
She us'd the arts of red and white,
The little spiteful pigmy crew,
Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But

But far more happy days survive ;
 The British dames of sixty-five,
 Are not afraid of rigid elves ;
 They know no guardians but themselves,
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,
 Hear one, nor think the lesson rude.

Since present times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one is pleasure mad ;
 'This method I should think the best,
 To keep a fairy in your breast ;
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,
 But when you chance to go too far.

S O N G 591. *Fair Molly of the Town* : Tune ;
No nymph that trips the verdant plain.

YE rustic swains, no more report
 The charms of Sue or Nell ;
 Where Molly is, the loves resort,
 And all the graces dwell.

No pastoral scenes my beauty courts,
 She tends no bleating sheep ;
 She leads no dance at country sports,
 Nor breaks the shepherd's sleep.

O ! she is lovely, neat, and trim,
 A goddess she may be :
 Venus expos'd no sweeter limb,
 When she forsook the sea.

Whene'er she walks the streets along,
 The mob all turn and stare ;
 The ballad-singer stops his song,
 And vows that Molly's fair.

Whene'er

Whene'er she makes her gay approach,
 The chairmen pause and gaze ;
 The hackney-coachman stops his coach,
 And swears in Molly's praise.

When Tom his dust-cart loads with dust,
 Should she by chance pass by,
 He'll stand as stiff as Malbro's bust,
 And squint his whiting eye.

Thus when th' old-cloaths-man trots the streets,
 In dull sepulchral note,
 He looks when he sweet Molly meets,
 As if he'd spare a coat.

When she by George's coffee-house goes,
 Beaux gabble out like geese ;
 Beneath her hat each pokes his nose,
 " Z——ds ! she's a damn'd fine piece !"

If she but shews her pretty face
 At Vauxhall or the play,
 The happy moment all embrace,
 And adoration pay.

No more of coy Corinna boast,
 Whom gentle Ovid sung ;
 As long as Molly be the toast
 Amongst the gay and young.

SONG 592. *Infantine to a Robin Red-Breast,
who wakes the authoress every morning at break of day,
by singing at her window.*

P R E T T Y warbler, thus to charm me
With thy chanting morn and night,
May disaster never harm ye,
Thou who giv'st me such delight.

From soft slumbers tho' thou wak'st me,
Yet I'll not offended be,
For thou full amends dost make me
With thy charming melody.

If, when flaky snows descending,
To my bosom thou'lt repair,
Thee from hardships e'er defending,
Thou shalt be my constant care.

With my hand I'll daily feed thee,
And from storms defend thee still;
From thine enemies I'll lead thee,
Lovely warbler, sure I will.

While I thus am entertain'd
With thy charming serenade,
Thy little heart shall ne'er be pain'd,
Nor shall aught make thee afraid.

Once, to avoid an enemy,
One like thee to my bosom flew;
I kiss'd, and set the warbler free,
And just the same I'll do by you.

The grateful charmer each day hail'd me
 In the chamber where I lay ;
 But long his note had not assail'd me,
 Ere a cat made him her prey.

May no such fate await my charmer,
 Thou who dost so sweetly chant ;
 A friend than me thou'lt ne'er find warmer,
 For I ne'er will see thee want :

But I will thee kindly cherish,
 And will thee protect from harm ;
 In the cold thou shalt not perish,
 Next my heart I'll keep thee warm.

S O N G 593. *Flirtation : corrected.*

YE sweet pretty ladies, who now in your gay-days,
 So merrily take your diversion ;
 Sure there is no sporting, comparing to courting,
 And having a little flirtation.

For what signifies, the charms of your eyes,
 Your wit, or polite education ;
 Your dressing so neat, and looking so sweet,
 But all for a little flirtation.

What tho' you now call, an assembly or ball,
 A pleasant, or dear recreation ;
 How soon you would hate it, as dull and insipid,
 Had you not a little flirtation.

In house, or in street, whenever you meet
 The object of your inclination ;
 Is not it a pleasure, beyond any measure,
 To have a dear little flirtation.

The

The ice being broke, and the swain having spoke,
 His love and his great admiration ;
 And in your ear rings, a thousand soft things,
 How charming the little flirtation.

Then banish all care, ye lovely, dear fair,
 And think of this pleasant sensation ;
 For Hymen's torch-light, ne'er does burn so bright,
 As after a little flirtation.

S O N G 594. *The Confession.*

BLYTHE Colin, a pretty young swain,
 To court me walks many a mile,
 I bid him return back again,
 Tho' I wish him to stay a great while.

With all, by which love is exprest,
 He studies my heart to beguile ;
 I wish him success, I protest,
 Tho' I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me this nosegay so sweet,
 And thought it more pleasure than toil ;
 I took it reserv'd and discreet,
 But I let him not wait a great while.

He begg'd me to grant him a kiss,
 So earnest, he made me to smile ;
 Have done, I cry'd, fie ! 'tis amiss,
 Tho' I wish'd it to last a great while.

He tells me I ought to be kind,
 That time all my beauties will spoil ;
 I cross him, tho' quite of his mind,
 For I love he should talk a great while.

I fancy

I fancy by what he has said,
 My husband he'll be by his stile ;
 And when he once asks me to wed,
 Oh ! I'll not live a maid a great while.

S O N G 595.

AS Cloe sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool air,
 While music awaken'd the grove ;
 Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy fair,
 In all the soft language of love.
 But she was so cruel his suit she deny'd,
 And laugh'd as he told her his pain ;
 And while the poor shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,
 I will die a maid, my dear swain.

O what ! says the swain, must thy beauty so gay,
 Perplex us at once and invite ?
 Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey
 Of that which was meant for delight.
 When age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkled o'er,
 Then all will my Cloe disdain ;
 But still all her answer was, tease me no more,
 I will die a maid, my dear swain.

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
 His flame was so strong and sincere ;
 Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,
 And banish'd his torture and fear.
 My joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
 Ah Cloe be gentle and good :
 The fair one grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
 I'd fain die a maid—if I could.

SONG 596. To ROSALINDA.

I Search'd the fields of ev'ry kind,
 The sweetest flowers I chose,
 And send them in a WREATH to bind
 My ROSALINDA's brows.

Here Hyacinthus, ting'd with blood,
 In purple beauty glows ;
 There, bursting from the swelling bud,
 Appears the blushing Rose.

Here violets of purple hue,
 Chaste lillies white as snow ;
 Narcissusses that drink the dew,
 And near the fountain blow.

To boast thy charms, when crown'd with those,
 Cease, cease, O beauteous maid !
 Thy face, that blooms so like the rose,
 Like that, alas ! will fade.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.



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